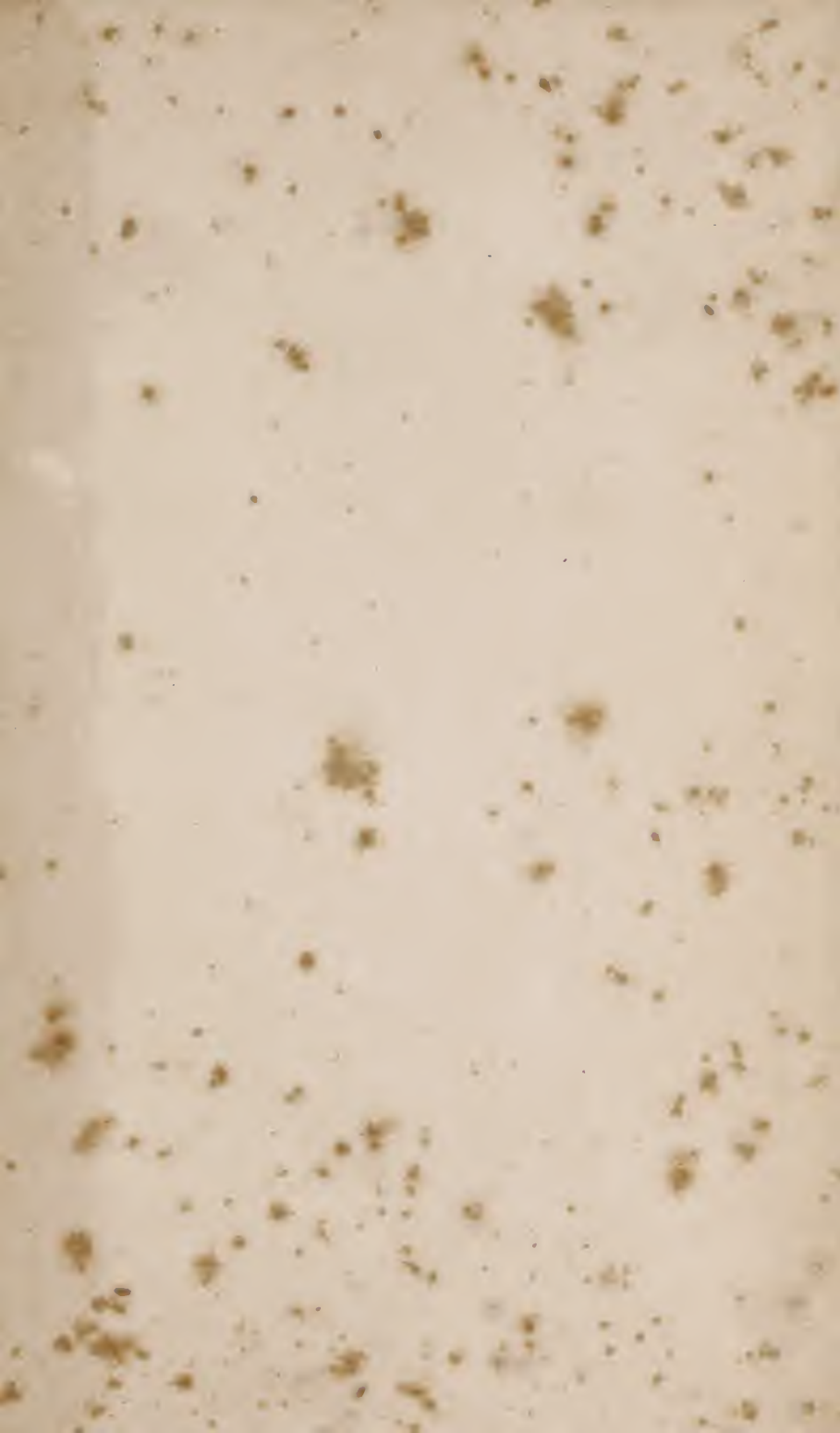
A detailed black and white line drawing of the Utah State Capitol building, featuring a prominent dome and classical architectural elements like columns and arches. The building is centered in the background of the title text.

Joseph Earl and
Genevieve Thornton
Arrington

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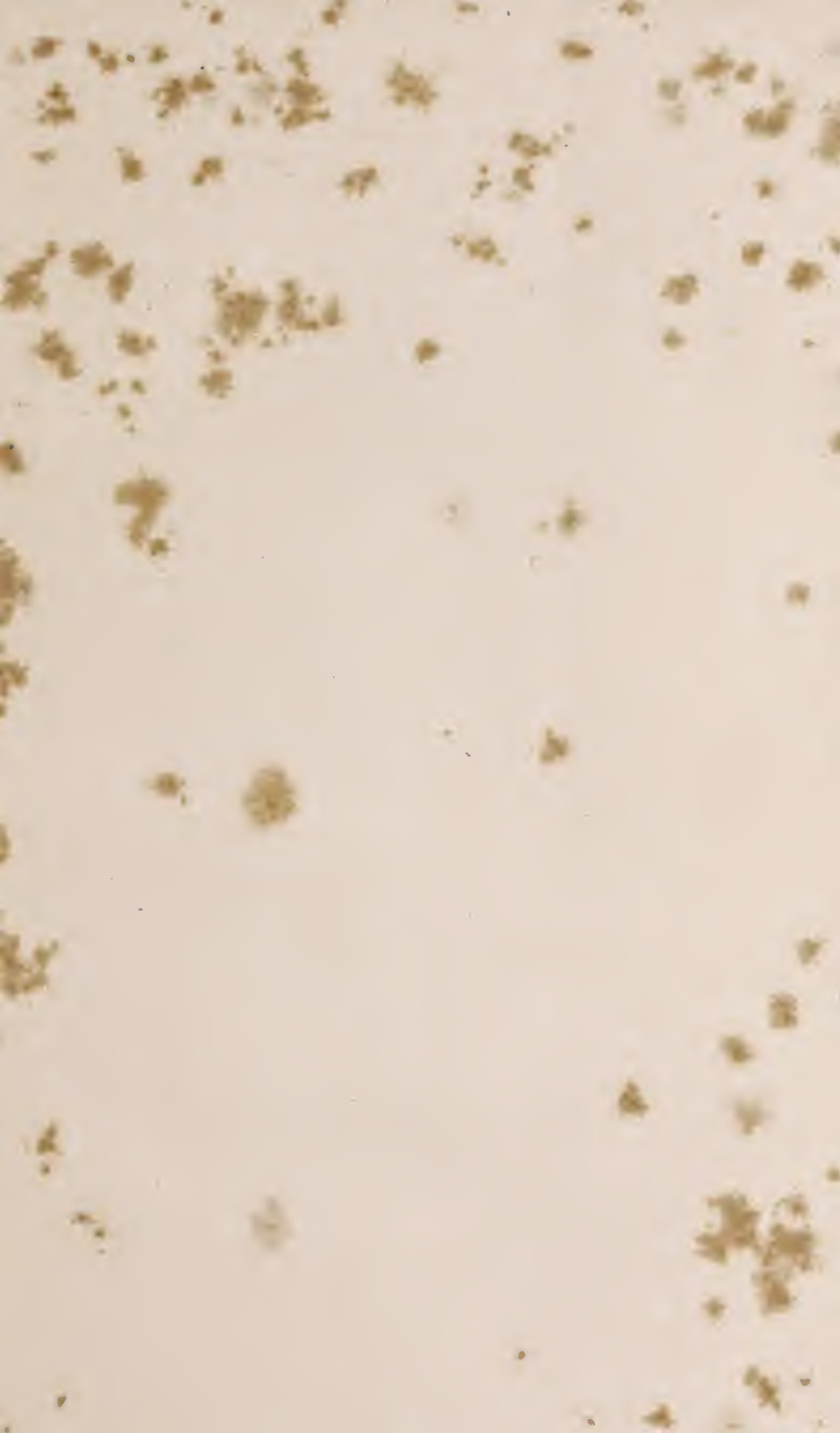
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PITT.



WILLIAM PITT.



R. PITT was the second son of that truly illustrious statesman and celebrated minister, William Pitt, Earl of Chatham, by Lady Hester Grenville, and aunt to the Marquis of Rockingham and Lord Grenville. He was born at Hayes, in Kent, May 26, 1759, the year in which his father's triumphant and successful administration was at its zenith. The education of his early years, and the elements of his knowledge, were acquired with private tutors, under the immediate eye and correction of his father, who, even at a very early period, delighted in teaching him to argue with logical precision, and to speak with elegance and force. At the early age of fourteen, Mr. Pitt was taken from domestic tuition, which was from the age of six years old under the superintendence of that accomplished scholar, the Rev. Dr. Wilson, and entered at Pembroke College, in the University of Cambridge. He was there chiefly under the guidance and tuition of the tutor of the College, Dr. Farmer, afterwards Dean of Norwich, and the celebrated Dr. Prettyman, afterwards Dean of London, and Bishop of Lincoln: both of whom, as far as relates to classical and mathematical attainments, a better choice perhaps could not have been made. With respect to the important powers of eloquence, the best instructor of his day was certainly his father.

After the usual course of study in the University of Cambridge, he was entered a student of Lincoln's Inn, and made so rapid a progress in his legal studies, as to be soon called to the Bar with every prospect of success. He went once or twice upon the Western circuit, and appeared as counsel in several causes. He was, however, destined to fill a more important station in the government of his country, than is usually obtained through the channel of the law. At the general election in 1780, he was nominated by some of the most respectable persons in Cambridge, as a candidate to represent that University, but, notwithstanding the high character he had obtained there, he found very few to second his pretensions. In the following year, however, he was returned for the borough of Appleby, by the interest of Sir J. Lowther. On taking his seat in the house of Commons, he enlisted himself on the side of the party which had constantly opposed

the minister, Lord North, and the American war, and which regarded him with a degree of veneration; recognizing in his person the genius of his illustrious father revived, and acting, as it were, in him. His first speech was in favour of Mr. Burke's Bill; and one of the first acts in which he took the lead in that house, was extremely well calculated to increase his popularity. This was his motion for a committee, to consider upon the most effectual means to accomplish a more equal representation of the people in parliament. His propositions were, indeed, rejected; but he continued to repeat and renew them from time to time, and thus kept up the public attention to this great object, which was consequently more generally canvassed than it ever had been before.

On the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, the old Whig party fell into a state of disunion, nearly bordering upon dissolution. Lord Shelburne became the first Lord of the Treasury, assisted by Mr. Pitt, who astonished the country, and indeed all Europe, by the phenomenon of a Chancellor of the Exchequer at the age of twenty-three. He began his career with a prematurity of talent, which has no example, and in a time of difficulty, which required the most determined resolution, the utmost vigour of exertion, and a mind of the most potent grasp, and unbounded comprehension; he not only possessed them all, but applied them with incomparable energy and effect to the advantage of his country.

His popularity at this period effectually screened him from every charge which his youth and inexperience might justly have warranted, and which were strongly urged against him by the adverse party. The situation of the country was extremely critical. The American war had become generally odious; and all hearts panted for a cessation of hostilities. This object was, therefore, the first consideration with the new ministry.

The combined powers had recently experienced great humiliations, and consequently the opportunity was not to be lost. A general peace accordingly took place; but the terms of it were reprobated by a considerable part of the nation. On this occasion, Mr. Pitt delivered a most masterly defence of himself and his colleagues, which produced a corresponding, though not successful effect. The administration, of which he was one of the most distinguished members, was therefore short-lived. On its dissolution, the young statesman withdrew into retirement, and afterwards went abroad for some time, visiting Italy, and several of the German courts.

On the coalition-ministry coming into place, Mr. Mansfield's seat for the University became vacant, by accepting the office of Solicitor-General, and Mr. Pitt determined to oppose him. With this view he went down to Cambridge: but he was not supported by the heads and senior members, one almost threw the door in his face, and wondered at the impudence of the young man, thus to come down and disturb the peace of the University, though the assurance of support from several independant Masters of Arts, kept alive the scanty hopes of future success. A few months, however, changed the scene; he repaired to the University, was received with open arms, carried his election by means of a considerable majority, and was able also, by his influence, to make Lord Euston his colleague.

An occasion, as we have just remarked, suddenly offered, for bringing Mr. Pitt forward once more in the great theatre of politics, as a candidate for fame and power. He brought in a bill for the abolition of fees in the public offices. The subject is still so amusing, from the extravagance of this old

abuse, that we shall give an abstract of his speech. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had opposed the motion on the ground of inutility: Mr. Pitt proceeded to shew its necessity.—“He would prove that abuses in offices of revenue really existed, and to a very great amount. In the Navy office, when an enquiry was instituted by the former Board of Treasury, the answer was, that no *fees* were received by that office. On a closer examination, however, it came out, that though *fees* were not received, *gifts* were—that those were received by many of the officers, and that, among the rest, the chief clerk of the office, whose salary was but £250 a year, received no less than £2,500 in gifts.” Those were the wages of corruption, and undoubtedly hazardous to the efficiency of the ships and stores, inasmuch as they were bribes to silence on abuses. Contracts had been made which gratified the government and the country by their apparent lowness. The solution of the enigma, however, was, that the officers who were to look to the execution of the contract were in the pay of the contractor. The secretaryship of the Post-Office, had a salary of £600; the annual income, by fees on the packets, was made up to £3000. The two secretaries of the Treasury had £2000 a year each; but in war the fees swelled those salaries to £5000. The supply of furniture for the public offices was one general abuse, there being evidence that officers not only made no scruple to order the different articles, at the public expense, to their dwelling-houses in town, but to their country houses, and that at the most extravagant rate. The abuses in the public offices under the head of stationary were almost incredible, and frequently ridiculous in the extreme. He had heard of rooms papered with the public stationery. The annual charge for stationery was above £18,000; and it would, he believed, astonish the noble lord in the blue ribbon (North) to learn,—for he fully believed that the noble lord was ignorant of any such circumstance,—that the year before last he had cost the public no less than £1,300 in stationery, and great as this sum must appear to gentlemen, he should not have wondered,—knowing as he did, of what curious articles the bill was composed,—if the amount had been as many thousand. One item of the bill was a charge of £340 for *whip-cord* !”

The motion was agreed to, a committee appointed, and the bill passed the Commons, but it was finally opposed by ministers in the Lords and lost.

Mr. Pitt might have made statements still more ludicrous, and not less true. A man of large fortune, and member of parliament, was publicly mentioned, who, on his being made a lord of trade, gave an order for a superfluity of pewter ink-stands for his own use. The ink-stands were brought, and he instantly exchanged the whole with the dealer for a handsome silver one. This piece of dexterity was too prosperous not to be followed up. He ordered green velvet enough to make him a complete court-dress, under pretence of making bags to contain his office papers. Stationery, the old official temptation, had not escaped his adhesive touch. His correspondents could recognise in his letters the office paper, full ten years after the Board of Trade itself was no more.

The British dominions in India had long been in an alarming situation, and it was generally admitted that an immediate remedy was indispensably necessary to preserve them. With this view, Mr. Fox, then Secretary of State, formed, digested, and brought forward his famous India Bill, which at first he carried through its several stages with a high hand.

He proposed to establish, for the supreme authority, a Board in London,

to consist of seven commissioners, in whom were to be vested the authority over all property belonging to the company, all control, civil, military, and commercial, all appointments of officers of every description, in both England and India, and the possession of all charters, privileges, and papers. Both the commissioners and the assistants were to be appointed by parliament.

This plan had been sedulously kept from public knowledge until the last moment. But its hazards were instantly seen by the vigilant sagacity of Mr. Pitt. He pronounced it a design for vesting the whole power of India in the hands of the minister, and for thus continuing the domination of that minister until the day of his death, and the domination of his party while we continued to possess an Indian empire.

From the first announcement of this most daring assault on the constitution, Mr. Pitt stood forth as its defender, and exhibited powers worthy of the occasion. His first effort was to retard the violent and suspicious rapidity with which the cabinet hurried on the second reading of the bill.

"But a single week," he said, "has been proposed to comprehend a bill which extends to every function of government, and menaces every interest of the empire, present, and to come. Such is the time, allowed by the mercy or the contempt of the cabinet for the enquiry into principles which involved the living and future fates of England and India. And such is the scheme of usurpation and defiance which is planned by the man always loudest in sounding the alarm of danger to the liberties of the country. I can see nothing in the haste exhibited in carrying this iniquitous measure through parliament, but the precipitancy and ardour of plunderers, eager to grasp and hold fast their prey."

The coalition-ministry, composed of such a heterogeneous mixture, notwithstanding their majority in the house of commons, were generally obnoxious to the nation, and this measure was particularly offensive to the great body whom it immediately affected. The king himself was unfriendly to it. The fate of the bill was inevitable in the House of Lords: the committal of it was negatived by a majority of ninety-five to seventy-six. The bill was finally rejected without a division.

The king had thus far triumphed over a cabinet which was particularly obnoxious to him, and he determined that no time should be given to recover themselves. On the day after the debate, Lord North and his new allies were accordingly dismissed and Mr. Pitt, the new Premier, summoned to the head of the Treasury, was assisted by the advice of Lord Thurlow, as keeper of the Great Seal, while Lord Temple was sworn in as Secretary. Mr. Pitt had steadily refused the office, but nine months before. But the public aspect had totally changed. The cabinet was in the lowest condition of popular esteem. The lords and the king had risen together. The emergency was pregnant with hazard to the king's authority, for if the cabinet should force themselves back on him once more, he must be a cipher for life. Still the difficulties of Mr. Pitt's situation might have appalled a less resolute mind. He was to face a House of Commons crowded with partisans of the late cabinet, furious in its wrath at their fall, and pouring out the most violent declaration on what they pronounced the unlawful influence of the king's name. To increase his perplexities, Lord Temple resigned the seals within three days, under the nominal pretext of more freely meeting the charges of tampering with the royal confidence, the true motives being his alarm at the force arrayed against him. Many of the leading persons,

friendly to Mr. Pitt and his principles, shrunk from the responsibility of a cabinet in a direct state of war with the House of Commons. It was universally predicted that this cabinet could not live a month. Mr. Pitt was fully sensible of those difficulties. Lord Temple's secession almost shook even his matchless serenity. "This was the only event,"—says his most intimate biographer—Tomline—"which I ever knew to disturb Mr. Pitt's rest, while he continued in health. Lord Temple's resignation was determined on at a late hour in the evening of the 21st, and when I went into Mr. Pitt's bedroom the next morning, he told me that he had not had a moment's sleep. At the same time he declared his fixed resolution not to abandon the position he had taken."

The cabinet was at length completely formed: and thus in doubt and difficulty, commenced the most glorious administration of England, and Pitt was the inspiring name.

Mr. Pitt now astonished the commercial and political world, by his own India Bill! He had the mortification to find the majority of the House of Commons against him; and he was placed in the peculiar situation of a minister acting with a minority, and that too in opposition to the strongest conflux of talents ever combined against any administration. He, however, remained firm in his seat amidst a general confusion; and though the house had petitioned his Majesty to dismiss him and his coadjutors, the young Premier ventured to inform the Representatives of the nation, that their petition could not be complied with.

This struggle between the commons and the crown was of the greatest importance, but the people at large were of opinion, that the former encroached upon the royal prerogative. On the question being, in a manner, thrown into their hands, by a dissolution of parliament, a new one was returned, which changed the majority, and preserved the Premier in his office.

The commercial treaty with France was a bold scheme, and evinced deep political and mercantile knowledge.

One of the most critical circumstances in the annals of Mr. Pitt's administration, was, the period when the royal powers were, in a manner, unhappily suspended, and all the wisdom of the legislature was required to form a Regency. It was a crisis not only novel, but of extreme magnitude, as likely to become the precedent for future times; no such incident having, till then, occurred in the annals of our history. Some statesmen would have worshipped the rising sun; Mr. Pitt, however, pursued a different course, and, without seeking popularity, deservedly acquired it.

When the Revolution took place in France, the situation of the Prime minister of this kingdom became once more extremely critical. The aspect of Europe had assumed a new face, since the monarchy of France was shaken from its ancient basis. A war ensued, totally different from all former wars. In judging, therefore, of the merits of those who were concerned in managing the affairs of the nation, it is impossible to have recourse either to precedents, or to old political principles. A new mode of action, a new scheme of politics, was to be devised, and adapted to the circumstances of the day. If any merit be due to boldness of invention, to vigour of execution, to wide extension of plans, and to firmness and perseverance of conduct, certainly, the administration of that day had an undoubted claim to public gratitude, however unsuccessful their councils and plans proved.

The poet Cowper, in the "Task," referring to the difficulties in which Great Britain then stood, thus apostrophizes his country.

"Once Chatham saved thee; who shall save thee next?"

The answer has been well given by the son of Chatham, and is to be read in the independence and glory of our native land. It was surely a rare felicity for one family to have produced two such men.

The union also of the two sister kingdoms, Great Britain and Ireland, forms one of the most important epochs in Mr. Pitt's administration. The advantages and disadvantages of the union have been so often and so fully discussed, that we refrain from any observation on the subject. They who consider it as beneficial to the empire, venerate the author of so grand a scheme; and even they who disapprove of the measure, must admire the talents and perseverance displayed in its execution. The Irish union is still farther memorable, as connected with Mr. Pitt's resignation.

The subsequent events, on his being re-called to office by his majority, are too recent for repetition. Though there are too many in the world who judge of measures not by their apparent expediency at the time when they were planned, but by the success which attends them, yet the impartial part of the community declare, and posterity will recognize, the merit of Mr. Pitt in exciting on the Continent a combination against the rapacity and ambition of the French Emperor; which, circumstances, on which it was impossible for human foresight to calculate, unfortunately rendered abortive during his life-time, but which so completely triumphed afterwards.

Having given this sketch of the most important occurrences of his political career, we will speak of his conduct as a minister, and on his character as a private man.

An inflexible constancy of purpose, equally proof against casual failure and the most insurmountable difficulties, an erectness of principle, and a pride originating in, and supported by, his conscious talent and integrity, these were his chief characteristics as a minister; and his foibles, as connected with, and in a manner resulting from the same virtues, were in fact nothing but their excess. This inflexibility of character, accompanied him, as well in his means, as in his ends. Having fixed upon an end, general or particular, he fixed with equal firmness upon the means—and his system once adopted, his action once commenced, he suffered nothing to move him, but persevered through obstacles and defeats to the full accomplishment or the complete frustration of his proposed views. He seemed to have adopted as his main principle of action, that inconstancy was more fatal than error; and that more was to be gained by persevering even in a wrong road, removing obstacles as they appeared, and moving steadily, though obliquely, to his end, than by changing his course as he discovered his errors. This was doubtless erroneous, but it was the error of a manly mind, and lofty character. Mr. Pitt may, indeed, be said to have found it an inheritance from his father. It was this foible in his character, which at times gave his adversaries advantage over him. As to himself, he wholly disregarded a partial failure; it was part of his system to expect such failures, and deeming them indifferent, he had no anxiety to defend them.—Many measures of his administration might here be instanced, which he never attempted to defend, or if he entered on his defence, it was with a kind of conscious pride, which still farther irritated his opponents.

Another characteristic foible of Mr. Pitt, was, an insurmountable jealousy

of place and honour ; which led him, in his avarice for extensive reputation, to prefer instruments to associates, and thus commit the execution of his plans to those who were unequal to them. It is but justice, however, to add, that he shewed in every thing a peculiar magnanimity, and a characteristic grandeur which never deserted him—his schemes, considered in general, and as separated from their execution, were always great, and, as far as depended upon himself the means and the execution bore the stamp of the same master. Speaking of him as Prime Minister, the author of the "Pursuits of Literature" said—"Mr. Pitt goes into the House of Commons, not to cringe and bow, but to do the business of the nation ; and he does it.

"To speak of Mr. Pitt personally, therefore, and not as minister, we cannot hesitate to say, that these are not times in which we can spare such a man. His firmness of purpose ; his erect principle, his honourable pride, were qualities suited to the times ; and if with such greatness he had some weakness, we must remember human infirmity, and forgive him all. His country owes him much, and must acknowledge the debt :—in its present situation, it does more than acknowledge it,—it feels it too.

"Mr. Pitt's best historical eulogium will be the plainest truth, nor can faction nor artifice sully the lustre of his eminent services. A whole people are neither to be bribed, nor imposed upon. Envy may revile, and self-interest may seek to blacken ; but his fame, in spite of every effort to blast it, will flourish, while this kingdom or its language shall endure. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, sunk him to the level of the would-be great ; his object was England, his ambition was fame—an ambition that would have raised his country above all the world, and himself along with her. The sight of his mind was infinite, and his schemes were to affect, not his country, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity."

An attention to commerce greatly distinguished Mr. Pitt's administration. Perhaps there is no man in the kingdom better acquainted with the principles of trade, than he was. The oldest and most experienced merchants have been astonished at his readiness in conversing with them upon subjects, of which they thought themselves exclusively masters. Many who waited upon him, in full confidence that they should communicate some new and important information, have, to their great surprise, found him minutely and intimately acquainted with all those points to which they had conceived he was a stranger. By the close attention which he uniformly paid to the mercantile interests, he also secured to himself an exclusive basis of support, which enabled him not only to resist a most vigorous opposition, but to carry into effect financial measures, which until his time were deemed impracticable.

To the financial talents of Mr. Pitt, even his most violent political enemies have ever been ready to do justice. Under his care order was restored in every branch of the public receipt and expenditure ; and the revenues, which, when he came into office, were unequal to the demand of a most moderate peace establishment, soon increased to such a degree, as enabled him to accomplish an object, which if he had nothing else, would alone have entitled him to the lasting gratitude of his country. We mean the establishment of the Sinking Fund. For this great object he appropriated one million annually, which has now produced a large fund, applicable to the discharge of the National Debt. But much as we admire those great talents, which enabled him to conceive and accomplish so important an object, we are inclined to give him still greater credit for the unshaken firmness, for the inflexible

perseverance with which he adhered to that plan in the most trying seasons of difficulty and distress. It is to that great and wise measure that we are indebted for our present financial prosperity. It is by the operation of that measure that this country was enabled to bear, without any diminution of public credit, the enormous expences of a contest unprecedented in the annals of mankind.

His classical knowledge, Mr. Pitt acquired, as before mentioned, under the care of a private tutor, at Burton Pynsent, the seat of his father who himself frequently entered into disputations with him, and encouraged him to converse with others upon subjects far above what could be expected from his years. In the management of these arguments his father would never cease to press him with difficulties, nor would he permit him to stop, till the subject of contention was completely exhausted.

From the earliest expansion of his hopeful talents, he stood forth as ordained by destiny, as well as birth-right, to fill the station, and emulate the talents of Chatham. If he was not born an orator, he was earlier trained to oratory than any statesman of the age. In watching over the bright progress of his studies, and anticipating his future fame, his father was not deceived by parental partiality. Even when a boy, his talents for declamation were so prompt and ambitious, that when Lord Chatham one day heard of his tutor's intention to take him along with his elder brother to hear the debates in the House of Lords, he forbade him, saying to the tutor, "you may take the eldest, but I will not allow William to go, for I am sure he would rise up and speak if he heard any thing that did not agree with his opinion."

Mr. Pitt's eloquence, if it possessed not all the vehemence of Mr. Fox's, nor all the splendour of Mr. Burke's, was more perfect in its kind than the eloquence of either of those orators. Upon great occasions it was lofty, powerful, and commanding; It was equally calculated to animate the heart and delight the ear. Many of his speeches upon the Revolution are models of reasoning, as well as of eloquence. It was at times astonishing, instantaneous, and electric—the hearer seemed transported—the applause was often tumultuous. A more perfect command of language—a more judicious selection of phrases and epithets, no man ever possessed. It appeared sometimes as if his language had too much of elegance—yet it was always unstudied—there was not to be perceived, as in other orators, any painful effort, or artifice; his language was perfectly natural to him, and whether in opening a subject, or in reply, his diction was equally elegant. The arrangement of his matter was another admirable quality he possessed; nothing was involved, nothing confused, nothing crowded in the structure, all was clear and perspicuous, harmony and proportion pervaded the whole. His manner was dignified and commanding.

It has been often, but most erroneously supposed, that Mr Pitt was harsh, haughty, and repulsive in private life. The contrary is the fact: no man was ever more fondly beloved by his relatives; and the deep grief of all who were connected with him by ties of blood or friendship, is the best proof of the manner in which he attached every one to him who was honoured with his intimacy. In private life his manners were remarkably mild, the early associates of his infancy and youth were always remembered by him with the greatest affection. He delighted in patronizing and protecting them: he studied their interests and promoted their fortunes.

In the various interesting relations of son, brother, uncle, friend, he was equalled by few, and exceeded by none. Every year, even during the most busy and prosperous periods of his long and eventful administration, he made it a rule to allot from eight or ten days to a fortnight, to a filial visit to his aged and venerable mother at the family seat, Burton Pynsent, in Somersetshire. With respect to his near and dear relatives, his conduct proved, that he uniformly preferred their interest and happiness to his own; even in the case of those who were in decided political hostility to his measures, and personally estranged from him. This was exemplified, in what he did, from time to time, for his amiable and worthy brother, the late Earl of Chatham, and his more than parental care and attention to the children of Earl Stanhope by his eldest sister, the late Countess.

The purity and disinterestedness of Mr. Pitt's personal character and official conduct, are too generally known and admitted, to require particular notice. To this even his great parliamentary opponent, Mr. Fox, in his spirit and candour, bore the most honourable testimony. In the course of his long administration, particularly towards the latter part of it, Mr. Pitt's pecuniary circumstances became unavoidably embarrassed. To sustain the necessary style and dignity of the station of first minister of the British Empire, it is supposed that not less than the sum of £20,000 per annum is sufficient. Of this sum, the whole of his official emoluments, including what he derived from his permanent provision, the Wardenship of the Cinque Ports, was considerably less than three-fourths; and he was incapable of touching aught beyond. The little property which accrued to him when very young on the death of his father, and a few years after on the death of his mother, was so comparatively trifling, as scarcely to be worth reckoning in such an account. His debts, therefore, on his retirement from office, were considerable, and the embarrassment was increased in consequence of his salary as first commissioner of the Treasury being at the same time seven quarters—amounting to £7000—in arrear. These he, in his noble pride of disinterestedness, and lofty spirit of independence, refusing all the cordial and repeated offers of assistance and service from numerous wealthy friends, did every thing in his own power honourably and fully to liquidate. He immediately retired to a small ready-furnished house, voluntarily parted with his handsome seat and extensive demesne at Hollwood, in Kent, which at the hammer produced but £15,000; and lodged the proceeds of the wardenship of the Cinque Ports at an eminent bankers in the Strand, for the farther satisfaction of his creditors. In these, as well as in some other points of view, he well merited the appellation of the “Aristides of the age.”

Of a delicate constitution, he had been long complaining. An illness which he had in the summer of 1802 shook him very much; and he does not appear to have afterwards effectually recovered from it; and that illness which was the immediate cause of his death originated in an extreme debility, brought on by excessive anxiety and unwearied attention to business. By this debility his whole nervous system was so decayed that, for weeks together, he was unable to sleep; and this privation of rest augmented the cause, so as to lead to a general breaking-up of his constitution. An hereditary gout completed the whole, preceding, according to its ordinary effect on a debilitated system, water on the chest, and such a weakness of stomach, that he could neither admit nor retain sustenance. The unfortunate affair of the war on the Continent, no doubt, contributed largely to hasten

his death; and the failure of a plan for the deliverance of Europe, which his genius had formed and matured, was to him a source of great anxiety and mortification.

He died at his house at Putney, Surrey, on the 22nd of January, 1806, in the forty-seventh year of his age.

His grateful country, anxious to pay their full tribute of respect to the venerated memory of the lately departed Premier, decreed to him, by the unanimous voice of their representatives in parliament, the honour of a public funeral and a monument in Westminster Abbey.

By a second vote, the house of commons demonstrated their sense of his integrity, by decreeing that a sum of £40,000 should be advanced for the liquidation of his debts.

In the city Senate, also, a similar mark of attention and respect was paid, by a resolution, "That this Court, deeply impressed with a sense of the inflexible integrity, transcendent ability, and splendid virtue, of the late illustrious and excellent minister, the Right Honourable William Pitt, do cause a monument to be erected within the Guild-hall of this City, to perpetuate his memory, with a suitable inscription, expressive of their veneration for so pre-eminent a character, and of the irreparable loss this nation has sustained by the death of so exalted and disinterested a Statesman.

J. M. T.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAURENCE.

(Painted by Le Sueur.)

This picture, about four feet in length, was painted for a private chapel of the church of St. Germain-l'Auxerrois at Paris; it then passed into the cabinet of M. de la Leve; after which, it is presumed that it was destroyed by fire.

The loss of this picture, admirable in point of composition, and equal to that of St. Paul preaching to the Ephesians, which Le Sueur painted for the church of Notre Dame, will be ever a subject of regret by the lovers of the fine arts. We can scarcely hereby notice a more happy disposition of grounds and groupes, a scene more noble and pathetic. With respect to the colouring, if we may judge of it after a copy extremely well executed, which has been seen in the cabinet of an artist, it is not superior to the picture of St. Paul, and it is therefore not on that account that the works of Le Sueur are to be proposed as models.

It is not a trifling circumstance in favour of the picture of St. Laurence, to have exercised the graver of Gerard Andran; this great artist, far from weakening the beauties of the original, has delineated with peculiar energy the character and expression of it. An admirable draughtsman, he had the talent to correct the contours in those parts where the artist had manifested a kind of negligence and incorrectness. This is a compliment that was paid to him more than once by Le Brun, whose principal productions he has engraved in a grand style.

There are few names so celebrated in the history of engraving as that of the Andrans. The talent appears to have been hereditary in the family, in which we reckon ten artists, who were more or less distinguished; the three most skilful were Gerard, Benedict, and John. The number of pieces published under the names of the Andrans was very considerable.



Le Duc pour.

Sands sculpt.

The Martyrdom of St. Lawrence







MORLAND.

Portrait from a drawing by

Engraved by George Cooke



GEORGE MORLAND.



GEORGE MORLAND was born in the Hay Market, London, on the 26th of June, 1763. He was the son of an artist of some respectability, or secondary importance, in his profession: who, if he did not aspire to the *achmé* of perfection attained by his son, had at least the merit of forming that indisputably correct taste, and of displaying that noble ardour for the arts.

From contracted circumstances more than adequate to the making a competent provision for the exigencies of obscurity, Mr. Morland was compelled to rear the younger branches of his family,—consisting of three boys and two girls,—in the humble sphere of independent industry. George, the eldest son, whose genius, character, and works, form the subject of this brief memoir, was, at a very early period, instructed in his father's profession; and such were the promising productions of his infant days, that great hopes were entertained that he might hereafter be the means of assisting his father, and therefore more than ordinary pains were employed in cultivating and improving his taste in the first rudiments of the art.

Young Morland from his very childhood, might have been justly deemed an original genius, when it is considered that drawings made by him at the age of four, five, or six years, were produced before a society of artists, of which his father was a member, that would have reflected lustre on youths of greater maturity, who had even been in the constant habit of studying the arts as a profession. It was from these early specimens, and the approbation with which they were received, that Mr. Morland,—the father,—was induced to follow up strictly, and to promote the developement of those prolific talents which nature had so lavishly bestowed on the son. The progress of the latter was rapid. But it is a dangerous thing to overtask either the mind or the body at these years, and there is every reason to believe that young Morland suffered both of these evils. His father stimulated him by praise and by indulgencies at the table, and to insure his continuance at his allotted tasks, shut him up in a garret, and excluded him from free air. His stated work for a time was making drawings from pictures and from plaster casts, which his father carried out and sold; but as he increased in skill, he chose his subjects from popular songs and ballads. The copies of pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half-crowns each; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the clearness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser. Though, far inferior to the productions of his manhood, they were much admired; engravers found it profitable to copy them, and before he was sixteen years old, his name had flown far and wide.

But long before he was sixteen, he had begun to form those unfortunate habits by which the story of his life is to be darkened. From ten years of age, he appears to have led the life of a prisoner and a slave under the roof of his father, hearing in this seclusion the merry din of the school-boys in the street, without hope of partaking in their sports. Having at length managed to obtain an hour's relaxation at the twilight, he then associated with such idle and profligate boys as chance threw in his way, and learned from them a love of coarse employment, and the knowledge that it could not well be obtained without money. Oppression keeps the school of cunning; young Morland resolved not only to share in the profits of his own talents, but also to snatch an hour or so of amusement, without consulting his father. When he had made three drawings for his father, he made one secretly for himself, and giving a signal from his window, lowered it by a string to two or three knowing boys, who found a purchaser at a reduced price, and spent the money with the young artist. A common tap-room was an indifferent school of manners, whatever it might be for painting, and there this gifted lad was now often to be found late in the evening carousing with hostlers and pot-boys, handing round the quart pot, and singing his song, or cracking his joke.

His father, having found out the contrivance by which he raised money for this kind of revelry, adopted in his own imagination, a wiser course. He resolved to make his studies as pleasant to him as he could; and as George was daily increasing in fame, and his works in price, this could be done without any loss. He indulged his son, therefore, now sixteen years old, with wine, pampered his appetite with richer food, and moreover allowed him a little pocket-money to spend among his companions, and purchase acquaintance with what the vulgar call life. He dressed him, too, in a style of ultra-dandyism, and exhibited him at his easel to his customers, attired in a green coat with very long skirts, and immense yellow buttons, buck-skin breeches, and top boots, with spurs. He permitted him to sing wild songs, swear grossly, and talk about any thing he liked with such freedom as makes anxious parents tremble. With all these indulgencies, the boy was not happy, he aspired but the more eagerly after full liberty and the unrestrained enjoyment of the profits of his pencil.

During this feverish period he was introduced to Reynolds, obtained permission to copy some of his works, and began to be very generally noticed as an artist of no common promise. His father was his constant companion when he went out copying; more, it is said, with the intention of seizing upon his productions, than with the desire of preserving him from loose associates or the charms of the tap-room. He went to copy the painting of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy in the gallery of Mr. Angerstein at Blackheath, and the proprietor, a man of taste, and a lover of art, desired to view the work in its progress. The elder Morland declared that his son George had refused to begin his copy till it was promised that no one should overlook him, and that he should act in the house as he thought proper. This coarse arrogance was submitted to—young Morland refused all invitations to mix with the family of Angerstein—he descended to the servant's hall—emptied his flagon—cracked his wild jest, and was exceedingly happy.

In the seventeenth year of his age he left his father's house, with his easel, his palette, his pencils—and dressed in his favourite green coat and top boots. "He was in the very extreme of foppish puppyism," says Hassel,

"his head, when ornamented according to his own taste, resembled a snow-ball, after the model of "Tippy Bob," of dramatic memory, to which was attached a short thick tail, not unlike a painter's brush." Thus accomplished and accoutred, with little money in his pocket, and a large conceit of himself, he made an excursion to Margate, with the two-fold purpose of enjoying *life* and painting portraits. His skill of hand was great—his facility, word-draw, while his oddity of dress, his extreme youth, and the story of his early studies attracted curiosity and attention—and sitters came—the wealthy and the beautiful. But the painter loved low company—all that was polished or genteel was the object of his implacable dislike. He had not patience to finish any portrait that he commenced, nor the prudence to conceal his scorn of his betters. The man who could leave wealthy sitters to join in the amusement of a pig, an ass, or a mock race, was not likely to have such patrons long, and Morland returned to London, with a dozen of unfinished portraits, on which he had received little or no money.

A well-known nobleman of this period,—Lord Grosvenor,—had heard of Morland's talents, and now commissioned him to paint a few pictures, for which he provided the subjects, and which were not particularly distinguished for their chastity. Morland had moved too long in gross company to leave the honour of polluting his mind to any one of the peerage. He had become, ere this, the boon-companion of hostlers, pot-boys, horse-jockies, money-lenders, pawn brokers, pirates and pugilists. With these comrades he roamed the streets, and made excursions by land and water; the ribald jest, the practical joke, and scenes coarse and sensual, formed long ere now the staple of his life.

Amidst all this wildness and dissipation, his name was still rising. He valued his pencil as the means of acquiring not distinction, but the gold wherewith to charm away creditors and liquidate tavern bills. The pictures which he dashed off, according to the craving of the hour, are numerous and excellent. They are all fac-similies of low nature—graphic copies of common life—their truth is their beauty, and if they have any thing poetical about them, it lies in the singular ease and ruminating repose which is the reigning character of many. Pigs and asses, were his chief favourites, and if he had stolen them, or dealt in them, as one of his rustic admirers declared, he could not have painted them better. The sheep on the hill, the cattle in the shade, and the peasant superintending the economy of the barn-yard, the piggery, or the cow-house, shared also largely in his regard. He was likewise skilful in landscape—not in that combination of what is lovely and grand, but in close, dogged fidelity, which claims the merit of looking like some known spot where pigs prowl, cattle graze, or asses browse. At this period he lodged in a neat house at Kensal Green, on the road to Harrow, and was frequently in the company of Ward the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain.

While he resided in Kensal Green, he fell in love with Miss Ward—a young lady of beauty and modesty—and soon after married her; she was the sister of his friend the painter, and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it. In the joy of this double union, the brother artists took joint possession of a tolerable house in High street, Marylebone. Morland suspended for a time his habit of insobriety, discarded the social comrades of his leisure hours, and imagined himself reformed. But discord

broke out between the sisters concerning the proper division of rule and authority in the house ; and Morland, whose partner's claim was perhaps the weaker, took refuge in lodgings in Great Portland Street. His passion for late hours and low company, restrained through courtship and the honey-moon, now broke out with the violence of a stream which had been dammed in rather than dried up. It was in vain that his wife entreated and remonstrated—his old propensities prevailed, and the post-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist, were summoned again to his side, no more to be separated.

Before the rupture of this brotherhood, Ward made some engravings from the pictures of Morland, which obtained the notice of Raphael Smith, an engraver of talent and enterprise, who knew the town, and felt the value, and foresaw the popularity of those productions. Under his directions Morland painted many pictures from familiar scenes of life ; Smith engraved them with considerable skill, the prints had a sale rapid beyond all example, and nothing stood between the painter and fortune, but his own indiscretion.

In those days before folly had entirely fixed him for her own, Morland loved to visit the Isle of Wight, and some of his best pictures are copied from scenes upon the coast. A rocky shore—an agitated surf—fishermen repairing their nets and careening their boats, or disposing of their fish, generally formed part of his pictures. He was ever ready too to join them in their labour, and more so in the mirth and carousal which followed. A friend once found him at Freshwater-gate, in a low public-house, called the Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen, were seated round him in a kind of ring, the roof-tree rung with laughter and song, and Morland, with manifest reluctance, left their company for the conversation of his friend. "George," said his monitor, "you must have reasons for keeping such company." "Reasons, and good ones, replied the artist, laughing, see—where could I find such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of the Cabin?" He held up his sketch-book and shewed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his pictures contains this fac-simile of the tap-room, with its guests and furniture.

Gay, unsuspecting, and generous, Morland, while he gave a free scope to his natural inclination, was quickly surrounded by parasites,—shameless, unprincipled men,—who, whilst they seem only intent upon praising his masterly genius and fancy for painting, were in reality practising, with considerable dexterity and success, the most fraudulent arts to deprive him of his well-earned property, and deteriorate his health and morals. His name now becoming famous, his palette and his pencil were a copious source,—a very mine of wealth, which nothing but the insatiable appetite of riot and prodigality could have exhausted. Though superior to most of his brother artists in talents and familiar practice, he associated mostly, or only, with such servile wretches as flattered his vanity, and were ever ready to accompany him through the giddy round of vulgar amusements;—grinning matches, smock-races, jovial dinners, and what pass by the name of *tricks upon the road*, were the order of the day, and as young Morland's industry never failed to fill his purse, the "hundred knights," whom he retained in his service were always supported at free cost.

Notwithstanding our young hero's select friends were, in general, vulgar and ignorant, it is an indisputable fact, that not a few of the most respecta-

ble characters, and even some persons of distinction and quality, eagerly sought after and courted his company. Many gentlemen-amateurs, in their liberal admiration of his merit, have frequently presented him with treble the sum he expected, and had not his low-bred, trivial notions on learned subjects, and his vulgar propensities, and even rude manners, proved an obstruction, his painting-room might have commanded as large sums for his works as that of the most able artist of the English school.

Swarms of picture-dealers, cleaners, and copiers, acquainted with Morland's value, led them into the secret of his personal tastes. They knew his love of low company, his delight in the bottle, and his desire to enjoy the passing moment whatever expense it might incur, and some of them were ever at his elbow to lay down the gold for present pleasures, upon the understanding that the pencil should clear off the debt. His absurd aversion to decent company naturally aided the views of those sordid miscreants, they applauded his vulgar prejudice as true independence, and pushed about the jest, apparently at the expense of "the fine people," but really and truly at the cost of the happy Morland, who sat in idea sole monarch of the realm of free and unshackled art. These wretches affected a vice to which they were strangers, and frequently attended at his painting-room, with a purse in one hand and a bottle in the other. It frequently also happened, when a picture had been bespoke by one of his friends, who advanced some of the money to induce him to work, if the purchaser did not stand by to see it finished and carry it away with him, some other person, who was lurking within sight for that purpose, and knew the state of Morland's pocket, by the temptation of a few guineas laid upon the table, carried off the picture. Thus all were served in their turn, and though each exulted in the success of the trick when he was so lucky as to get a picture in this easy way, they all joined in exclaiming against Morland's want of honesty in not keeping his promises to them.

These honest sufferers were not without their remedy. The picture which they purchased for five guineas sold readily for twenty, one guinea's worth of liquor was often repaid by a sketch which brought ten; and if that was insufficient, they employed some dexterous and unprincipled limner to make fac-similies of the most popular of Morland's works which they found people rich enough and ignorant enough to buy as originals. "I once saw," says Hassel, "twelve copies from a small picture of Morland's at one time in a dealer's shop, with the original in the centre; the proprietor of which with great gravity and unblushing assurance, inquired if I could distinguish the difference." With reptiles such as these, it must be confessed that Morland was not incommoded in his intercourse with them by any over-righteous notions as to money matters. In the course of the years 1790, 1791, and 1792, when his cleverest pictures were painted, the admiring dealers swarmed round him with offers of pecuniary assistance to any amount. George put his hands into their pockets without the least ceremony. He was a joyful borrower, and took whatever was offered without scruple or hesitation. He made no nice distinctions, for he accepted from all, and he held out to all the pleasing prospect of sevenfold remuneration from the pencil.

The evil consequences of all this required no prophetic spirit to foretell. It was in vain that his wife, a woman of sense and beauty, endeavoured to reclaim him; equally vain was the interposition of his friends, who were only laughed at when they assured him that a life of unmeasured conviviality, and

habits of incalculable profusion, must injure his skill of hand and his capacity of intellect, and immerse him, sooner or later in a prison.

During this period, Morland lived at Paddington. At one time he was the owner of eight saddle horses, which were kept at the White Lion, and that the place might be worthy of an artist's steed, he painted the sign where they stood at livery, with his own hand. He wished to be thought a consummate judge of horseflesh and a dealer in the article. For indifferent horses he paid with excellent pictures, or, what was worse, with bills which he was not always, if ever, prepared to take up, and when due, purchased an extension of the time by the first picture he had ready. His wine merchant too was in the discounting line, and obtained sometimes a picture worth fifty pounds for similar accommodation.

He was as vain as he was prodigal—was anxious for the smiles of the meanest of mankind, and as for flattery, any one might lay it on with a trowel. At the grossness of his humour all the hostlers laughed, and he that laughed loudest was generally rewarded with a half crown, or a pair of buckskin breeches, little the worse for wear. His acquaintances on the north road were numerous, he knew the driver of every coach, and the pedigree of the horses, and taking his stand at Bob Bellamy's Inn, at Highgate, would halloo to the gentlemen of the whip as they made their appearance, and treat them to gin and brandy.

His love of horses, however, gradually subsided: and at length he studiously refused any intercourse with the worthy fraternity of horse-dealers, not because he felt that they had cheated him as often as he risked making a bargain, but because he had found another method of disposing of his pictures. He now retired to some secluded place, set up his easel, dashed off a few paintings, and entrusted them to the care and the conscience of a bosom crony, whose business it was to dispose of them in the most profitable market. The claim which this associate had upon his confidence was confirmed by many a deep and prolonged carousal, nor is there reason to believe that the man failed to do his best—he returned with the money—it was instantly melted into gin and brandy.

All his early pride of dress gradually vanished, his clothes were now mean, his looks squalid, and when he ventured into the streets of London, he was so haunted by creditors, that he skulked rather than walked, and kept a look out on suspicious alleys, and corners of evil reputation. Harassed by incessant apprehensions of arrests, he shifted from place to place, and before the close of his career was acquainted with every spot of secrecy or refuge within the four counties which surround the metropolis.

On one occasion he hid himself in Hackney, where his anxious looks and secluded manner of life induced some of his charitable neighbours to believe him a maker of forged notes. The Directors of the Bank despatched two of their most dexterous emissaries to inquire, reconnoitre, search, and seize. These men arrived, and began to draw lines of circumvolution round the painter's retreat, he was not, however, to be surprised—mistaking those agents of evil mien for bailiffs, he escaped from behind as they approached in front—fled into Hoxton, and never halted till he had hid himself in London. Nothing was found to justify suspicion, and when Mrs. Morland, who was his companion in his retreat, told them who her husband was, and showed them some unfinished pictures, they made such a report at the Bank, that the Directors presented him a couple of bank-notes of twenty pounds each, by way of compensation for the alarm they had given him.

A bailiff, more subtle than his brother, succeeded in arresting Morland. Fallen as he was, and discovered by the officer wallowing in a sty of filth and debauchery, his talents still found him friends, by whose recommendation and influence he obtained the Rules of the Bench. "This ill-fated artist," says Hassel, "seemed to have possessed two minds—one, the animated soul of genius, by which he rose to his profession—and the other, that debased and grovelling propensity, which condemned him to the very abyss of dissipation."

When the insolvent Debtor's Act at length restored him to liberty—he was almost past the power of enjoying it. His constitution was ruined, and his personal character was sunk into general contempt. No one would associate with him but the meanest of mankind, nor did he wish this otherwise. In his thirty-ninth year, the palsy struck him. He recovered partially, but would often fall back senseless in his painting chair, and sometimes sink into sleep with his pallet and brush in his hand. His left hand was so much affected, that he could no longer hold the implements of his profession. He was not, however, dismayed, he made drawings in pencil and in chalk, tinted them lightly, still enriched the country with works at once bold, original and striking, and seemed to set want and derision at defiance. Morland was carried for debt to a spunging-house, in Air Street, and to strengthen his courage on the loss of his liberty, swallowed an unusual quantity of spirits, which instead of stupefaction produced fever. The keeper of the house became alarmed, and applied to his friends for assistance, their sympathy, if exerted, came too late: he died after a brief illness, in utter wretchedness and penury, in the fortieth year of his age. His wife, from whom he had been separated for some time, survived him only a few days.

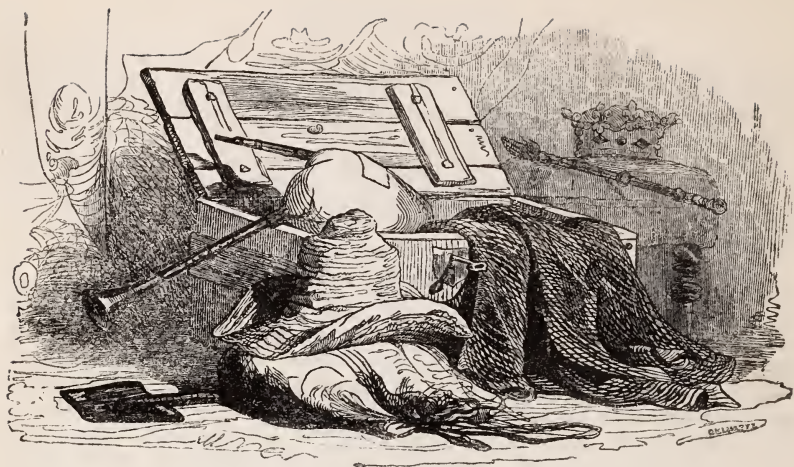
Morland had a look at once sagacious and sensual, and the same friends who compared his forehead to that of Napoleon, represent him as vain and irritable, fretful and vindictive. His character as a man was essentially vulgar, and he seemed insensible to shame. He loved all kinds of company, save that of gentlemen; it gave him pain to imitate the courtesies and decencies of life, and he disliked accordingly all those whose habits required their observance. He married without being in love, and treated his wife with carelessness, because he was incapable of feeling. He had fits of profuse generosity and capricious affection, but folly and grossness were his familiar companions.

As an artist, Morland's claims to regard are high and undisputed. He is original and alone, his style and conceptions are his own, his thoughts are ever at home—are always natural—he extracts pleasing subjects, out of the most coarse or trivial scenes, and finds enough to charm the eye in the commonest occurrence. All is indeed homely—but native taste and elegance redeem every detail. He united a facility of composition, and a free readiness of hand, perhaps quite unrivalled.

His pictures were mostly produced under the influence of intoxication, and the strong stimulant of immediate payment, they were painted in the terror of want, and in the presence of the sordid purchaser, who risked five guineas in a venture for twenty—yet they want nothing which art can bestow, or the most fastidious eye desire.

The annals of genius record not a more deplorable story than Morland's.

J. M. T.

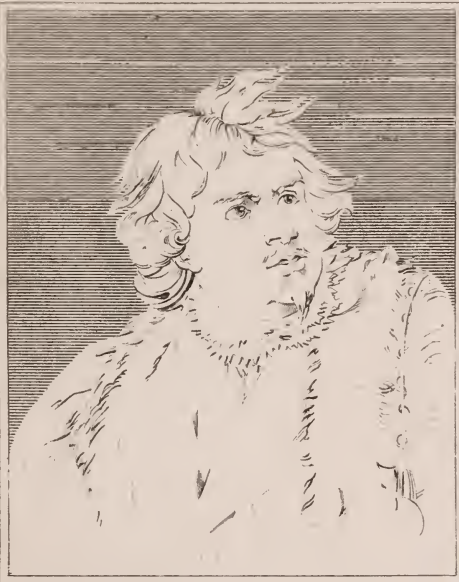


DAVID GARRICK.



DAVID GARRICK was born at Hereford in the year 1719. This great actor was descended from a French family, which at the revocation of the edict of Nantz had been forced to take refuge here. His father was a captain in the army, whose general residence was Litchfield, David seems to have received the early part of his education at the place of his birth. At ten years of age he was removed to the Grammar-school of Litchfield. Failing in application, his proficiency in learning was consequently not great. He possessed a vivacity of temper which disqualified him for attention to books, and the love of theatric representation seems to have been a part of his very constitution. In his eleventh year, he formed the project of getting up the "Recruiting Officer;" and having privately trained his youthful associates, they performed in a barn with general applause. The young hero of the stage particularly distinguished himself in the character of Serjeant Kite, and the plaudits which he received on this occasion served to fan the predominant passion of his breast, which, however, was not suffered to burst into a flame, till he had acquired strength to support a steady blaze. Soon after, on the invitation of an uncle who was engaged in the wine trade, at Lisbon, young Garrick visited that city, but his taste was totally incompatible with the pursuits of commerce, and his frolicsome vivacity did not comport with the grave formality of the old gentleman. In consequence, they soon parted, yet not before Garrick had made himself agreeable to the gay part of the English factory by his turn for sportiveness and mimicry, which are pleasing in the boy, though often dangerous to the future man.

Returning to Litchfield, he was placed for a short time under his illustrious townsman Samuel—afterwards Doctor—Johnson; but the master, however, well qualified to instruct, had no great partiality for his profession; and



GARRICK

James Heath



Garrick was as little disposed to learn, Both being soon weary of their situation, in 1737 they set out together to try their fortunes in the metropolis; Garrick being then about eighteen years of age.

Soon after his arrival in London, he entered himself of the Temple, with a design apparently to study the law as a profession, but being now sensible of his little improvement in learning, and feeling the necessity of bestowing a more attentive application, he put himself under the instruction of Mr. Colson, an eminent mathematician at Rochester, and for some time pursued his studies with diligence and success. It was not long however, before his uncle died, and left him a legacy of a thousand pounds. Being unsettled in his mind, and desultory in his pursuits, because his filial affection kept him from indulging his fixed and unconquerable propensity to the stage, he entered soon after into partnership with his brother Peter, a wine merchant in London. This union was also of short duration. The tempers and habits of the two brothers were entirely opposite, and to avoid the unpleasantness of daily altercation, they parted by mutual consent.

In this interval, his mother had died, and being now freed from a restraint which his duty had imposed on him, he gave a loose to his daily passion for the stage, and associated chiefly with those from whom he could derive dramatic improvement or pleasure. In the company of the most celebrated actors he tried his powers, and frequented the theatre as a school where he was to learn the principles of his art.

Garrick however, though enthusiastic in his pursuit, was not one of those inconsiderate votaries for dramatic fame, who risk success by crude and untimely attempts. He formed a proper estimate of his native powers, and did not expose them before they gained maturity. He considered it too hazardous to make his debut on a London stage, and therefore passed his noviciate at Ipswich, in the summer of 1741. The first character in which he appeared was that of "Aboan, in the Tragedy of Oroonoko," under the assumed name of Lyddal, and the applause which he gained did credit to the taste of his provincial judges. In quick succession he performed several capital parts, both in tragedy and comedy, and even to excel in the feats of Harlequin was not below his ambition. In every character, and in every attempt, he met with the loudest applause; and having now gained confidence by success, he appeared the next winter on the stage at Goodman's-Fields. The first character which he represented to a London audience was that of "Richard the Third," and the most eminent judges of dramatic excellence in the great world, confirmed the decisions of his previous country audiences. In a short time, Drury Lane, and Covent Garden theatres were almost deserted. It was unfashionable not to see Garrick, and as unfashionable not to admire him. He was universally acknowledged to be a rising prodigy on the stage, and alone; but in vain, did the interested part of his profession endeavour to depreciate his worth. Quin could not conceal his vexation: and being told of his unbounded success, he observed, "that Garrick's was a new religion; Whitfield was followed for a time, but people would soon return to church again." This being reported to the young actor, he wrote the following epigram:

"Pope Quin, who damns all churches but his own,
 "Complains that heresy corrupts the town;
 "That Whitfield-Garrick has misled the age,
 "And taints the sound religion of the stage.

“Schism,” he cries, “has turn’d the nation’s brain :
 “But eyes wide open, and to church again !”
 Thou great Infallible, forbear to roar ;
 Thy bulls and errors are rever’d no more.
 When doctrines meet with general approbation,
 It is not *heresy*, but *reformation*.”

But if Garrick was a match for his jealous opponents at the pen, he found himself inferior in influence. Having been admitted to half the profits at Goodman’s-Fields, the patentees of the other theatres saw that they must subvert his empire to preserve their own. An act of parliament was obtained to confine dramatic exhibitions to Drury Lane and Covent Garden ; and Garrick entered into an agreement with the Manager of the former, on a salary of five hundred pounds a year. He had previously made himself known as a dramatic writer, by his “Lying Valet, and Lethe :” and now he began to obtain the appellation of the “English Roscius ;” and to be courted by the elegant, and patronized by the great.

In consequence of his renown, Ireland early expressed a desire to witness his powers, and having obtained very lucrative terms, he performed in Dublin during the summer of 1742 with such uncommon celebrity, and to such crowded houses, that an epidemical fever broke out, which went by the name of “Garrick’s disorder.” His reception in that hospitable country was the most flattering that any actor ever experienced, either before or since.

In the winter he resumed his station at Drury Lane, and was irrevocably fixed in the theatrical profession. His name in a play-bill operated like a charm ; he never appeared without attracting full houses ; and his fame being now completely established, he continued for a long series of years the admiration of the public, and the idol of his friends ; amongst whom he could enumerate the most distinguished in rank, consequence, and talents.

His services were found so essential to the support of the theatre, that in the year 1747, he became a joint patentee of Drury Lane. In this capacity he exerted himself to introduce order, decency, and decorum ; and his own example co-operated to give success to his endeavours. He even rendered his profession more respectable than it had been before ; not only by his superior accomplishments, but by his moral conduct.

In 1759, Dr. Hill wrote a pamphlet, entitled “To David Garrick, Esq., the Petition of I, in behalf of herself and Sisters.” The purport of it was to charge Garrick with mispronouncing some words including the letter I ; as *furm* for firm, *vertue* for virtue, and others. The pamphlet is now forgotten ; but the following epigram, which Garrick wrote on the occasion, deserves to be preserved, as one of the best in the English language.

TO DR. HILL, UPON HIS PETITION OF THE LETTER “I” TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

“If ’tis true, as you say, that I’ve injur’d a letter,
 I’ll change my note soon, and I hope, for the better,
 May the just right of letters, as well as of men,
 Hereafter be fix’d by the tongue and the pen,
 Most devoutly I wish that they both have their due,
 And that *I* may be never mistaken for *U*.”

In two years after he became a manager, he married Mademoiselle Violette, a young lady of great personal beauty and elegant qualities, who proved a most affectionate partner. He was now easy in his circumstances, happy in his connections, admired wherever he was known, and blazoned by fame over Europe, and after some years of assiduous application he determined to visit the continent, both with a view to the improvement of his health, and the extension of his knowledge. Accordingly in 1763, he set out on his travels: and was every where received with a respect due to his extraordinary talents as an actor, which he readily exhibited when properly requested. Indeed vanity seems to have been a predominant part of his character, and he received the incense of applause with as much rapture as if he had not been accustomed to enjoy it. His company was eagerly desired by the great and the learned in France and Italy, and to entertain them he would go through the whole circle of theatric exertions, with a rapidity unexampled, and an impressive force that nothing could resist. Without the least preparation, he could assume any character, and seize on any passion. He passed in an instant from the deepest tragedy to the extremes of comic levity, and agitated every spectator with the feeling which he meant to inspire.

He repeated the soliloquy from *Macbeth* before the Duke of Parma, and had several friendly contests with the celebrated Mademoiselle Clairon, at Paris, for the entertainment of their mutual friends. But Garrick was not satisfied with the fame which he justly received for his animated and correct expression of the passions from plays only; he convinced his friends, that even in dumb show he could melt the heart. Having been an eye-witness of an unhappy father in France, fondling his child at an open window, when it sprung from his arms, and was dashed to pieces in the street, he recited this affecting incident, and threw himself into the distracted attitude of the parent at the instant when his darling appeared irrecoverably lost, with such natural expression of unutterable woe, that he filled every breast with sympathetic horror, and drew forth a shower of tears. Even Clairon was so much affected and charmed, that when she had a little recovered, by an involuntary impulse of applause, she caught Garrick in her arms and kissed him.

Seated, one day, in the gallery through which the king was accustomed to pass to hear mass, Louis XV., the Dauphin, the Duke of Orleans, M. M. d'Aumont, de Richelieu, and de Brissac, directed for a time, their attention to the English Roscius. Garrick lost nothing of this spectacle. Having invited his friends to supper,—he said to them, "I have just seen the court, and I will give you a specimen of the extent of my memory." He then ranged his friends in two rows, and, passing through them, imitated in succession, to the surprise of the spectators, the very gait, features, and character of the monarch, and the illustrious personages he had seen.

After spending about a year and a half on the continent, our great Roscius returned to his native land, and having derived much of his reputation from exhibiting the impassioned scenes of Shakspeare, in honour of that immortal author, he projected a jubilee at Stratford, which drew together such a concourse of the most distinguished spectators as was scarcely ever before known. On this occasion, the first actor paid the homage of respect to the first dramatic writer that Britain ever produced.

In 1773, Garrick became sole manager of Drury Lane; but age now creeping on, and the gout and stone frequently afflicting him, he sold his

share of the patent three years after, and bade a final adieu to the stage. The two or three weeks before he retired, he went through some of his principal characters with undiminished spirit, and confirmed the reputation he had gained. The last part which he performed was "Felix," in the Comedy of "the Wonder." When the play was ended, he stepped forward under extreme emotion; and after a short struggle, addressed the audience in such pathetic terms as drew tears from every eye, as well as his own. "This," said he, "is to me a very awful moment, it is no less than parting for ever with those from whom I have received the greatest kindness and favours, and upon the spot where that kindness and those favours were enjoyed." Having concluded his parting harangue, in which every heart sympathized, he made a profound bow, the curtain dropped, and he retired amidst the regret and acclamations of the most brilliant audience that had ever been collected in an English theatre.

Some time after his retirement from the stage, Garrick was introduced at St. James's, and received in a manner peculiarly flattering. He had been long previously solicited by his friends to offer himself for a seat in parliament; but this he constantly declined, from a persuasion, as he said, that he could perform his part better at Drury Lane than at Westminster.

In August 1777, Garrick, accompanied by his neighbour and friend, Mr. Henry Hoare, of the Adelphi, made a visit to Mr. Hoare, of Stourhead, in Wiltshire. Being particularly charmed with the Grotto, he said he should like it for his burying-place; upon which one of the company wished him to write his own epitaph, which, as soon as he returned to the house, he did, *extempore*, and was as follow:

Tom Fool, the tenant of this narrow space,
 — He play'd no foolish part to chuse the place—
 Hoping for mortal honours, e'en in death.
 Thus spoke his wishes with his latest breath.
 "That Hal,* sweet-blooded Hal, might once a year,
 " Quit social joys to drop a friendly tear;
 " That Earl,† with magic sounds that charm the breast,
 " Should, with a requiem, teach his soul to rest;
 " Full-charged with humour, that the sportive Rust,‡
 " Should fire three vollies o'er the *dust to dust*,
 " That honest Benson,§ ever free and plain,
 " For once should sigh, and wish him back again,
 " That Hoare,|| too, might complete his glory's plan,
 " Point to his grave, and say—*I lik'd the man.*"

During the Christmas holidays of 1778, being on a visit in company with Mrs. Garrick at the country seat of Earl Spencer, he was seized with a disorder, from which having partially recovered, he returned to his house in the Adelphi: but next day the attack returned, and the arts of medicine proving ineffectual to relieve him, a stupor came on, and increased till the moment of his dissolution, which happened four days after, without a groan,

* Henry Hoare, Esq. of the Adelphi.

† John Earl, Esq. one of the company, who sang exceedingly well.

‡ Edward Rust, Esq. also one of the company, remarkable for sportive humour.

§ One of the company.

|| Mr. Hoare, of Stourhead.

in the sixtieth year of his age. Many of the faculty attended him with affectionate assiduity

A monument is erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey, under which is the following epitaph :

To paint fair Nature, by Divine command,
— Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,—
A Shakspeare rose :—then to expand his fame
Wide o'er this “breathing world,” a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the poet drew,
The actor's genius bade them breathe anew :
Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day :
And till Eternity, with power sublime,
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time ;
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars did shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.”

S. J. PRATT,

Considered as a dramatic writer, his fame is only subordinate. His compositions of every kind are rather the temporary effusions of an elegant playful mind, than finished productions. But universal excellence is not the lot of man. He reached the summit of excellence as an actor ; and, what is more to his credit, he performed with respectability his part in private life. He was greedy of money and of praise ; of the former, however, he made a charitable use, and the latter was justly due to his supereminent abilities. Courted and flattered as he was, he must have been somewhat more than man to be absolutely devoid of vanity. It has been said of Garrick. “that he was only natural on the stage ;” yet his private friends loved him well, and have paid many honourable testimonies to his social worth : among which was the following monody to his memory :

“ The grace of action, the adapted mien,
Faithful as nature to the varied scene,
Th'expressive glance, whose subtle comment draws
Entranc'd attention, and a mute applause ;
Gesture that marks, with force and feeling fraught,
A sense in silence, and a will in thought ;
Harmonious specc'h, whose pure and liquid tone
Gives verse a music scarce confess'd its own.
—As light from gems assumes a brighter ray,
And, cloth'd with orient hues, transcends the day ;—
Passion's wild break and frown, that awes the sense,
And every charm of gentler eloquence ;
All perishable, like th'electric fire
But strike the frame, and as they strike expire :
Incense too choice a bodied flame to bear ;
Its fragrance charms the sense, and blends with air.”

J. M. T.



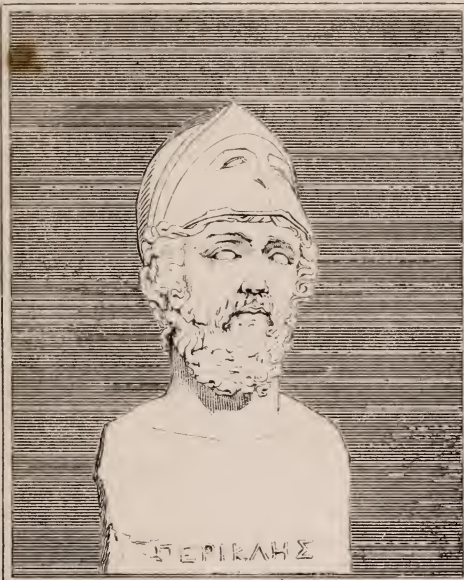
PERICLES.



FEW men have so well served their country as Pericles. He was great in war, but still greater in peace. Placed in the first rank among the Athenians, by his eloquence, his talents, and his virtues, an enlightened protector of the arts, ambitious of every species of glory, he well deserved that posterity should distinguish, by his name, the age to which he was so illustrious an ornament.

Pericles devoted himself to the study of philosophy from his earliest years. Anaxagoras, of Clazomenæ, his master, guarded him in his infancy from all destructive prejudices; but the talent which Pericles cultivated with the greatest care, because he considered it as the most necessary acquirement in any one desirous of influencing the people, was that of public speaking. He gave, to use the words of Plutarch, "to the study of philosophy the colour of rhetoric. The most brilliant imagination seconded all the powers of logic. Sometimes he thundered with vehemence, and set all Greece in flames; at other times, the goddess of persuasion, with all her allurements, dwelt upon his tongue, and no one could defend himself from the solidity of his argument and the sweetness of his discourse."

Pericles, by birth, had some title to the confidence of the people: Xanthippus, his father, had beaten at Mycale the lieutenants of the Persian king. He was grand nephew, by Agariste his mother, of Calisthenes, who expelled the Pisistratidæ, and re-established the popular government in Athens. The old men who had known Pisistratus, fancied they saw in Pericles the same personal qualities, the same talent for elocution and sweetness of voice. He also resembled him in point of character. He was, like him, tender and moderate; but, like him, he thirsted for power. His riches, his illustrious birth, his powerful friends, his talents, and his virtues, would have subjected him to Ostracism, had he at first meddled in



PERICLES.

Engraved by George Cooke.



public affairs. Pericles knew the danger, and avoided it. He suffered those to die who were able to trace in him any likeness to Pisistratus, and sought, amid war and peril, a glory less suspicious to the interests of the republic, and less subject to envy.

After the death of Aristides and the exile of Themistocles, Pericles seeing that Cimon was engaged out of Greece in a foreign war, began to appear in public with greater boldness. He was then observed to withdraw himself from society, to renounce pleasure, to attract the attention of the multitude, by a slow step, a sober deportment, a modest exterior, and by irreproachable manners. He declared himself in favour of the popular party, in order to remove any suspicion that he aspired to absolute dominion, and to form a rampart against the reputation of Cimon, who was at the head of the opulent and the nobles. It is at this period we are to form our judgment of the policy of Pericles; of his ascendancy over himself, and of the combination of his projects. Athens, until then, had only considered him as the first of orators; she now regarded him as one of her ablest statesmen. Incessantly occupied with the administration of public affairs, and devoting all his leisure hours to the study of those whom he intended to govern, Pericles, after having reflected upon his conduct, judged it expedient to live in retirement, to avoid the applause of the people, who become weary as they lavish their praise, and to govern the multitude by those incitements which flattered them the most—the show of magnificence in their public games, and grandeur in their monuments, whether of luxury or utility. The fortune of Pericles was an obstacle to the last part of his projects. He could not, like Cimon, employ immense riches to decorate the city, and relieve the indigent; but, by the influence of his popularity, he disposed of the treasures of the Athenians and that of their allies; and, as if nature concurred in the completion of his designs, he covered Athens with temples and edifices, which art has enumerated among her *chef-d'œuvres*. The “Parthenon,” the “Sanctuary of Eleusis,” the “Odeon,” and the “Propylea,” soon attracted the attention of a people enamoured of the fine arts, and of every thing that bore the stamp of grandeur and elegance. And to advance his fortune, there sprung up at this memorable epoch, in every part of Greece, those illustrious writers and celebrated artists, who reflected so much lustre upon an age, which may be called the age of genius.

But it was not solely by monuments and public festivals that Pericles rendered himself the idol of the people; he effected it still more by the profusion with which he bestowed honours and rewards. He gave pensions to the poor citizens, and distributed among them a portion of the conquered territories. He granted particular privileges to the judges, and to those who assisted at the shows and the general assembly. The people, who saw only the hand which gave, were blind to the source from whence it was received. Their attachment to Pericles even increased when they observed that this great man maintained in his family the modesty and frugality of ancient times; that he carried into the administration the utmost disinterestedness and unalterable probity; and in the government of the armies had the precaution to put nothing to hazard, and to risk rather the reputation than the safety of the state. Pericles, assured of the devotion of the people of Athens, rendered them accomplices to his ambition: he caused Cimon to be banished, by a false accusation of carrying on a suspicious intercourse with the Lacedæmonians; and under frivolous pretexts destroyed the authority of the court of

Areopagus, of which he was not a member, which vigorously opposed all innovation, and restrained the licentiousness of the Athenians.

After the death of Cimon, the nobility seeing Pericles thus rising with rapidity to sovereign power, opposed him in the person of Thucydides. This new rival, the orator of his faction, did not cease to represent Pericles as prodigal of the public finances. Pericles perceiving that the people began to give credit to this accusation, so frequently repeated, asked them one day in a general assembly, if they thought the disbursements too extravagant. "Infinitely so;" they replied. "Well, then," he retorted, "the whole shall be placed to my individual account, and I will inscribe my name upon these monuments." "Not so," returned the people, with enthusiasm, "Let them be constructed at the expense of the public, and nothing be spared for their completion."

After this victory, carried on by the adroitness of Pericles, he came to so violent a rupture with Thucydides, that he insisted upon his banishment, or upon being banished himself. Thucydides was vanquished in this conflict of ambition, and his exile tended to annihilate the power of his partizans. All party spirit being now extinguished, concord and unanimity were re-established. Pericles now governed, without any obstacle, the people of Athens; directed, according to his pleasure, the finances, the navy, and the troops: islands and seas were made subservient to his views: he alone governed that vast engine which extended itself not only over the Greeks, but the Barbarians, and which was fortified and cemented by the obedience and fidelity of the conquered nations, by the friendship of kings, and by treaties ratified with several princes.

Pericles, by his military expeditions, augmented, for a considerable time, the natural pride and ambition of the Athenians. Under this illustrious general they had made the glorious campaign of the Chersonesus. They had seen him with a fleet of one hundred ships scour the whole coast of the Peloponnesus; subdue the Sicyonians in the territory of Nemea; and, sailing afterwards beyond the embouchure of the Achelous, devastate Acarnania, and compel the inhabitants of Ceniada to hide themselves within their walls. So many triumphs inspired them with an opinion of their strength, and this sentiment rendered them unjust towards their allies, who for a long time murmured at these tyrannical dispositions. Amongst other subjects of complaint, they reproached the Athenians with having employed, in the embellishment of their city, certain sums of money which had been yearly paid to them to commence war against the Persians. Pericles replied, that the fleets of the republic sheltered her allies from the insults of barbarians, and that she had no other engagements to fulfil. In consequence of this answer, Euboea, Samos, and Byzantium, revolted; but soon after, Euboea returned to the dominion of the Athenians. Byzantium granted them her accustomed tribute: Samos, after a vigorous resistance, indemnified them for the expenses of the war, surrendered their ships, demolished her walls, and sent hostages to Athens.

The greater glory Pericles acquired the more envy he excited. The league of the Peloponnesus, by which he was regarded as the author of the despotic measures which Athens had adopted towards her allies, raised him many enemies among his own countrymen. Not daring, at first, to attack him in his private life, which was irreproachable, they attacked him in the persons of those he loved. In Anaxagoras, his master, in Phidias, his

protégé, and in his wife, Aspasia, the repository of all his projects, and his tenderest friend. In the end, by degrees, their malevolence reached himself. He was accused of having dissipated, or misemployed the public treasure, of which he was ordered to give an account. Notwithstanding his integrity, he would doubtless have sunk under this attack, if an unforeseen event had not reseated him in authority. This event was the Poloponnesian war. The origin of this war, and the dissensions which preceded it, being irrelevant to the subject, we shall not enter into any detail of the differences between Corcyra and Corinth, the revolt of Potidea, nor the conduct of Athens towards Megar. The ambition of the Athenians, and the distrust which they justly inspired in the Lacedæmonians, and their allies: appear to be the real motive of this war, so fatal to the city of Athens, and to the liberty of Greece. According to some historians, Pericles himself fomented it; certain it is, that he did nothing to prevent it, and that it was of infinite importance to the re-establishment of his power.

Fortune, during the first year of the war, appeared to balance between the two rival nations the successes and the defeats; but the prudence of Pericles presented more than once an useful obstacle to the unreflecting ardour of the Athenians. He would never expose his soldiers to a pitched battle, and preferred seeing the plains of Athens devastated by the Lacedæmonians rather than risk a decisive combat with enemies superior in numbers, and their equal in point of valour. The Athenians murmured at this discretion, which they called cowardice, deprived him of his authority, and condemned him to pay a considerable fine. Pericles did not only experience public misfortunes; at the same moment some private calamities took possession of his great mind. The plague, a scourge from Ethiopia, after having overrun Egypt, Lybia, a part of Persia, and the Isle of Lemnos, then ravaged Athens. Pericles beheld his children perish, and many of his friends. The death of his last son shook his fortitude in a peculiar manner: in attempting to place the crown of flowers on the head of his deceased offspring, he was so overpowered at the sight, that he abandoned himself to the most clamorous and excessive grief.

Athens, at length, dissatisfied with her generals and her magistrates, the weakness of whose talents she had experienced, recalled Pericles, and solicited pardon for her ingratitude. This great man, although disgusted with the possession of power, and overwhelmed at the loss of his children, submitted to the prayers of the people, and resumed the command. This he did not long exercise; the plague, which had not terminated its ravages, seized him as its victim, and carried him off in the third year of the war, about four hundred and ninty-two years before Jesus Christ. As he was expiring, and seemingly senseless, the principal persons of Athens, who had assembled round his bed, softened their affliction by expatiating on his victories, and the number of his trophies. "These exploits," said he to them, rising with some difficulty, "were the work of fortune, and common to me with other generals:—the only enconiums I merit as a minister, a general, and as a man, is, that not a citizen in Athens has been obliged to put on mourning on my account."

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. LAWRENCE.

(Painted by Titian)

The birth-place of St. Lawrence is not known. His virtues, from his youth, attracted the affection of St. Sixtus, then archdeacon of Rome; who, being elected pope in the year 257, appointed him deacon, and chief of the seven faithful servants of the church. St. Lawrence had likewise the charge of the holy treasure, and distributed its revenues among the poor. The Emperor Valerian having published an edict of proscription against the Christians, St. Sixtus was put to death. Before he expired, he predicted that St. Lawrence would speedily, in his turn, receive the crown of martyrdom. At that time St. Lawrence being ordered, by the prefect of Rome, to send him the money committed to his care, he presented to him the indigent people whom he had assisted. "Behold," said he, "in the persons of these poor men, the treasure you require." Irritated at these words, the prefect condemned him to a most cruel death. Stripped of his clothing, the saint was placed upon a gridiron, and sentenced slowly to suffer the punishment of fire. St. Lawrence, amid the most agonizing torments, retained his usual composure. He prayed that God would convert the Romans; and his prayer, even before his death, was in part granted. Many senators, who witnessed his punishment, embraced a religion which filled its followers with the sublimest sentiments, and buried, with due solemnity, the remains of the holy deacon, on the road leading to Tibur.

The picture of Titian is one of the best painted on this subject. The figure is noble, and well conceived; the fore-shortenings skilfully pourtrayed. The executioners have a ferocious character, suitable to their employ. The artist has increased the interest which the Saint inspires, by the introduction, in his picture, of a soldier; who, by means of a fork, keeps him upon the iron; and augments his sufferings. But what is to be particularly admired in this composition is the effect of the flame and smoke; which, mingling with the clouds, impress upon the work a sort of mysterious horror.

It was necessary to possess, in an eminent degree, the knowledge of the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, not to hesitate to employ in this picture so many different lights, of which the reflections are difficult to express. The general harmony which pervades this work, by surmounting of this difficulty, renders it a master-piece of art. The figures are of the natural size. This picture was removed from the church of the Jesuits at Venice. Titian painted the same subject for the king of Spain, without any considerable alterations.

LEO THE TENTH AND HIS SECRETARIES.

(Painted by Raphael.)

Little doubt can be entertained of the accurate resemblance of the portrait of Leo. All those which were executed by Raphael present a character of truth and simplicity, which nature only could inspire; it is but reasonable to suppose, that he took particular care in transmitting to posterity the features of the restorer of letters, the parent of the arts, and the sovereign whose munificence he so frequently experienced.

This picture is painted on wood, and is of an extensive proportion. Simplicity, truth of colouring, a touch easy and flowing; such are the principal beauties of this picture, which is no way inferior to the *chef-d'œuvres* of Titian, in a style of painting in which he particularly excelled.



Titan print.

T.L. Busby, sculp.

Martyrdom of St. Lawrence





Raphael.

Sands.

Leo the 10th







BEN JONSON.

Engraved by J. Smith

Approved by Geo. Jones



BEN JONSON.

“O RARE BEN JONSON!”



ENJAMIN, or as usually abbreviated by himself, Ben Jonson, was born in the city of Westminster, in the early part of the year 1574. His father, a Scottish gentleman from Annandale, was imprisoned and deprived of his estate in the reign of Queen Mary, on account of his religious opinions, as is supposed,—and died about a month before our author came into existence. His mother Margaret Jonson, shortly after her husband's death, married again; her second husband being a master-bricklayer, living in Hartshorne Lane, near Charing Cross, and whose name was Thomas Fowler.

At the usual age, Jonson was sent to a private school, which was then held in the church of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields. From this place he was transferred,—at the expense, it is said, of some friend,—to Westminster School, at which establishment the learned Camden was then the second Master: who was not slow in discovering, nor negligent in cultivating, the extraordinary talents of his pupil. Jonson, who had a warm and affectionate heart, ever retained an extraordinary degree of respect for his old master: and thus addresses him in his Epigrams:

“Camden, most reverend head, to whom I owe
All that I am in arts, and all I know.”—

and in his dedication of “Every Man in his Humour,” he tells his “most learned and honoured friend,” that he “is not one of those who can suffer the benefit conferred upon his youth to perish with his age;” and he adds, that, in accepting the Comedy, he will find no occasion to repent having been his instructor. All this appears to argue greater maturity, and deeper studies than are usually allowed. We, therefore, are inclined to refer the period of his leaving Westminster to his sixteenth year: from whence he went direct to Cambridge, and was there admitted either into St. John's or Trinity College;—the records of the University do not enable us to determine how long he was a resident there. It is supposed that the friend, who defrayed his school-expenses, befriended him at college, by procuring him an exhibition. but whatever Jonson's resources were, they appear to have been insufficient to maintain him there; for he was compelled, after a short stay, of a few months, to quit the University altogether, and to return to his mother's house. Here he was required to work at his father-in-law's trade of a bricklayer; an occupation that was, as may be imagined, sufficiently distasteful to a young man of an ambitious spirit and whose previous

studies at Westminster and Cambridge must have ill-qualified him for so humble an employment. In his own words, "he could not endure the occupation." He accordingly abandoned it very speedily, and enrolled himself, as a volunteer, in the army which was then serving in Flanders.

After a campaign or two, he returned home, having signalized himself, in the interim, by vanquishing an enemy in single combat, and killing him and bearing off his spoils, in the presence of both armies. It does not appear that he obtained any rank or advantage, or indeed any especial reputation, either for this gallant action, or for his general services in the field. Yet, there can be little doubt but that the combat took place, as stated by Jonson to Drummond; for Ben was a man of a fine masculine character, and however he may have possessed the "Roman infirmity" of boasting, as Howell relates, he would not willingly misstate a fact.

Returning once more to his mother's house, he shortly after took refuge on the stage. At this time he was about nineteen years of age.

The commencement of Jonson's dramatic career is hid in obscurity. That he acted at a theatre called the "Green Curtain," in Shoreditch, is probable, and it is tolerably certain that he made additions to existing plays, and wrote others, in conjunction with contemporary poets. These in fact, were his sole or principal means of support. Whether he acted badly, as is asserted by some, or wrote unsuccessfully, as is alleged by others, remains uncertain; and, in effect, these matters are not very important. There is no entire play, traceable to his pen, anterior to "Every Man in his Humour," which was not produced till November, 1596. Previously to that time, however, he seems to have established a footing at the theatres. Amongst other things, he was employed to make additions to a play, by Kyd, called "The Spanish Tragedy, or Hieronymo is mad again." It has been stated by some authors, that he took "Mad Hieronymo's part." This is denied by Gifford, who quotes several passages to show that the personator of Hieronymo must necessarily have been of small stature. But Gifford has mistaken the play, for there is no mention of any stature peculiar to Hieronymo, and therefore the character might have been played, by any actor of any bulk or height.

What Jonson's success was at this period, as an author or an actor, is doubtful. It is clear, however, that his progress was interrupted by a melancholy event, arising out of a quarrel with a player. This person—whose name is not known—sent him a challenge, and the consequence was, that a duel took place, in which Jonson slew his antagonist, receiving at the same time a severe wound in his own arm. In recounting the transaction to his friend Drummond, he says, "that his opponent brought into the field a sword ten inches longer than his own." Be that as it may, he himself, in consequence of the man's death, was thrown into prison, under an accusation of murder.

It was during this incarceration that he was induced to renounce the Protestant for the Romish Church. In his prison, he was visited by a Roman Catholic Priest, under the influence of whose arguments or persuasions, and the melancholy induced by his own precarious situation, he became a temporary convert to the church of Rome. He appears to have been beset by dangers, or else full of apprehensions, at this period. Spies were set to catch him, as if connected with a popish conspiracy according to his own account; but he was warned against these emissaries by his goaler,

and saved. This, however, is very doubtful. To what circumstances he was indebted for his liberty, is not known. That he escaped any trial is certain, and that he returned to his old occupation of providing matter for the theatres. He married, moreover, at this time, a young woman, who was a catholic, and who brought him a female child in 1595, and a son in the following year. Both these children died young.

"Every Man in his Humour," was first acted in 1596, and became speedily popular. Although not Jonson's highest effort, it is a sterling and weighty play; and considering that the author was then only twenty-two years of age, it must be accounted, beyond all question, a very extraordinary performance. In the Comedy as originally written, the scene was laid in Italy, near Florence. But Jonson afterwards gave the characters English names, and transferred the scene to London. Thus altered, it was brought out again at the Theatre of "Black Friars," in 1598, Shakspeare being one of the actors, and performing the part of the elder Knowell. In the interval, however, between 1596 and 1598, Jonson was not idle; being engaged on two plays, for which he received money on account from Henslowe, the manager. One of these plays is conjectured to have been "The Case is Altered," which is one of his most indifferent works.

In 1598, Jonson became acquainted with Shakspeare; and it was through his medium that "Every Man in his Humour" was brought out. The event was productive of advantage to Jonson, for it seems to have led to his acquaintance with persons of rank and merit. His old associates, indeed, or some of them, ranged themselves in opposition to him; but whether this was owing to envy on their parts, or to unreasonable pretensions on his own, we know not.

The next drama produced,—1599, was "Every Man out of his Humour," which succeeded, and attracted Queen Elizabeth to the theatre. To please "his Sovereign."—Davies says, "he altered the conclusion of his play into an elegant panegyric." To our thinking the panegyric is the very worst part of the play. Although the comedy is altogether unfit for the stage,—as it now exists,—yet it contains shrewd and striking passages.

"Cinthia's Revels" appeared in the year 1600, and was acted by the children of the Queen's Chapel. This "Comical Satire," as it is called, designed to ridicule the quaint absurdities of the courtiers, eventually succeeded; but not without exciting the indignation of various persons, who appropriated to themselves some of the characters, or felt angry at the affront levelled by the poet at their associates.

"The Poetaster, or his Arraignment," was the next work of Jonson, and was brought out at the Black Friar's Theatre, in 1601. In this drama Decker and Marston, the opponents of the poet, are introduced under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius. This play itself seems to have offended the lawyers, the soldiers, and the players; the anger of some of whom extracted from the author, subsequently an "Apologetical Dialogue;" whilst Decker replied to the Satire in a counter-satire, entitled, "The Satiromastix, or the untrussing of a humorous Poet."

The Tragedy "Sejanus," was acted at the Globe, in 1603; met with opposition; and was consequently withdrawn from the stage for a time. In its original state, it comprehended passages from a "second pen."—the author unknown—but on its failure, Jonson recast it, struck out all that had been contributed by his colleague, and completed the play from his own

resources. In this condition it was once more brought before the public, and was crowned with success.

It was about the time of the first appearance of "Sejanus," that Jonson is said to have been a frequenter of "The Mermaid" Tavern, in common with Shakspeare, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Selden, Carew, Donne, and others, whose visits there have made the place famous. Beaumont's lines to Jonson.—

"What things have we seen
Done at the "The Mermaid!" &c.

are well known to the readers of dramatic poetry, who are also aware of the reference made by contemporary writers to this agreeable resort of the Elizabethan wits. Fuller's account of the pleasant "wit-contests" which took place there, between Ben Jonson and Shakspeare, has more than once found its way into later publications; nevertheless we shall venture to extract it once more:—"Many were the wit-contests betwixt him—Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon, and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson,—like the former—was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare—like the latter—less in bulk, but lighter in sailing; could turn with all tides, and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." Of Ben himself, Fuller, in another place, says, "His parts were not so able to run themselves as to answer the spur: so that it may be truly said, that he had an elaborate wit, wrought out by his industry."

On the accession of James I., Jonson was speedily distinguished by him. He was also employed by the court and the city, to design a pageant for the reception of the king; and in this affair he very good naturedly solicited as his associate, Decker—his old antagonist,—who, of course was a participator of the benefits resulting from the work. Jonson became the grand inventor of these amusements, during the reign of that good-natured and learned monarch, and was a favourite with him throughout life.

In 1604, Marston, who had become reconciled to Jonson, dedicated to him his play of the "Malcontent." Notwithstanding the dedication, which is in Latin, and addresses Jonson as the writer's sincere and cordial friend, the two poets contrived to disagree; for soon afterwards we find Marston levelling his arrows at "Sejanus."

It was in the interval, between these two events—the reconciliation and the new outbreak—that Jonson, Chapman, and Marston produced their joint comedy of "Eastward Hoe!" for which, because it happened to contain a few words reflecting upon Scotchmen, Ben and his two coadjutors were sentenced to imprisonment, or rather they were at once sent to prison, without the tedious preliminary of a judicial inquiry. The three culprits were, however, speedily pardoned; although it was, at first reported that theirs ears and noses were to be slit—an indignity which so excited Jonson's mother, that she designed, had the threat been carried into execution, to have mixed some "strong and hasty poison" with her son's drink. This very play was the foundation of Hogarth's "Industry and Idleness."

In 1605, appeared "Volpone, or the Fox;" in 1609, "Epicæne, or the Silent Woman;" in 1610, "the Alchemist;" and in 1611, "Cataline."

"Volpone" and "the Alchemist" pass, by general assent, as the two best dramas of Jonson.

During these years—from 1605 to 1611—Jonson produced some of his best masques; including the Masques of “Blackness,” “Queens,” “Beauty,” those of the “Marriages of the Earl of Essex, and Lord Harrington,” and also the masque of “Oberon.”

In 1614, the amusing comedy of “Bartholomew Fair,” was acted; and in 1616 “the Devil is an Ass;” the character of “Lantern Leatherhead,” in the former play, was intended, it is said, as a caricature of Inigo Jones.

Previously to this time, it would appear that Jonson had been revising his works, with a view of publishing them in a collected form; for in 1616, a folio volume appeared, containing Comedies, Tragedies, Epigrams, and Masques, together with various minor Poems from his pen. About the same period he was appointed to the situation of Poet-Laureat, and a regular sum was allowed for his salary.

In 1616 Shakspeare died! and—notwithstanding that much had been said respecting our author’s jealousy of that greatest of poets,—the noblest verses which were sent forth, in the shape of an Elegy, on his death, proceeded from the pen of Ben Jonson! It is in this poem, that the line occurs, which is always subscribed beneath the statues and portraits of Shakspeare.

“He was not of an age but for all time!”

Were not the poem so well known, we should be inclined to extract part of it here: for it is a fine, hearty, spirited piece of verse, and one of the best and sincerest things that Jonson ever wrote: and ought to vindicate his memory from many of the calumnies that have so long beset his moral character.

In 1618, Jonson set out on foot to Scotland, on a visit to Mr. Stuart and other friends in the North; and finally arrived at the house of Drummond, the Poet of Hawthornden, in April 1619. Jonson spent the greater part of this month with Drummond; and in the confidence of familiar intercourse, intrusted him with various particulars of his life, and with many of his opinions on men and books. All this social fire-side talk, Drummond privately set down in writing, and afterwards published in his notorious *Conversation*. This publication was a complete piece of treachery: and although Drummond has written poems of much merit, we can never forget in reading them, that he was a traitor to his friend and guest, and has tarnished the hospitality of his hospitable country.

Crowned with the favour of his sovereign, Jonson saw the most distinguished wits of his time crowding his train, and courting his acquaintance, and in this spirit he was invited to Christ Church College, by Dr. Corbet, the senior student, and afterwards Bishop of Norwich: and with whom he resided for some time, and with whom he was on terms of great friendship.

In May 1619, Jonson returned to London. During his stay at Oxford, he composed several of his masques and other works; quitting the place occasionally, however, to accompany the court in its royal progresses, in visiting the gentry around. Amongst these masques, the best were, “The Vision of Delight,”—“Pleasure reconciled to virtue,”—and, “The Gypsies Metamorphosed.”

In 1621, the king, by letters patent, granted our poet the office of Master of the Revels,—in reversion, after the death of Sir George Bue and Sir

John Astley; but, unluckily, Jonson did not live to benefit by it, for Sir John Astley survived him. During the remainder of James's life, however, Jonson was always received by him with favour, and continued regularly a Masque on Twelfth Night. The last one was, "Pan's Anniversarie," which was produced in 1625, and contains some exceedingly sweet pastoral verses. James died on the 27th day of March in this year.

"The Staple of News," Jonson's next play, was acted some time in 1625: a sad year in the poet's life, for he not only lost his good-natured patron, but was also smitten by disease and poverty. Palsy attacked him at a time when he had neglected to provide for evil days; and the consequences were, that he lay for some time sick, melancholy, and in want. Recovering sufficiently, however, to use his pen a little, he produced the following year an anti-masque, named "Jophiel." But his strength appears to have failed him, or else his disease returned, for he was confined for a long time to his room, and was unable to move about without help. There are no accounts as to who befriended him during this season of suffering, or which of his companions came in to solace his weary hours. Whatever he may have endured, however, he did not yield to the tyranny of sickness; for summoning up his spirit once more, he sent forth his comedy of "The New Inn." This was produced in 1629, but was driven from the stage. Upon the occasion of its failure, Jonson vented his indignation in an ode "to himself;" in which he indulges in various strictures on the bad taste of the times, and advises *himself* to quit the stage:

"Come, leave the loathed stage,
And the more loathsome age;
Where pride and impudence (in fashion knit)
Usurp the chair of wit,
Inditing and arranging every day
Something they call a play.
Let their fastidious, vain
Commision of braine
Run on, and rage, sweat, censure and condemn.
* * * * *
They were not made for thee," &c.

To this Owen Feltham replied, in another Ode, pretty much in the spirit of the original poem. Ben has more than once addressed his illustrious self, and in the same complimentary vein. There is an ode "to himself" in "The Underwoods," the concluding stanza of which contains two good lines, and is as follows:—

"And since our dainty age
Cannot endure reproof,
Make not thyself a page,
To that strumpet the stage:
But sing high and aloof,
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull ass's hoof!"

The epilogue to this play—"The New Inn," is written in a mournful tone. He speaks of his "faint and faltering tongue," and of his "brain.

"That's yet unhurt, although set round with pain,"

And hints at the neglect into which he has fallen under the new reign ; adding—

“And had he liv'd the care of King and Queen,
His art in something more had yet been seen.”

Charles responded to this reproach, by instantly sending the poet a present of a hundred pounds. This gift encouraged Jonson to petition in verse, for a little addition to his salary. After referring to the yearly pension of a hundred marks, given to him by king James, he says—

——“This so accepted sum,
Or dispens'd in books or bread,
(For with both the Muse was fed)
Hath drawn on me, from the times,
All the envy of the rhymes,
And the rattling pit-pat noise,
Of the less poetic boys ;
When their pop-guns aim to hit,
With their pellets of small wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decayed ;
But we last out, still unlay'd :
Please your Majesty,” &c.

And then he proceeds to beg that the marks be raised to pounds. Charles very good-naturedly granted the poet's petition, and added to the yearly £100, a tierce of Canary, which was Jonson's favourite wine. The royal warrant or grant, entitling the poet to the stipend and the wine during his life, is a curious specimen of the art of saying little in many words. Who, when thinking of Ben Jonson and his Canary, can associate them with such words as these—“To have, hold, perceive, receive, and take the said tierce of Canary Spanish wine unto the said Ben Jonson and his assigns, during the term of his natural life,” &c. These phrases, amongst a multitude of others, equally pithy and concise, are to be seen in the warrant. Besides this pension from the crown, Jonson had also been in the habit of receiving from the city a yearly stipend of one hundred nobles. This was given as a sort of retaining fee for his services, to be rendered when called upon. By these means, and with the money which he obtained from the exercise of his pen, he was enabled to keep a good table, and to entertain his friends and admirers ; a pleasure that he was by no means backward to enjoy. Indeed, he carried his love of hospitality to a pitch of imprudence, and kept up his feasts when his pension from the city had ceased, and he was otherwise indifferently provided for.

The year after the grant was made of the increased pension, a quarrel arose between Jonson and Inigo Jones, the consequence of which was, that the former, for a time, fell into disgrace at court. Another poet, Townshend, till then unknown to fame, was employed to design and conduct the masque for 1633, in conjunction with Jones, and Jonson was deprived of the expected emolument ; a loss, which he could, at that time, but ill afford to bear. In the same year, the Court of Aldermen also, withdrew the pension which they had till then allowed him. Jonson, on hearing of this latter misfortune, wrote to Lord Newcastle,—his constant and generous patron—and

complained that the people of the city had taken away "their chandlerly pension."

Jonson was now reduced to great distress, and was compelled to apply to the Lord Treasurer, Weston, for relief. As soon as his wants were generally known, however, money and complimentary verses poured in upon him from various parts. He exerted himself at the same time, and produced, in 1632, "*The Magnetic Lady*," and, in 1633, his last work for the stage, called, "*The Tale of a Tub*." That he recovered from his fit of poverty, and had an interval of prosperity, or at least of ease, Howell has shewn.

In the summer of 1633, King Charles visited Scotland; and on his way thither was entertained by the Earl of Newcastle, at Welbeck. Upon this occasion, Jonson composed a masque called "*Love's Welcome at Welbeck*;" and in the following year, a second masque, entitled, "*Love's Welcome at Bolsover*;"—the king being entertained at another seat of Lord Newcastle's—proceeded from his pen.

The subsequent writings of Jonson are few. In 1635, he wrote some satires on his former associate, Inigo Jones, who seems to have felt some jealousy toward him, and to have stepped between him and the royal bounty. And he also composed his celebrated pastoral of "*The Sad Shepherd*," a work that has been considered by some, equal, and by others, superior to Fletcher's "*Faithful Shepherdess*;" and second only to the "*Comus*" of Milton. The English Grammar, and the well-known Miscellany entitled "*Explorata, or Discoveries*," were found amongst his papers. Both the Sad Shepherd, and the Discoveries well deserve their reputation. The first is remarkable for its truth, its naiveté, and, frequently, its great beauty of language; and the second is a sententious, learned, and thoughtful work.

We have thus run over the main incidents of our author's life: and we now come to its close. After encountering more than the usual vicissitudes which chequer the life of man, Ben Jonson died on the 6th day of August, 1637, a widower, and childless. He had reached the age of sixty-three. He was buried at Westminster Abbey; and a common pavement stone was laid over his grave, having on it this brief inscription—"O rare Ben Jonson!"

Upon the poet's death, many elegies were poured forth; and his friends resolved to raise a monument to his memory. For this purpose, a subscription was set on foot. It was successful, but the troubles of the country having interfered to prevent the erection of any memorial, the money was returned to the subscribers.

As Shakspeare was, and is, beyond all competition, the greatest poet the world has ever seen, it is small disparagement to Jonson, to say, that he stands second only to so wonderful a man. The palm should always be given to originality, and amongst the contemporaries of Shakspeare, Jonson was the most original. He stood alone. His course lay beside that of Shakspeare; not in his track. He took his way, on a far lower level, it is true, yet on a way that he had himself discovered. He borrowed help, indeed, not unfrequently from his friends the ancients, and illuminated his subjects with their thoughts; but, so far as regards the style or constitution of his plays, Jonson was decidedly original. He owed as little to his contemporaries, or to English poets who preceded him, as Shakspeare himself.

We must not, however, shut our eyes to his defects. In the management of his scenes, Jonson is frequently injudicious, inasmuch as he is very prolix

and inactive, making little or no progress in the story; whilst the speeches, as in "Cataline," and other dramas, are tedious beyond those of any contemporary writer. He is injudicious, where he introduces into his dramas a multitude of characters who throw no light upon the story, and lend no interest to it, occupying space that had better have been bestowed upon the principal agents of the plot. He is injudicious, because he has selected subjects of temporary fashion and interest as the ground works for the display of his humour; instead of resorting to those qualities of the mind, which, however they may vary with circumstances, are nevertheless permanent in themselves, and matters of interest to all men. There is scarcely a male, and not one female character in the entire range of Jonson's plays, concerning whose fate we trouble ourselves even for an instant. It is these drawbacks that,—notwithstanding much good and beautiful writing, notwithstanding an abundance of sententious sayings, and a great deal of wit and humour,—have banished the dramas of Ben Jonson from the English stage.

And yet, the works of our author really deserve the attention of every one desirous of becoming acquainted with English literature. For he is a sound and sensible thinker, at all times. His style is, for the most part, pure and natural; sometimes, indeed, degenerating into vulgarity,—we mean what the subject requires,—but rarely exhibiting any of those signs of bombast and pretension which distinguish a weak writer. He had no affectation, no hypocrisy. He never lent himself to mean or dishonest purposes. His objects were to brand vice and ridicule folly; and he did this with a vigorous hand. His great strength lay in satire, and in his power of depicting manners. As a censor of morals, as a corrector of the vices and follies of his age, he deserves especial remark.

In enumerating the claims of Jonson upon the admiration of his countrymen, it should not be forgotten that he was creator of the "Masque," or the improver of it to such a degree as almost to entitle him to the honours of an inventor. No one has approached him in this respect. No one ever mingled the grotesque and the elegant so well, in these now obsolete amusements. Ben's mind had a gentle and graceful, as well as a rugged aspect. Besides the satire and humour, and strong common sense with which his works abound, there are in them frequent references to what is beautiful in nature—refined and delicate fancies—songs, moving to music—learned, remote allusions, that take us from the "ignorant present," into those regions of dim antiquity in which the poet sought his inspiration.

In regard to Jonson's moral qualities, a few words will suffice. He was undoubtedly a man far from deficient in the irritability which is ascribed to his craft. He was also perhaps, addicted somewhat to boasting, and was a convivial companion. These weaknesses deducted, Jonson appears to rise out of the mists of calumny, a fine, straight-forward, liberal, and excellent man. He may be excused for priding himself upon his learning, since he himself held the ancients in such deep reverence. And he may be forgiven a little "self-commendation," seeing that he was no niggard of praise towards others. He is said to have been envious; but we can see no traces of this vice in his writings. On the contrary, there is no one with whose works we are acquainted, who has dealt out so large a measure of eulogy, or exhibited so many instances of good-will, towards his contemporaries. There are some authors whose renown we are more inclined to covet, perhaps; but there is not one whose manliness and sincerity of purpose should be more respected than Ben Jonson!

Among the numerous commendatory verses addressed in his praise, we close with the following short Epigram on his elaborated plays, by Hodgson.

“ Each like an Indian ship or hull appears,
That took a voyage for some certain years,
To plough the sea, and furrow up the main,
And brought rich ingots from his loaden brain.
His art the sun; his labour were the lines;
His solid stuff the treasure of his mines.”

J. M. T.

ST. MARTIN DIVIDING HIS CLOAK WITH THE MENDICANT.

(*Painted by Vandyck.*)

St. Martin was born at Sabarie, in Pannonia, in the beginning of the fourteenth century. His father, one of the military tribunes in the Roman legions, compelled him to carry arms. St. Martin, then only sixteen, meeting one day, at the Gates of Amiens, a beggar almost naked, gave him the moiety of his mantle; being incapable of bestowing his charity in any other manner. A few days after, the saint was baptised. He converted his mother, attacked the opinions of the Arians, and settled near Poitiers, of which St. Hilary was then bishop. St. Martin, who had entered into orders, was elevated to the episcopal see of Tours, adjoining which he founded the monastery of *Marmoutiers*. He then preached the christian religion in his diocese, and in other parts of Gaul. The Emperor Maximus being at that time at Treves, this prince ordered the holy bishop into his presence, and received him with great honours. St. Martin, on his return to Tours, fell sick in a village in the neighbourhood of that city, and died in the year 400. His life has been written by his disciple Sulpicius Severus, and by Fortunatus.

In the picture of Vandyck, St. Martin has just divided his cloak, of which the pauper, whose back only is seen, takes the half. Another mendicant apparently solicits charity of the saint, adjoining whom is a man advanced in years, who regards him with considerable interest, and seemingly applauds his beneficence.

Vandyck, who in all his works is esteemed a great colourist, has perhaps executed no composition superior to this, in regard to the richness and delicacy of his tints, and in the freedom and vivacity of his lights. The mantle of the saint is red, his horse white—the old man, who is clothed in a green drapery, is mounted on a brown horse—the linen and tattered garments, which in part cover the beggar, are of a grey colour—between the two warriors the back of a third is perceived, wearing a violet habit—the shades, that serve as a background to the figures, are of a mellow and vigorous tint; and the picture is finished with the utmost freedom of pencil.

This celebrated work, which in many respects is worthy of the reputation of Vandyck, has nevertheless some defects: among which may be reckoned the want of expression in the costume. The armour of St. Martin, and his helmet shaded with a feather, are of a more modern date, by some centuries, than the age in which he lived. The figure is not sufficiently developed—the horse possesses all the heaviness of form, so conspicuous in the Flemish breed, which served as a model to the artist. He is likewise censured for concealing from the spectator the face of the beggar, who is the second figure in the picture, and which would necessarily have offered the principal expression.



Van Dyck pinx^t

W. Cooke sculp^t

St. Martin dividing cloak with a beggar







CONDORCET.

Engraved by George Cooke.



CONDORCET.



AFTER Voltaire, Montesquieu, J. J. Rousseau, Buffon, Helvetius, Condillac, Mably, Thomas Diderot, and D'Alembert, the name of Condorcet places itself naturally on the list of writers who reflected honour on the eighteenth century. Inferior to many of them with respect to the talent for which they are particularly characterized, he nearly equals the whole in those rare endowments of mind which are common to men of genius, and surpasses them in the extent, the variety, and the accuracy of his acquirements. If he be then, in the order of time, "the last of this illustrious race," he is without doubt not the least remarkable. Condorcet was at once a Geometrician, a Philosopher, a Man of Letters, a public Writer, and an Economist, in the true sense of the word, which indicates a science, and a sect; and what particularly distinguished him is, that this combination of extraordinary resources was constantly directed to a single object—the amelioration of the lot of the human race by the diffusion of knowledge. He is indebted perhaps to his friend, the celebrated Turgot, for the first idea of the most noble, and the most consoling of all the systems of philosophy, of that which rests upon the opinion of the most indefinite perfection of the human mind: and he really created this system, since he first built it upon a solid basis, strengthened it with all the support of experience, and deduced from thence certain results.

The love of truth was the most prominent trait in his character; the desire of being serviceable to the cause of humanity, the principal motive of all his labours as a man of science, and a man of letters. Persuaded that the vices and misfortunes of men are the fruits of social institutions, he proposed to himself in some sort to examine the whole in the aggregate and in their smallest details, to shew from thence their baneful tendency, and to point out, at the same time, the means of reforming them. To fulfil the task he had imposed upon himself, it was necessary for him to know, and to attempt every thing: no one therefore joined to such a mass of knowledge a mind more eminently just, lively, flexible, extensive, and profound; no one took a more comprehensive view of the most arduous questions; and no one, at the same time, attacked with greater courage, and under more diversity of forms, so many prejudices, combated so many errors, and unmasked so many hypocrites and charlatans, denounced and pursued so many interests that opposed the public good.

Condorcet was one of the most zealous partizans, and one of the most illustrious victims of a Revolution, which excited at first so many pleasing expectations, and terminated in so many disappointments. His conduct manifested that he then lost sight of that system of philosophical tardiness, so much recommended by Turgot; that he forgot what he himself established

in his last work, that the truth of theory is necessarily modified in practice: he wished to overstrain every thing, and contribute to destroy every thing. But whether his death suffice or not to absolve him in the eyes of posterity from the errors of his political existence, his literary life must ever entitle him to the warmest eulogiums.

Marie-Jean-Antoine-Nicholas-Caritat de Condorcet was born at Ribemont, in Picardi, on the 17th of September, 1743. Educated under the eyes of his uncle, the Bishop of Lezieux, he preferred, although far less lucrative, the difficult career of the sciences to various professions in which his birth would have promised him, at much less expence, the most certain advantages. He at first devoted himself, with enthusiasm, to the mathematics, and at the age of twenty-one published a treatise on "Intregal Calculations," which opened to him a little afterwards the doors of the Academy of the Sciences: this he entered in 1768. A *bon mot* of the geometrician, Fontaine, sufficiently indicates that the debut of young Condorcet was uncommonly happy. *J'ai cru un moment, said he, qu'il valait mieux que moi; j'en etais jaloux, mais il m'a rassure depuis.* It is certain that his incidental occupations prevented him from carrying into his mathematical researches that perseverance and detail, which would now alone secure its success. His inclination nevertheless carried him to a science, which from his very outset he had enriched with important remarks: and if time and patience were wanting to give to his "Analytical Essays" the degree of perfection which might be expected, he still accomplished his principal object, in proving by ingenious applications and by evident proofs, that the science of Calculation established the certainty of the moral and political sciences. Such was exclusively the object of his "*Memoires sur le calcul des impropabilities,*" and of his work entitled, "*Plan de la Mathematique sociale.*"

Condorcet has likewise evinced, that to the sagacity and depth of the Geometrician, he united the intelligence of the Philosopher, and the talents of the Critic. The Eulogias of the Academicians, who died before 1699, and in a particular manner the fine eulogium on Pascal, announced a successor worthy of Fontenelle. Fouchi, who, after Marian, occupied without filling the place of that celebrated man, associated with Condorcet in 1773, and three years after relinquished to him entirely the functions of perpetual secretary. Become, in this quality, the historian of the sciences, and of those who consecrate their lives in extending their boundary, Condorcet so completely answered the expectations excited by his early works, that his numerous and excellent eulogies will be ever one of the most solid pillars of his reputation. Equal, and even superior to Fontenelle, in the only points in which he can be compared with him—the extent and variety of his knowledge—Condorcet was capable of judging of his talent, and of the circumstances in which he found himself, and was only disposed to imitate a man, who, endowed with a prodigious mind, had done well all that could be accomplished in his time, by doing likewise well all that very different times permitted him to do. Those who give the preference to Condorcet ought then to admit, that frequently more rich in his subjects, and always more liberal in his thoughts, he has had the good fortune to render to the sciences a more solemn and more noble homage. As to those who affected to place him greatly below his predecessor, we much doubt whether they were capable of appreciating Fontenelle. One circumstance, which reflects honour on the character of Condorcet, delayed until the year 1782, his admission into the French

Academy: he refused to pronounce the eulogium of the Duke de la Vrillière, and this refusal, which drew upon him the hatred of Maurepas, induced him not to become a candidate for that distinction until after the death of that old minister. Before that epocha, he had presented to that body an *Eloge de l'Hospital*, which deserved, though it did not gain the prize: after which he published his "Life of Turgot." These two books are alone sufficient to place him on the rank of the first political writers. The latter especially is perhaps the best book that a statesman can study: it is the genius of a great minister, interpreted by the genius of the friend, the most capable of understanding it. It is a rapid, but perfect picture of every thing which can be done for the happiness of a great people, by the sole influence of the discoveries of wisdom and of time.

In 1789, Condorcet paid to Voltaire a tribute, flattering beyond all bounds. He published the life of that extraordinary man, and thus terminated the edition of his works, which he had enriched with a variety of notes, as curious as instructive. Our limits will not permit us to cite all the works, which, during twenty years, Condorcet composed upon literature, philosophy, general politics, and public economy. The last science, which he regarded in some sort as the result of all the others, had for him a peculiar attraction. He discussed its most difficult points, and is, beyond dispute, the man of his time in France who the best understood it, and who reduced it to the most simple and certain principles.

Notwithstanding so many titles to the confidence of his fellow-citizens, Condorcet was not chosen a member of the Constituent Assembly. It is possible that this circumstance had considerable influence on the political opinions he professed, and upon the conduct which he subsequently displayed. In his numerous writings, he appears at first to have only desired the reform, which all France solicited; but after the flight and arrest of the king, he was the first to pronounce the word "Republic," and to require the abolition of royalty. From that moment he became one of the most distinguished members of the party, who, strengthened afterwards by the leader of the deputation of the Gironde, prepared, in the legislative assembly, all the misfortunes of France. According to the general law of all factions, Condorcet should have made to his new friends the sacrifice of his old ones. It would have been painful to him, no doubt, especially when he saw himself reduced to the degradation of permitting men, whom he had long esteemed, and whom he ought always to have respected, to be insulted under his name.

It is well known in the Convention what was the fate of the "Girondins." The 31st of May, 1793, deprived them of a power, which they had never exercised but in a precarious manner, and caused it to pass into the hands of the most atrocious and the vilest of men. Condorcet was not at first included among the victims of that fatal day: but he had the courage to reprobate it to his constituents, and to write against the plan of the constitution which followed it. A decree of accusation was soon passed against him, and a little time after he was outlawed. A female, no less remarkable for her tenderness than her courage, received him into her house, and concealed him for eight months in Paris, at the risk of her own life. It was in this asylum, in the most critical situation possible, under the very sword of assassins, that Condorcet, without books, without notes, without any other assistance but the force of his own genius, the clearness of his conceptions, and the tenacity of



Le D. miniquin vint

L. G. G. G. G.

Beloum m.

1787







Fra. Pietro primo

Willm. Drake scult.

...rune al prapio.

A venerable matron, St. Paulina, throws herself on her knees to kiss the hand of St. Jerome; and the lion, the faithful emblem of the virtuous monk, when he inhabited the burning deserts of Syria, appears to partake of the general affliction. Several angels are seen above this group.

Truth, and great propriety of expression, characterize principally this picture, which is justly regarded not only as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Domenichino, but one of the master-pieces of the art. The two others are the Transfiguration by Raphael, and the Descent from the Cross, by Daniel de Volterra.

The picture of the Communion of St. Jerome is about four feet high, by two and a half broad. The figures are somewhat above the natural size. For this wonderful production the artist was only paid fifty crowns. It was painted for the principal altar of the church of *St. Jerome de la Charité*, at Rome.

Some persons, envious of the reputation of the artist, have asserted that he conceived the design of this picture from one painted on the same subject, by Augustino Caracci; but this idea appears to be without foundation.

ST. BRUNO AT PRAYER.

(*Painted Le Sueur.*)

In the year 1648, Le Sueur, at the age of thirty-one, began, by the desire of the Queen, the mother of Louis the Fourteenth, to paint the history of St. Bruno, founder of the Order of the Chartreux, for the purpose of decorating the cloister of the Monastery at Paris. This he executed in twenty-two pictures, in the space of three years; and although he has the modesty to call his pictures mere sketches, the series has been reckoned among the best collections of paintings. It passed in the year 1776 into the cabinet of the late king of France.

After the death of Le Sueur, some persons, envious of the fame of this great painter, had the meanness to damage these *chef-d'œuvres*; much care, was however, bestowed to restore them to their former state. They were originally painted upon wood, then placed upon canvas, and afterwards retouched; but this latter task was committed to unskilful hands. They have since, by an order of the Senate, been restored with the utmost precision.

The Chartreux compelled Le Sueur to begin the life of St. Bruno, with an anecdote, to which, for a long time the conversion of the Saint was attributed; but this story Pope Urban VIII. caused to be suppressed as fabulous.

"A Parisian Monk, named Raymond, united to the talent of prediction, an exterior of the most sincere piety. He died; and upon being carried to the sepulchre, rose suddenly from his coffin, to declare that he was damned."

Such is the subject of the present picture. The Saint, greatly terrified at the miraculous apparition of Raymond, and the words he had pronounced, returned to his dwelling. He threw himself at the feet of the crucifix, and absorbed in profound reflections, resolved from that moment, to withdraw himself from the world. In a corner of the picture, the body of Raymond is seen, thrown into the earth, without any religious ceremony.

The extreme simplicity of the composition forms its principal merit; and is perfectly consonant with the subject. The general effect of the picture has much sweetness, and the handling is light and correct.



MADAME DE SÉVIGNE



MARY DE RABUTIN, Marchioness of Sévigne, was born in the province of Burgundy, in 1626. She was the daughter and sole heiress of Celsus Benignus de Rabutin, Baron of Chantal and of Bourbilli, who in the year following was killed, while bravely defending the Isle of Rhé against the incursions of the English. It has been asserted, with what truth cannot be ascertained, that he fell by the hand of Oliver Cromwell, who was engaged in that expedition, and who was then fighting under the banners of a monarch whom he afterwards dethroned—Thus early deprived of a parent whom she had not the happiness of knowing, she remained under the care of her mother and her maternal uncle, the Abbé de Coulanges, and to them she was indebted for an excellent education, which comprised much of the learning, and all the accomplishments of that age. She was taught the Latin, Spanish, and Italian languages, and was sufficiently acquainted with them to be able to peruse the best authors in each. The frequent use she made of her pen, the manner in which she has spoken of authors and of books, prove that she possessed a cultivated mind, and that she was accustomed to think for herself on subjects of literature and the arts.

At the age of eighteen she was married to the Marquis de Sévigne, a nobleman of Brittany. A son and daughter were the issue of this marriage. It is well known, that in this union she did not experience that happiness of which she was every way so deserving. The marquis, by nature fickle and inconstant, destroyed her peace by frequent infidelities. "His affections," says Bussy, "wandered from one person to another—but he never met an object so truly amiable as his own wife—while she herself never ceased to love him in his life-time, and to cherish his memory when dead." Though she felt all the grief, and probably all the resentment so natural to an injured and slighted woman, she never attempted to check his career by unavailing remonstrances—and sincerely lamented his death when it happened, in 1651, in a duel with Chevalier d'Albert. The circumstances which led to this encounter have not transpired.—Left a widow in her twenty-fifth year, she was not tempted by any of the offers made to her, to dispose of her hand again in marriage—though the united advantages of rank, fortune, beauty, wit and accomplishments, excited numerous candidates for her favour. She desired to remain single, that she might superintend the education of her children, and recover their property, which had been injured by the dissipation of her husband. In this design she was materially assisted by the Abbé de Coulanges, between whom and his niece the most perfect harmony and good understanding subsisted. Thus occupied in the pleasing duties of friendship and maternal cares, she never entertained the most distant



MME DE SEVIGNY.

Painted by Verelsteden

Engraved by G. Kneller.

thought of a second union. A conduct so laudable, had all the success she could desire. Charles, Marquis of Sévigné, her son, was distinguished by every thing which in that age characterized a man of genius and of pleasure. Her daughter appeared with all the advantages of education, embellished by personal beauty and a polished understanding. Of a disposition more reserved than that of her brother, she had applied herself to more serious studies. While Homer, Virgil, Horace and Boileau, were the favourite authors of the marquis, she had studied and became deeply versed in the philosophy of Descartes. In her early youth she was particularly remarked for her modesty and the unaffected graces of her person. The court of Louis XIV. was at that time in all its splendour and magnificence—the most brilliant entertainments were almost daily given. Pleasure, always decent and elegant, presided at its festivals—and a spirit of gallantry, at once noble and ingenious, animated alike the monarch and his courtiers. Madlle. de Sévigné was received with the most flattering distinction. In the ballets which were represented at Versailles, and in which the king himself sometimes took part, she appeared in various characters, and was celebrated by Benserade. In 1669 she was married to the Count de Grignan, Lieut. Governor of Provence.—In marrying her daughter to a nobleman who resided principally at court, Madame de Sévigné had flattered herself that they would not be separated. But soon after the marriage the Count de Grignan received the king's orders to repair to his government, where he afterwards continued to command, in the absence of the Duke de Vendôme. This circumstance compelled Madame de Grignan to make frequent journeys into Provence, and was for her mother a source of infinite uneasiness. She was so much affected by this separation, that her affection for her daughter seemed to acquire new strength. From that moment her thoughts were solely directed to the means of seeing her—either in going herself to Provence, or in meeting her at Paris. Between these visits, however, there often occurred intervals of great length, and to them we are indebted for an intercourse of Letters, the most active and regular, perhaps, that ever took place. Those of Madame de Sévigné, which have been so carefully preserved, cannot but make us regret the loss of Madame de Grignan's—by which the correspondence is necessarily imperfect, and which, from some specimens still remaining, appear to have been equally worthy of preservation. Nothing, indeed, could have been more interesting, than to have perused the answers of Madame de Grignan, after having been so highly entertained by the letters of Madame de Sévigné. It is true that the latter, residing chiefly at Paris, and in the centre of the great world, the expressions of attachment from the daughter would probably not have been so happily diversified by the lively, just, and pleasing remarks on the public affairs of the day, by which those of the mother are so highly distinguished. When Madame de Sévigné was not with her daughter, she spent her time either at Livry, an abbey belonging to her uncle,—at Paris, where her society was composed of the Duke de la Rochefoucault, author of the “Maxims,” of Madame de la Fayette, and others, most distinguished by their rank or their talents—or at her country seat near Vitré, in Brittany, called *les Rochers*. Her last excursion to Grignan occurred in the month of May, 1694. She gives in one of her letters a pleasing description of the marriage of her grandson, the Marquis de Grignan. But a few months after, her daughter was seized with an alarming illness, which seemed to threaten her existence. During six months

of painful suspense between life and death, the situation and feelings of Madame de Sévigné may be better conceived than described. This anxious mother, regardless of her own safety, watched with the most earnest solicitude the progress and crisis of her daughter's malady. Frequently would she leave her bed, to inquire whether she slept or not. To such an excess of personal exertion and mental uneasiness nature was unequal. Exhausted by the conflict, she was herself seized with a fever, and this illustrious victim of maternal tenderness expired on the 20th of April, 1696, at the age of seventy years and two months. The affliction of Madame de Grignan, who recovered only to attend her mother to the grave, was great in proportion to the loss she had experienced. Nothing, therefore, appears more improbable, than the opinion which seems to have prevailed—that a coolness had taken place between them, and that the mother died at variance with her daughter. It has even been pretended that Madame de Sévigné affected a display of sentiment and tenderness which she in reality never felt. This accusation is not only destitute of proof, but of all probability. Affectation cannot be carried to such an extreme. If her heart did not suggest what she so feelingly expressed, what necessity was there for that effusion of fondness which her letters breathe! Of what use could have been an hypocrisy so constant and so systematic? The correspondence passed in the utmost privacy, and when Madame de Sévigné wrote, she never imagined that there would be any other witness of her love, than God and her child. The style of friendship, the impassioned tone of a lover, may be imitated—but who shall copy the exquisite feelings of a mother's heart? Fortunately, such an elaborate deception is not in nature—and is in this instance more particularly void of truth. This amiable and illustrious woman drew from a heart teeming with sensibility and affection, those expressions of fondness which please us so much—and which nothing but a conviction that they are the language of nature and truth, could otherwise have prevented from becoming tiresome and monotonous.

The remains of Madame de Sévigné, deposited in the vault of the noble family of Grignan, reposed in peace till the year 1793, when they were sacrilegiously dispersed by a band of impious wretches, who broke in pieces and divided amongst them the leaden coffin which contained them.

Madame de Sévigné, without any intention of being distinguished as a writer, has been long cited with the highest applause as a model of the epistolary style. If, to bestow the greatest praise on a book, it be sufficient to assert that it is frequently read, there is surely no one more entitled to it than this admirable collection of Letters. They are evidently the genuine and unstudied productions of a lively and accomplished woman, moving in the first circles of society, whose gay imagination and penetrating mind enabled her to describe every thing she saw and heard with the most delicate touches and the happiest turns of expression. She seems wonderfully affected by every thing she relates, and communicates her sensations to the reader. Her style is a happy assemblage of nature, sensibility, and taste. It is impossible to detail more trifling occurrences with more grace and ease. They are so exquisitely told, with so much truth and point, that we forget that we are only perusing the hasty and minute correspondence between a mother and her daughter, which turns chiefly on the news of the day, and the exhibition of characters, that would otherwise have been unknown to posterity. It perhaps owes much of its celebrity to the number of anecdotes,





interspersed throughout, of an age and reign which always excite particular interest. It has been said, that they abound too much in expressions of fondness—as if there were any justice in urging this as a defect in Madame de Sévigné, by giving way to the feelings of her heart, when she had not the slightest suspicion that they were to meet the public eye. But these endearing passages, frequently as they occur, are so varied, so ingeniously expressed, that he must be cold indeed, who turns away with indifference from these simple effusions of nature and maternal tenderness.

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

(Painted by Pietro da Cortona)

This distinguished painter had an extreme partiality for grand compositions; and we are assured that his talents should not be estimated by his easel paintings. This picture, however, has peculiar merit; the design is elegant, the colouring vigorous, and the carnations have considerable freshness.

The two heads of the females have a pleasing character, and are dressed with taste. With respect to the draperies, they are of an affected amplitude, and the folds are heavy and monotonous. The figures are of the natural size.

Few artists, at the commencement of their career, had so many obstacles to surmount as Pietro da Cortona; of which the following anecdote, not generally known, affords ample testimony.

Pietro da Cortona, without hope, means, or patronage, left Cortona for Florence, in order to cultivate his inclination for painting. Necessitated in the extreme, he met with a scullion-boy, a native of Cortona, who was in the service of Cardinal Sachetti. This lowly servant received him with infinite joy, divided with him the straw upon which he was accustomed to sleep, and for two years supported him with the refuse of the kitchen. Such was the first protector of Pietro da Cortona, who, in reward of his kindness, filled his garret with drawings. He at times supported himself solely by bread, and studied in a distant part of the city. When night overtook him, he slept under a portico waiting the return of day, to resume his work. During one of these excursions, several of his drawings fell by accident into the hands of Cardinal Sachetti, who, struck with their merit, made enquiries respecting the author. What was his surprise on being informed of the melancholy situation of this artist! As Pietro had not appeared at the palace for fifteen days, he was sought after in every direction. He was at length discovered in an insulated convent, where some compassionate monks, delighted with his application to copy a picture of Raphael, gave him a lodging, and a seat at their second table. Pietro was conducted to the Cardinal, who received him with great complacency, granted him a pension, and placed him in the school of one of the best painters in Rome. Notwithstanding the obligations he was under to the Cardinal, Pietro da Cortona did not forget that he was still more indebted to the poor cook, who was the first to rejoice at the great fortune which his friend eventually amassed.



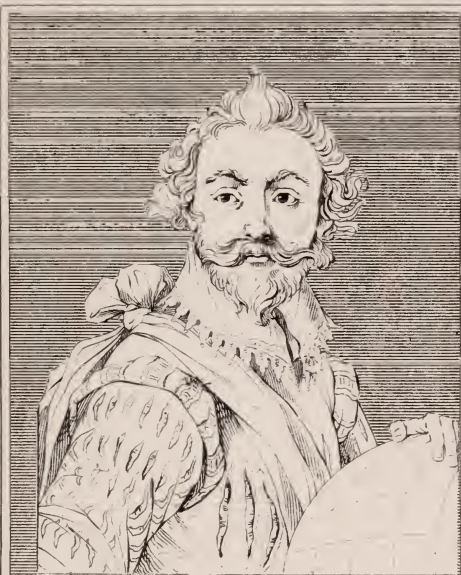
SIR FRANCIS DRAKE.



THE age of Elizabeth was prolific in producing men eminent in all the arts that give a security to nations, or embellish the walks of private life: heroes, adventurers, statesmen, poets, and scholars, rose in quick succession, or rather were contemporary; and except the reign of George III. in no preceding or subsequent reign have such brilliant naval achievements been performed.

Among those who by their courage and nautical skill contributed to ennoble their country, and the great princess whom they served, the first English circumnavigator Drake, stands conspicuous. He was the eldest of twelve children, and born in the year 1545, at a village near Tavistock, in Devonshire. His father was a mariner, but his circumstances are not known. He had the good fortune, however, to be connected by marriage with Admiral Sir John Hawkins, who took young Drake under his patronage, and gave him that kind of education which was best adapted to a maritime life, for which he was destined from his infancy. A cloud frequently hangs over the early years of celebrated characters, which late biography in vain attempts to pierce. Of the juvenile period of Drake's life, not a single incident has descended to posterity. The first record of his active life is, that by the interest of his patron, co-operating with his own abilities, he was appointed purser of a ship trading to Biscay, about the eighteenth year of his age. At twenty he made a voyage to Guinea, which then began to be visited; and two years afterwards was appointed to the command of a vessel. In this capacity he particularly distinguished himself in the glorious action which took place under his patron Sir John Hawkins, at St. John de Ulloa, in the harbour of Mexico; and returned to England with a rising reputation, but without the least advancement in his fortune. The event of this voyage seems to have given him a rooted enmity to the Spaniards, which terminated only with his life. In those times the law of nations, seems to have been interpreted with great laxity; and predatory voyages against the rich Spanish settlements were frequently undertaken by private adventurers, rather with the connivance than the sanction of their sovereign. In such expeditions, where the love of enterprize or thirst of gain was the ruling motive, Drake took a very active part; yet his success, and the aversion to the Spanish name which had then become national in England, always protected him from a strict enquiry into the authority under which he acted, or the means which he pursued to effectuate his designs.

He made three successive voyages against the Spanish settlements in



DRAKE.

Painted by J. Raeb.

Engraved by George Cooke.



America: and besides doing much mischief to individuals, obtained a considerable share of booty; which, greatly to his honour, he divided with strict impartiality among the companions of his fortune, and those who had risked any thing in his undertakings. This conduct, so just and praiseworthy, gained him a high reputation, and made him the idol of his men.

With the fruits of his industry and his courage, he now fitted out three frigates, and sailed for Ireland; where he served as a volunteer under Walter, Earl of Essex, and performed signal acts of valour. On the death of this nobleman, he returned to England; where he was introduced to Queen Elizabeth by Sir Christopher Hatton, and very favourably received at court. Thus basking in the rays of royal favour, his views expanded to nobler achievements than he had yet attempted, and he projected an expedition which will render his name immortal.

When a man of an ardent imagination once gives himself up to the pursuit of interest or ambition, nothing appears too arduous that flatters his darling passion. Having in one of his former expeditions obtained a prospect of the great South sea, Drake determined that no obstacles or dangers should deter him from endeavouring to spread his sails on that ocean. But indefatigable as he was in the pursuit of his design, it was not till the year 1577 that he had collected a force sufficient to man five vessels; when, by a particular royal commission, he appeared as Admiral, or—as the phrase then was—General of the squadron.

The fleet equipped for this important expedition consisted of the *Pelican*, of one hundred tons, the flag-ship; the *Elizabeth*, the *Marygold*, the *Swan*, and the *Christopher*, all of inferior burthen. These vessels were partly fitted out at his own risk, and partly at the expense of others; and manned with a hundred and sixty-four select mariners. They were stored with all necessary provisions, and at the same time furnished with whatever could contribute to ornament or delight; carrying a band of music, rich furniture, and specimens of the most elegant productions of this country. The admiral's table was equipped with silver utensils, and even the cook-room was decorated with the same costly metal. This apparent ostentation, however, might be the effect of policy rather than vanity. Of the respect which is always paid to the externals of opulence, Drake was fully sensible; and he omitted no means of keeping up an appearance suitable to the station which he now held.

Though his reputation was by this time sufficiently blazoned, yet either prudently reflecting on the difficulties to which his men had been exposed in former transatlantic expeditions, which might have deterred the less resolute, or probably to conceal his design from the court of Spain, he gave out that his intended voyage was to Alexandria; nor was his real destination known till he reached the coast of Brazil.

Every requisite preparation having been made, Drake sailed from Plymouth on the 15th of November, 1577: but soon after was forced by tempestuous weather into Falmouth; whence he took his final departure on the 13th of December, with all the auspicious indications of a favourable voyage.

On the 5th of April he made the coast of Brazil, no important occurrence intervening; and entered the river De la Plata, where he parted company with two of his smallest ships; but meeting them again, and transporting the men and provisions into the rest, he turned them adrift.

After encountering a dreadful storm, in which the Admiral was saved by

the skill and intrepidity of his second in command, on the 29th of May, they entered the port of St. Julian, not far from the straits of Magellan; where they lay two months, in order to make preparations for passing that dangerous and hitherto little-known channel.

At St. Julian, a tragedy was acted which impartiality obliges the biographer to record. Drake, having summoned his principal officers to attend a court-martial, opened his commission, which gave him power of life and death; and with considerable eloquence—which he possessed notwithstanding his imperfect education—began to charge a gentleman named Doughty, who had long been the object of his dislike, with first plotting to murder him, and then to ruin the enterprize. Jealousy of his talents and his worth is generally thought to have alone prompted this persecution. However this may be, malice backed by power will seldom fail of accomplishing its object, particularly where the influence of the law is too distant to be felt or feared. Of this melancholy affair there are various, and even extraordinary accounts, but none, though they palliate the Admiral's conduct, can wipe away the suspicion of deliberate cruelty. With a mockery of justice, which he observed some of its least important forms, he condemned to death a gentleman who had been his friend, and who followed his fortunes by the admiral's own particular solicitations. The mock tribunal which had been instituted by Drake, and over which he himself presided, confirmed the sentence. The ill-fated Doughty obtained only the respite of a single day, to settle his affairs both temporal and spiritual. The admiral, it is said, received the communion with him; and, with a hypocritical show of regard, assured him of his prayers.

The consciousness of his innocence seems to have supported the unhappy victim. He broke out into no invectives against his prejudiced judges; he even preserved a serenity of countenance and mind, recommended his friends to the candour of Drake, and submitted to the axe of the executioner with constancy and fortitude.

The admiral, by plausible harangues and excuses, endeavoured to justify his conduct; but though the panic-struck crew might acquiesce in his decision, at the present day Drake must be thought indefensible in the whole of this business, as far at least as a review of the existing documents enables posterity now to judge. Cruelty ought ever to be the object of abhorrence, and the more so when it assumes the insidious mark of justice.

The fleet being now reduced to three ships, Drake bade adieu to Port St. Julian, and on the 20th of August entered the straits of Magellan; which, notwithstanding the intricacy and difficulty of this navigation, he passed in sixteen days, a shorter space of time than has ever been employed by any succeeding navigator.

No sooner, however, had the expedition entered the great South Sea, than they were overtaken by a violent storm, which continued without intermission for nearly a month: during which time the ships were dispersed; and left Drake at least two hundred leagues out of his course, in latitude 55 degrees south. Hence they discovered a number of small islands; and were fortunate enough to obtain a supply of refreshments, by an interchange of such toys as are always valuable in the estimation of barbarians.

Departing from these shores, another storm of much greater violence arose, and drove them to the very extremity of the South American coast, where they saw for the first time the conflux of the southern and western

oceans; and at length had the good fortune to navigate a calm unruffled sea, to which they had so long been strangers.

Drake now directed his course to the appointed place of rendezvous in case of the separation of the fleet: but when he arrived at the wished-for latitude, he found neither ships nor convenient harbours; and therefore steered directly to Macoa, where the natives at first exhibited an appearance of friendship. But probably mistaking them for Spaniards, a nation whom they had reason to detest, they soon after laid an ambush for a watering party, killed two of the crew, and slightly wounded the admiral under the eye with an arrow.

This disaster induced them to shorten their stay: and now sailing along the coasts of Chili and Peru, they carried terror wherever they appeared; and plundered ships and rich towns with so little opposition, that the men became satiated with spoil, and began to indulge the wish of returning to their native land to enjoy it. But the admiral was fired with glory no less than avarice; and expatiated on the honour as well as the utility of discovering a near passage to Europe, which he did not deem impracticable.

His influence and authority prevailed; and with a view of exploring a north-west passage, they proceeded to the latitude of 45 degrees north. But here the cold proved so intolerable to persons long accustomed to a warm climate, that he was obliged to desist from the further prosecution of his design: and measuring back their course to California, they put into a harbour of that peninsula; where the natives received them in the most hospitable manner, and even offered to confer the sovereign power on the admiral. This compliment, of course, he declined for himself; but transferred the proffered allegiance to his mistress Queen Elizabeth, and took possession of the country—to which he gave the appellation of New Albion in her name. The ceremony being ended, the simple natives demonstrated the highest respect and veneration for the strangers; and lacerated their bodies in the severest manner, as is customary among savage nations when actuated by grief or joy.

Though the acquisition of this territory was only valuable either to the admiral or his country for furnishing supplies and a resting-place on the present occasion, Drake seems to have prided himself much on the voluntary grant; and before his departure caused the circumstances of the resignation to be engraven on a brass plate, and fixed up as a memorial of the transaction.

No sooner were the Indians sensible that their new friends were about to leave them, than they burst out into the most lively expressions of sorrow. As the ships receded from the shore, they ascended the hills to prolong their view of them; and lighted up fires, as if they intended to make sacrifices. Indeed when we consider with what profound respect, almost bordering on adoration, the Spaniards were first received on this continent, it is not unlikely that the simple natives of California might act under similar impressions: certain it is, that the conduct of Drake long rendered the English popular among these barbarous tribes.

It was on the 23rd of July that he quitted these shores; and after a general consultation, it was agreed on to proceed to the Moluccas. In the latitude of 20 degrees north, he fell in with some islands where the natives at first shewed signs of amity, and readily bartered their commodities; but, emboldened by the mild behaviour of the English, they became insolent; when the discharge of an unshotted piece of ordnance checked the progress of their unprovoked aggression.

On the 3rd of November, they had a joyful view of the Moluccas, and touched at Fernabe: whose king appears to have been a wise and polite prince; and kept up a dignified regal state, while he was not deficient in paying proper honour and respect to his visitors.

Here they shipped between four and five tons of cloves, refitted the ships, and refreshed the crews; but just as they were about to sail, they had the inhumanity to abandon a male and female Negro taken from one of the Spanish prizes. The poor girl, it seems, was only about fifteen years of age; and either by Drake or his companions, had become in that state which entitled her to protection from every manly and feeling heart. It is impossible to mention an incident of this kind, without most severely reprobating such cruel and atrocious conduct.

In their course towards Celebes, they fell in with a number of islands, the names of which are not recorded: but just as they flattered themselves with having escaped the dangers incident to such a navigation, the ship struck during the night on a hidden rock, and the murmurs of the crew at such a protracted voyage, which had long been with difficulty repressed, now broke out into all the virulence of invective, and the wildness of despair. Fletcher, the chaplain, was particularly severe against the admiral: but he, feeling the dreadful catastrophe in which they were involved, disguised his resentment at the rude attacks which he was obliged to endure; tried to conciliate the minds of his people by every lenitive act that experience could devise; and in the midst of the most imminent danger of universal ruin, preserved a courage, prudence, and presence of mind, unaltered.

At last, when every ray of hope was gone, and they expected to be swallowed up without leaving a single memorial of their adventures behind, the wind suddenly shifted, and the surges heaved the ship off the rock. They now continued their course to Baratane, where they were hospitably received, and repaired the damage which they had sustained.

Departing thence, they proceeded to Java; and took in a fresh supply of provisions, with an intention of prosecuting the voyage to Malacca: but the crew now became absolutely mutinous, and insisted on the admiral's directly steering for Europe.

Being obliged to yield to their menaces, the admiral directed his course towards the Cape of Good Hope; but in order to satiate his resentment on some individual as a terror to the rest, he seized on Fletcher, who had been loud in censuring his conduct when the ship was in danger of being lost; and, accusing him of inciting the crew to opposition, went through the same forms of external justice as had been employed in the case of Doughty, and concluded with deposing him from the priesthood in a singular form of excommunication, and afterwards degraded him to the rank and duty of a common seaman with every mark of disgrace.

On the 15th of June, 1580, they doubled the Cape of Good Hope; and, without any other occurrence worthy of remark, reached Plymouth on the 3rd of November; having performed the circumnavigation of the globe in two years and about ten months.

The news of Drake's arrival was soon disseminated over the kingdom; and as this was an age when heroic deeds met the highest admiration and regard, the admiral's reputation reached the most exalted pitch, and the fame of his accumulated wealth heightened the respect which was paid him.

Yet as merit and enterprize will always excite envy, his conduct and

principles were not only canvassed by his countrymen, but the Spanish Ambassador exerted himself to have him declared a pirate, notwithstanding the royal commission. The queen, with that policy for which she was distinguished, heard the arguments of his friends and opponents, but concealed her own sentiments till a proper opportunity offered of divulging them.

In this state of painful suspense Drake remained for some months; uncertain whether he should be declared a benefactor to his country, or its disgrace. At length, when matters were sufficiently ripe for an avowal, the queen threw off the veil at once; and went on board his ship at Deptford, where she was most magnificently entertained; and conferred the honour of knighthood on our navigator, observing that his actions did him more honour than his title. She also gave orders for the preservation of the ship which had performed such an extraordinary voyage, and it was long visited as an object of public curiosity; till, becoming so much decayed that it could no longer be kept together, a chair was made out of the planks, and presented to the University of Oxford, where it is now preserved in the Museum.

After this public testimony of royal approbation, envy and malice were obliged to hide their heads, and all ranks were zealous to congratulate Sir Francis: and he had a coat of arms assigned him, appropriate to his pursuits and his talents.

With regard to the quantity of treasure amassed in this successful enterprise, there are various opinions; but, by the best accounts, it could not be less than a million sterling. As to the distribution, it appears that all parties were satisfied; and the manner of his reception gave a confirmation to the truth of the old maxim, that "he who brings money brings his welcome with him."

Having accompanied this naval hero round the globe, the first commander that ever accomplished such a voyage—for Magellan was cut off before his return—it will undoubtedly gratify curiosity to know his future destinies.

In 1585 he was again called into action, as Admiral of an expedition against the Spanish West-Indies; in which his usual success attended him. Two years after, he was sent to Lisbon: but receiving intelligence that the Spaniards were assembling a fleet at Cadiz to invade England, he sailed into that port, and burnt ten thousand tons of shipping, exclusive of all the warlike stores.

New success gave rise to new honours. Next year he was appointed Vice-admiral under Lord Howard of Effingham; and distinguished himself against the Spanish Armada, in such a manner as deserves the unqualified praise of all posterity. General history records the triumphs of our countrymen on this glorious occasion; and on a transaction of such importance, the humbler duty of biography is sufficiently fulfilled by referring to our national annals.

The very name of Drake was now a shield to his sovereign, and the terror of his foes. His merits were duly appreciated by the queen, and he was next despatched with a squadron to assist in placing Don Antonio on the throne of Portugal. Here the event was not equal to the courage and talents employed in the expedition. Spain, indeed, was partially baffled, but England was little benefited. Drake was not formed so much to co-operate with others, as to execute his own bold and original designs.

The sun of glory which had so long shone upon him with full lustre, was

now verging to its decline. A formidable expedition against the Spanish settlements was projected soon after this failure, in which Drake and his relation and first patron Hawkins were appointed commanders.

After an attack on the Canaries, in which they miscarried, the fleet arrived before Porto Reio; when they held a council, and it was determined to make an assault on the ships in the harbour. The strength of the fortifications rendered this attempt also fruitless, and Sir John Hawkins fell a victim to the climate. The very same evening, while the principal officers were at supper, a cannon-ball entering the cabin, killed Sir Nicholas Clifford, mortally wounded another officer, and carried away the stool on which Sir Francis Drake was seated. Thus fortune once more befriended him, before she bade him a final adieu.

After committing several depredations in these seas, to the injury and vexation of the Spaniards, they proceeded in their grand design, which was to cross the Isthmus of Panama; but in this they were likewise foiled.

Repeated disappointments, to which he had been so little accustomed, preyed on the mind of Drake with such pungent force, that he fell into a fit of melancholy; in which state, being seized with the bloody-flux, he quitted this life at Nombre de Dios, without leaving any children, in January 1596, at the age of sixty.

In stature, this accomplished seaman was low, but well set; his chest was broad and open, his head very round, his eyes large and clear, his complexion fresh, and his whole countenance animated and engaging. In England his death was lamented with the sincerest demonstrations of sorrow; and his character for perseverance and fortitude, for all that can exalt the hero and intrepid commander, was so firmly fixed in the hearts of his countrymen, that time can never tarnish his just laurels. Yet his defects as a man were very considerable; and if he excelled most in his great qualities, he sunk beneath the mass of mankind in some essential characteristics of humanity. Impatient of control, avaricious, and despotic, he was rather formed to excite fear than to attract regard. Untinctured with the liberal arts, except as far as they were connected with navigation—in which he stood unrivalled,—he evinced none of those weaknesses which are an honour to our nature; and lived without seeming to enjoy life, except when some successful enterprise shed the casual gleam of satisfaction on his heart. Favoured by the smiles of fortune till he vainly fancied that he had chained the fickle goddess, he could not endure her frowns; and has left a moral to posterity, “that a long series of uninterrupted prosperity, seldom promotes the ultimate happiness of a being so weak and frail as man.”





E. of STRAFFORD



STRAFFORD.



THOMAS WENTWORTH, Earl of Strafford, was descended from a very ancient family in Yorkshire, and was eldest son of Sir William Wentworth Woodhouse, in that county, Bart. by Anne, daughter of Robert Atkinson, of Stowell, in the county of Gloucester. He was born April 13th, 1593, in Chancery-Lane, London, in the house of Mr. Atkinson, his grandfather, and educated in St. John's College, Cambridge. In the year 1611, he married the Lady Margaret, eldest daughter of Francis, Earl of Cumberland, and was knighted; and the same year travelled into France. on his return to England, he was chosen to serve in parliament, as knight of the shire for the county of York; and his father dying in 1614, he succeeded to the title of Bart. In 1622, his lady dying, he again married Lady Arabella Holles, younger daughter of the Earl of Clare, a lady highly accomplished in mind and person. He married a third time, in 1631, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir Godfrey Rhones.

His name occurs early in the annals of the unfortunate Charles I. and Wentworth, so celebrated for his loyalty and devotion to his sovereign, was at first one of the most eager to oppose the measures of his government. In the House of Commons he associated himself with those who were most conspicuous for their uncommon capacity, and the extent of their views. Animated with a warm regard for liberty, they saw, with regret, an unbounded power exercised by the crown, and were resolved to seize the opportunity which the king's necessities offered them, of reducing the prerogative within a more reasonable compass. Though their ancestors had blindly yielded to practices and precedents favourable to the royal power, and had yet been able to preserve some small remains of liberty, it appeared to them impossible, while all these pretensions were methodised and prosecuted by the increasing knowledge of the age, to maintain any shadow of popular government, in opposition to such unlimited authority in the sovereign. It was necessary to make a choice, either to abandon entirely the privileges of the people, or to secure them by firmer and more precise barriers, than the constitution had hitherto provided for them. Men of their aspiring genius and independent fortunes, could not long deliberate. They boldly embraced the side of freedom, and resolved to grant no supplies to their necessitous prince, without extorting concessions in favour of civil liberty. The end, they conceived, sufficient and noble; the means, regular and constitutional. To grant or refuse supplies, was the undoubted privilege of the Commons; and as all human governments, particularly those of a mixed nature, are in continual fluctuation, it was natural and allowable, in their opinion, for popular assemblies to take advantage of favourable incidents, in order to secure the liber-

ties of the subject. With pleasure, therefore, they beheld the king involved in difficulties, which promised to render him, every year, more dependent upon the parliament.

Sir Thomas Wentworth, at first, favoured these sentiments with a characteristic warmth and cordiality, which gave considerable umbrage to the court. In 1625, he was made sheriff of Yorkshire, in order to prevent his serving in parliament; and in May, 1627, was committed a prisoner to the Marshalsea, by the Lords of the Council, for refusing his sanction to the royal loan, and afterwards confined at Dartford in Kent, but was released after a few months imprisonment. In the parliament, which began to sit in 1628, he served again as knight for his own county, and exerted himself again, with great vigour, against the administration of the government, insisting upon the petition of rights, and proposing, what passed into a resolution of the house, that the redress of grievances, and the granting of supplies, should go hand in hand. There was a bold and manly style of eloquence in those days, with a simplicity of diction and an energy in their complaints, which render their debates highly interesting, and some specimens, we persuade ourselves, will not be displeasing to our readers. "I read," said Sir Robert Philips, "among the old Romans, that once every year they held a solemn festival, in which their slaves had liberty, without exception, to speak what they pleased, in order to ease their afflicted minds; and on the conclusion of the festival, the slaves severally returned to their former servitude. This institution may, with some exceptions, well set forth our present state and condition. After the revolution of some time, and the grievous sufferance of many violent oppressions, we have now obtained, for a day, some liberty of speech. Yet, what new burthens our estates and persons have groaned under, my heart yearns to think of, and my tongue falters to utter." After indignantly enumerating the illegal judgments passed within his memory, the new and unwarrantable impositions, and the many arbitrary imprisonments, he proceeded, "I can live, though another who has no right, be put to live along with me; nay, I can live, though burthened with impositions beyond what at present I labour under; but, to have my liberty, which is the soul of my life, ravished from me—to have my person pent up in a jail, without relief by law, and to be so adjudged,—O improvident ancestors! O unwise forefathers! to be so curious in providing for the quiet possession of our lands, and the liberties of parliament, and at the same time, to neglect our personal liberty, and let us lie in prison; and that during pleasure, without redress or remedy! If this be law, why do we talk of liberty? Why trouble ourselves with disputes about a constitution, franchises, property of goods, and the like? What may any man call his own, if not the liberty of his person? I am weary of treading these ways." Sir Thomas Wentworth, after reprobating the folly and the tyranny of the ministers added, "These have introduced a privy council, ravishing, at once, the spheres of all ancient government, destroying all liberty, imprisoning us without bail or bond. They have taken from us—what shall I say? Indeed, what have they left us? By tearing up the roots of all property, they have taken from us every means of supplying the king, and of ingratiating ourselves, by voluntary proofs of our duty and attachment towards him. To the making whole all these breaches, I shall apply myself; and to all these diseases, shall propound a remedy. By one and the same thing have the king and the people been hurt, and by the same must they be cured. We

must vindicate—what? New things? No; our ancient, legal, and vital liberties, by reinforcing the laws enacted by our ancestors; by setting such a stamp upon them, that no licentious spirit shall dare, henceforth, to invade them. And shall we think this a way to break a parliament? No; our desires are moderate and just. I speak both for the interest of the king and people. If we enjoy not these rights, it will be impossible for us to relieve him. Let us, therefore, never doubt of a favourable reception from his goodness.” How superior was such native and spontaneous eloquence to much of the mechanical speech-making of modern times!

It may be perceived, however, that the language of Wentworth, though bold and manly, is of a less republican cast than that of Philips, and more favourable to the king. In fact, in less than a year from the date of these memorable harangues, his opinions underwent a total change, and he became as firm a pillar of the throne, as he had before been strenuous on the popular side. Whether he suspected his former associates of already aiming at the subversion of the regal government, a measure productive only of anarchy and confusion, or whether he was unable to resist the flattering offers of the court, are points which at this distance of time, it is not easy to develop. It has always been the maxim of princes, whenever popular leaders encroach too much on royal authority, to confer offices on them, in expectation that they will afterwards become more careful not to diminish that power which has become their own. But the views of the king were at that time so repugnant to those of the puritans, that the leaders whom he gained, lost from that moment all interest with their party, and were even pursued as traitors with implacable hatred and resentment. Thus it was with Wentworth, when Charles created him Baron, then Viscount Wentworth, and finally Earl of Strafford; appointed him president of the council of York, and deputy of Ireland, and regarded him as his chief minister and counsellor. By his talents and abilities, Strafford merited all the confidence which his master reposed in him. His character was stately and austere, more adapted to procure esteem than love. His fidelity to the king was unshaken, but as he now employed all his counsels in supporting that prerogative which he had formerly so strenuously endeavoured to lessen, his public virtue seems not to have been entirely pure, but to have been susceptible of strong impressions from private interest and personal ambition.

Ireland was the theatre on which he principally displayed the resources of his genius, and rendered the most essential services to his sovereign. His lieutenancy, which continued eight years, was marked by vigilance, activity, and prudence: he paid off a large arrear due before his arrival, and discharged all the salaries, civil and military, besides advancing considerable sums to the king, without any charge to England. He restored the rights of the church, he established English laws, reformed the army, discharged the debts of the crown, secured the seas, and paid the utmost attention to commerce and trade. But unfortunately, these measures, however salutary and praise-worthy, were not attended with popularity. In a nation so averse to the English government and religion, his very virtues were sufficient to draw on him the public hatred. The manners and character of this great man, though to all full of courtesy, and to his friends affectionate and endearing, were in general, rigid, haughty, and severe. His authority, and influence, during the period of his government, were unlimited; but no sooner had adversity seized him, than the concealed aversion of the nation blazed

up at once, and the Irish parliament used every expedient to aggravate the charges, which he was soon fated to encounter.

From this unenviable though honourable post, he was summoned, in 1639, by the king, to assist him in his design of subduing the Scots. In the management of the affairs of Scotland, the conduct of Charles had been marked by weakness and inconsistency: yielding when he ought to have commanded; issuing the most arbitrary edicts, without providing himself with the means of enforcing them, he alternately excited terror and contempt. With all the respect due to his private virtues, with all the compassion which his melancholy fate exacts from all those who peruse the disastrous annals of his reign, it is impossible wholly to clear him from those charges of insincerity, and even dissimulation, which were so frequently urged against him. When, at length, the increasing disturbances of the north compelled him to raise an army for the support of his authority, such was his comparative penury, that he was obliged to have recourse to a mode of supply which must have been extremely grating to a generous mind. He was under the necessity of borrowing large sums from his ministers and courtiers, and so much was he beloved by them, that the loan greatly exceeded his expectation. By these means he was enabled to raise an army of nineteen-thousand foot, and two-thousand horse, of which the Earl of Strafford, assuming a military character, was appointed lieutenant-general under the Earl of Northumberland. But some trifling successes of the Scotch covenanters dispirited the royal forces, and compelled the king, against the opinion of Strafford, to consent to a proposal for a treaty and suspension of arms. That high-spirited nobleman, who possessed more vigour of mind than the king or any of his council, advised him to put all to the hazard of a battle, rather than submit to such unworthy terms as were likely to be imposed upon him; "for, should your majesty," he observed, "even be defeated, nothing worse can befall you, than what, from your inactivity, you will certainly feel." These prophetic words seem to have been dictated by the most infallible of all inspirations, that intuitive discernment of a penetrating genius, habituated to the contemplation of human affairs, which enables it to look into futurity. But Charles, in despair of being able to stem the torrent, resolved to yield to it, and for once, refused to follow the more spirited, and perhaps, more prudent advice of his minister.

But it was the fate of Strafford to atone, in his own person, for all the errors and misfortunes of his unhappy sovereign. By a concurrence of accident, he laboured under the severe hatred of all the three nations which composed the British monarchy. The Scots, whose authority now ran extremely high, considered him as the capital enemy of their country, and one whose counsels and influence they had most reason to apprehend. He had engaged the parliament of Ireland to advance large subsidies, in order to support a war against them; he had levied an army of nine thousand men, with which he had menaced all their western coast. He had compelled the Scots, who lived under his government, to renounce the covenant; he had proclaimed the covenanters traitors and rebels, even before the king had issued any declaration against them in England; and he had dissuaded his master against a treaty and suspension of arms, which he looked upon as dangerous and dishonourable. We have already seen, that in Ireland his personal deportment had rendered him exceedingly unpopular, notwithstanding the vigour, the wisdom, and the success of his public measures. In

England, the discontent and fury of the puritans was universal and loud against him, though without any particular reason, except his being the minister of state whom the king most favoured and trusted. His extraction was too honourable, his private fortune too considerable, for them to attribute his devotion to the service of his master to motives less worthy than those of loyalty and attachment. But envy had attended his sudden and splendid elevation. His former associates, finding that he owed his advancement to the desertion of their cause, represented him as the great apostate of the commonwealth, whom it behoved them to sacrifice as a victim to public justice. With malignant and unrelenting perseverance, they attacked, and finally destroyed the seceder from their own violent and pernicious counsels, rather than the minister, whose uncommon vigour and capacity extorted their esteem.

The genius of Strafford appears, at length, to have sunk under this accumulated odium and injustice. He would willingly have returned to Ireland, to shelter his head from the danger which menaced it; but his talents were too necessary for the king's service, in the critical session of parliament which now approached. In vain did he represent the danger of his appearing among so many enraged enemies. The king promised him protection, and assured him that not a hair of his head should be touched by the parliament. So little did this unhappy monarch then foresee the near subversion of his own authority—and that, as a fatal and most convincing proof of it, he was so soon to sign the death-warrant of the man whom he thus pledged his royal word to support.

No sooner had the earl arrived in London, than a concerted attack was made upon him in the House of Commons. Pym, in a long and studied oration, enumerated all the grievances under which the nation laboured, from which he inferred an intention in the minister of subverting the form of government, and the ancient laws and liberties of the kingdom; some instances of imperious expressions and actions he also cited; and entering into a more personal attack on the minister, endeavoured to expose his private character and manners. It should seem, that the austere genius of Strafford, occupied in the pursuits of ambition, had not rendered his breast altogether inaccessible to the tender passions, or secured him from the dominion of the fair sex—and, in that sullen age, the irregularities of pleasure were more reproachful than the most odious crimes. Nothing more effectually proves the absence of any criminal act in the administration of Strafford, than that the popular orator of the commons should thus have had recourse to charges of so personal and private a nature. But the torrent of prejudice against him was irresistible—his impeachment was voted—immediately carried up to the Lords—and Strafford, who had just entered the House of Peers, little expecting so speedy a prosecution, was ordered into custody, with every mark of animosity in his judges, as well as in his prosecutors.

An accusation, carried on by the united efforts of three kingdoms against one man, unprotected by power, unassisted by counsel, and discountenanced by authority, was likely to prove a very unequal contest; yet such was the capacity, genius, and presence of mind, displayed by this magnanimous statesman, that, while argument, and reason, and law, were attended to, he obtained an undisputed victory—and he perished at last, overwhelmed, but still unsubdued, by the open and undisguised violence of his fierce and unrelenting antagonists. Though four months were employed in framing the

twenty-eight articles of his impeachment, and though all Strafford's answers were unpremeditated and extemporaneous, it appears, upon examination, not only that he was free from the crime of treason, of which there is not the least appearance, but that his conduct, making allowance for human infirmities, was innocent, and even laudable. He repelled the accusation of treason to the state with successful argument—victoriously refuted every charge, mixing modesty and humility with firmness and vigour—and under any other judges, and in better times, must necessarily have been acquitted. He thus pathetically concluded a long and able speech, previous to the sentence being passed by his peers:—"My lords, I have now troubled your lordships a great deal longer than I should have done. Were it not for the interest of those pledges, which a saint in heaven has left me, I should be loth"—here he pointed to his children, oppressed by tears—"What I forfeit for myself is nothing—but, I confess, that my indiscretion should forfeit for them, wounds me very deeply. You will be pleased to pardon my infirmity—something I should have said—but, I see I shall not be able, and therefore I shall leave it. And now, my lords, I thank God, I have been by his blessing sufficiently instructed in the extreme vanity of all temporary enjoyments, compared to our eternal duration. And so, my lords, even so, with all humility, and with all tranquillity of mind, I submit, clearly and freely, to your judgments; and whether that righteous doom shall be life or death, I shall repose myself, full of gratitude and confidence, in the arms of the great Author of my existence."—"Certainly," says Whitlocke, (and the remark, coming from an enemy of Strafford, is conclusive, as to the character and innocence of the fallen minister) "never any man acted such a part on such a theatre, with more wisdom, constancy, and eloquence, with greater reason, judgment, and temper, and with a better grace in all his words and actions, than did this great and excellent person—and he moved the hearts of all his auditors, some few excepted, to remorse and pity."

But these atrocious few prevailed—a small majority of those of his peers, who could be induced, by threats or persuasions, to attend on the last day of his trial, adjudged himself guilty, and nothing remained but to extort the king's consent. The situation of Charles was painful in the extreme. He must either sacrifice a man whom he knew to be innocent, and whose only crime was the most implicit devotion to his person and authority—or, by surrendering this illustrious victim to the fury of his enemies, prevent, if possible, the horrors of a civil war. The queen, who, it is said, had never favoured Strafford, terrified with the apprehension of so mighty a danger, was in tears, and pressed him to satisfy his people in this demand, which it was hoped, would finally content them. Juxon alone, the pious Bishop of London, whose courage was not inferior to his other virtues, advised him, if in his conscience he did not approve of the bill for the execution of Strafford, by no means to assent to it. Strafford himself, apprised of this irresolution in his royal master, took a very extraordinary step, which, if his motives could be as easily authenticated, as they are apparently great and magnanimous, would have raised his character to as high a pitch of virtue as it is possible for human nature to attain, and ranked his name with the self-devoted Decii of old. He wrote a letter, in which he intreated the king, for the sake of public peace, to put an end to his unfortunuate, though innocent life. "In this," added he, "my consent will more acquit you to God, than all the world besides. To a willing man there is no injury—and as, by God's

grace, I forgive all the world, with a calmness and meekness, of infinite contentment to my dislodging soul—So, Sir, to you I can resign the life of this world, with all imaginable cheerfulness, in the just acknowledgment of your exceeding favours” Perhaps, he hoped that this unusual instance of magnanimity would engage the king still more strenuously to protect him.—Perhaps, surrounded as he was by enemies, he absolutely despaired of escaping the dangers by which he was every way environed. Such a step was not unworthy of the great mind of Strafford, and he was certainly capable of so noble an act of disinterestedness—but we are compelled to add, that when Carleton informed him of the final resolution which necessity had extorted from the king, he started, seemed surprised, and exclaimed in the words of the scripture—“Put not your trust in princes, nor in the sons of men, for in them there is no salvation.” He, however, soon recalled his courage, and prepared for death.

In passing from his apartments to Tower-hill, where the scaffold was erected, he stopped under the windows of Laud, who was then in confinement, under a similar charge of treason, and entreated the assistance of his prayers in those awful moments. The aged primate, dissolved in tears, and having pronounced, with a faltering voice, a tender blessing on his departing friend, sunk into the arms of his attendants. Strafford, still superior to his fate, moved on with an elated countenance, and with an air even of greater dignity than usually attended him. His discourse on the scaffold was full of decency and courage. “He feared,” he said, “that the omen was bad for the intended reformation of the state, that it commenced with the shedding of innocent blood.” Having bid a last adieu to his brother, who attended him, and sent a blessing to his children, who were absent,—“And now,” said he, “I have nigh done! one stroke will make my wife a widow, my dear children, orphans, deprive my poor servants of an indulgent master, and separate me from an affectionate brother, and all my friends. But let God be to you, and them, all in all.” Going to disrobe, and prepare himself for the block, “I thank God,” said he, “that I am nowise afraid of death, nor am I daunted with any terrors, but do as cheerfully lay down my head, at this time, as ever I did when going to repose.” At one blow a period was put to his existence.

Thus perished, in the forty-ninth year of his age, one of the most eminent persons that have appeared in England. His character, as might be expected, has been severely handled by our zealous republican writers: but by none has it been more completely mangled than by the late Mrs. Macauley, who, in her democratic rage, allows him neither virtue nor talents. But his abilities, as a statesman, and his unshaken attachment to his master, were the chief causes of his ruin; and in the subsequent proceedings of that parliament, to whose vindictive resentment he fell a sacrifice, may be found the best apology for his administration. A certain degree of vigour, and more perhaps than Strafford exerted, was necessary to preserve the church and monarchy from the ravages of those civil and religious enthusiasts who soon overturned both. Though his death was loudly demanded as a satisfaction to justice, and an atonement for some violations of the constitution, it may be safely affirmed, that the sentence by which he fell was an enormity greater than the worst of those which his implacable enemies prosecuted with so much cruel industry. The people, in their rage, had totally mistaken the proper object of their resentment; all the necessities, or more properly speaking,

the difficulties by which the king had been induced to use violent expedients for raising his supplies, were the result of measures previous to Strafford's advancement; and if they arose from ill conduct, he at least was entirely innocent. Even those violent expedients themselves, which occasioned the complaint that the constitution was subverted, had been all of them conducted, so far as appeared, without his counsel or assistance. And whatever his private advice might be, he failed not to inculcate in the king's presence the salutary maxim, that if any inevitable necessity ever compelled the sovereign to violate the laws, this licence ought to be practised with extreme reserve, and, as soon as possible, a just atonement be made to the constitution, for any injury which it might sustain from such dangerous precedents. The first parliament after the restoration reversed the bill of attainder; and even a few weeks after Strafford's execution, the very parliament which had condemned him, remitted to his children the more severe consequences of his sentence, as if conscious of the violence with which the prosecution had been conducted.

ST. ROCK IN PRISON.

(Painted by Guido.)

St. Rock having been long confined in a wretched prison, invoked the mercy of heaven to obtain his deliverance. Enjoying one day the consolation of sleep, a voice called to him and he awoke. He beheld an angel, who announced that his prayers had been heard, and he was released from his fetters.

This is the moment chosen by Guido. Beside St. Rock, is his dog, the faithful companion of all his misfortunes, and by which he is generally known.

This picture is of the largest size. The design is bold and dignified; the execution skilful, firm and easy. As an object of study, the figure of St. Rock is very fine. The attitude of the angel is not so happy; there is a stiffness in the gesture, adopted to convey the dispensation of providence.

The effect of this picture is considerably injured by the sombre colouring. Guido might have availed himself of the apparition of the angel, to reflect more light in the obscure corner where the scene is placed.

Du Fresnoy, in his account of the principal painters, observes, "that Guido chiefly imitated Ludovico Caracci, yet always retained somewhat of the manner which his master Denis Calvert, the Fleming, taught him. This Calvert lived at Bologna, and was competitor and rival to Ludovico Caracci. Guido made the same use of Albert Durer, as Virgil did of old Ennius, borrowed what pleased him, and made it afterwards his own; that is, he accommodated what was good in Albert to his own manner, which he executed with so much gracefulness and beauty, that he got more money and reputation in his time than any of his masters, and than all the scholars of the Caracci, though they were of greater capacity than himself. His heads yields no manner of precedence to those of Raphael."

A circumstance mentioned in the life of Guido, is well worth the attention of artists. He was asked from whence he borrowed his idea of beauty, which is acknowledged superior to that of any other painter; he said he



Disegno di una penna

Willm Cooke sculp

P.^o Rock in Prison



would shew all the models he used, and ordered a common porter to sit before him, from whom he drew a beautiful countenance. This, adds Sir Joshua Reynolds, was undoubtedly an exaggeration of his conduct ; but his intention was to shew, that he thought it necessary for painters to have some model of nature before them, however they might deviate from it, and correct it from the idea of present beauty which they have formed in their minds.

In painting it is far better to have a model, even to depart from, than to have nothing fixed and certain to determine the idea. When there is a model, there is something to proceed on, something to be corrected ; to that, even supposing no part is adopted, the model has still been not without use.

Such habits of intercourse with nature will, at least, create that variety which will prevent any one from prognosticating, on being informed of the subject, what manner of work the painter is likely to produce ; which is the most disagreeable character an artist can have.—Hence Du Fresnoy.

Non ita naturæ astanti sis cuique revinctus
Hanc præter nihil ut genio studioque relinquas :
Nec sine teste rei natura, artisque majestra,
Quidlibet ingenio, memor ut tantumodo rerum.

DE ARTE GRAPHICA, line 177.

Nor yet to nature such strict homage pay
As not to quit when genius leads the way ;
Nor yet tho' genius all his succour sends,
Her mimic powers, tho' ready memory tends,
Presume from nature wholly to depart.
For nature is the arbitress of Art.

Guido was accustomed to paint upon silk, which arose from the following occurrence. The Dominicans of Bologna, removing an old coffin in order to deposit it in another place, opened it, and found the body entire ; but on offering to touch it, the corse crumbled into dust, as well as the linen that covered it—a silken garment solely was preserved. Guido, who witnessed this event, inferred from thence that silk was less subject to corruption than linen, and resolved in future to paint his pictures on a species of taffety, which he prepared for that purpose. He is, perhaps, the only painter who would have thought of such an expedient.

Guido was so little addicted to gallantry, that he would never remain alone with the women who served him as models. He delighted in occupying spacious apartments, but would only furnish them with things that were absolutely necessary. “ People,” he said, “ come to my house to see pictures, not tapestry and splendid mirrors.”

It was a matter of much difficulty to get a picture from his hand ; this was only accomplished by indulging him in his favourite pursuit ; or in other words, by gambling with him, by which he unfortunately fell into circumstances of great distress.



B A C O N.

THINE is a Bacon—hapless in his choice ;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,
And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course—him for the studious shade
Kind nature formed, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant ; in one rich soul,
Pluto, the Stagyrte, and Tully joined.
The great deliverer He ! who from the gloom
Of cloistered monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the true philosophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void ;—he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven ! that slow-ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.



THESE elegant lines of Thomson afford a short but comprehensive idea of the illustrious man whose life and character now engage our attention.

England, at a distance of three centuries, produced two celebrated geniuses of this name. Roger Bacon, a poor friar of the thirteenth century, made the most astonishing discoveries in physics, to the wonder and dismay of a barbarous age, which accused him of sorcery, and compelled him to justify himself from a supposed familiarity with the devil ; and Francis Bacon, who developed the whole system of human knowledge, and opened those paths in which Newton, Boyle, and Locke afterwards so eminently distinguished themselves. He is justly considered, from the extent and variety of his talents, as one of the most extraordinary men that any nation ever produced. He broke through the scholastic obscurity of the age, and shewed mankind the necessity of thinking for themselves, in order to become truly learned. He began with taking a view of the various objects of human knowledge ; he divided these objects into classes ; he examined what was already known in regard to each of them, and he drew up an immense catalogue of what yet remained to be discovered. He even went further ; he shewed the necessity of experimental physics, and of reasoning experimentally on moral subjects. If he did not greatly enlarge the bounds of any particular science himself he was no less usefully employed in breaking the fetters of false philosophy, and conducting the lovers of truth to the proper method of cultivating the whole circle of the sciences. Happy for himself and for the nation whom he thus adorned by his genius and his writings, if he had been satisfied with these noble pursuits ; and if a character, in other respects so perfect, had not been sullied by ambition and avarice !



SIR F. BACON.



This great man was born in York Place, in the Strand, on the 22d of January, 1560. He was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, under Elizabeth, by Anne, one of the daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady eminent for her skill in the Greek and Latin languages. Under such illustrious guides, his natural talent could not fail of being improved by all the advantages which parental fondness and a learned education could bestow. So early was he remarkable for ardour of study, quickness of apprehension, and acuteness of wit, that the queen was accustomed to call him her "young Lord Keeper," and when she once asked him how old he was, he answered in a style of delicate flattery, far beyond his years, "that he was two years younger than her majesty's happy administration." He was entered of Trinity College, Cambridge, under the learned Whitgift, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. When only sixteen, he conceived a dislike for the "Aristotelian" doctrines, not from any disrespect to their venerable author, but from the abuse of his philosophy, which had pervaded all the schools of Europe. This abuse had rendered it fruitful only in disputation and contentions, but barren in the production of works calculated to reform and benefit mankind. This induced him afterwards to form a more perfect and satisfactory system. When he had successfully passed through the whole circle of the sciences and the liberal arts, he was sent to France, with Sir Amias Pawlet, in order to qualify him for the management of public affairs, and he was himself entrusted with a commission, which he discharged to the satisfaction of the queen and her ministers. But the unexpected death of his father, which happened before the proper measure could be taken to secure to him the provision intended for him, compelled him to adopt the law, as a profession,—contrary to his natural inclination, which rather led him to apply himself to state affairs. He entered himself of Gray's Inn, in which society he continued to reside, even after his elevation to the highest dignities. He there erected a building, which was long distinguished by the name of "Lord Bacon's lodgings;" and the Society, in veneration of the memory of its illustrious member, has bestowed, on a range of chambers, the appellation of Verulam Buildings.

As a lawyer, his reputation has not kept pace with his fame as a philosopher; his genius, indeed, as in every thing else, enabled him to explore and comprehend the principles of law, considered as a science; but in the technical and practical part of it, he was surpassed by the more laborious efforts and humbler talents of Sir Edward Coke. He published several tracts upon the subject, among which his "Reading on the Statute of Uses" is esteemed. His general merit soon procured him notice of distinction, and at the early age of twenty-eight, he was appointed "one of the Queen's council extraordinary;" but he obtained no higher preferment during the reign of Elizabeth. That princess, who was proverbially sparing of honours and favours to her ministers and courtiers, probably thought him sufficiently provided for by this situation, and the reversion of the place of Register of the "Star Chamber," estimated at £1,600 a year. The Earl of Essex, who could distinguish merit, and who passionately loved it, had entered into an intimate friendship with Bacon, and had zealously attempted, though without success, to procure him the office of Solicitor-General, and in order to comfort him under the disappointment, had conferred on him a present of land to the value of £1,800. But when his munificent patron was summoned before the

privy Council, Bacon appeared against him, and argued with Coke, Attorney-General, and Fleming, Solicitor-General, on the impropriety of his conduct. This behaviour, which it must be confessed does him very little honour, made him at the time extremely unpopular. In this instance, perhaps, he acted in obedience to the Queen's commands, and she was so well pleased with his behaviour, that she imposed on him a new task of drawing up a narrative of the day's proceedings, in order to satisfy the public of the justice and lenity of her conduct. Bacon, who wanted firmness of character rather than humanity, gave the whole transaction the most favourable turn for Essex: and, in particular, pointed out, in elaborate expressions, the dutiful submission which that nobleman discovered in the defence he had made for his conduct. When he read that passage to her, the queen smiled, and observed to him, "that old love, she saw, could not easily be forgotten." He replied, "that he hoped she meant that of herself."

When the aggravated imprudence of this heroic and unfortunate Earl precipitated him into those acts of treason and disloyalty which brought him to the scaffold, the conduct of Bacon was infinitely less excusable. He was not strictly a crown lawyer, and consequently not obliged to assist at the trial; yet he did not scruple, in order to obtain the Queen's favour, to be active in bereaving of life his friend and patron, whose generosity he had so often experienced. He enlarged upon the treason of the unhappy Essex, and compared his conduct, in pretending to fear the attacks of his adversaries, to that of Pisistratus, the Athenian, who cut and wounded his own body, and making the people believe that his enemies had committed the violence, obtained a guard for his person, by whose assistance he afterwards subdued the liberties of his country. It is painful to recite those unworthy acts of a man so highly celebrated, but whose powerful and comprehensive genius could not shield him from the common weakness of human nature.

The death of Elizabeth, and the accession of James, opened a more favourable scene for the ambition of Bacon. The new king, as prodigal of the royal favour as the late queen had been sparing of it, bestowed on him the order of knighthood, and the rank of King's Council. A few years after, though not without considerable opposition from his cousin, the Earl of Salisbury, and Sir Edward Coke, he was appointed Solicitor-General. His other promotions may be told in a few words, as they were neither unusually rapid nor attended with any uncommon circumstances. In 1613, he succeeded Sir Henry Hobart, as Attorney-General; in 1616, he was sworn of the Privy-Council. In the following year, by the interest of Villiers, then Earl of Buckingham, he was constituted Lord Keeper of the Great Seal: and, in 1618, Lord High Chancellor. At the same time he was created Baron of Verulam, and finally raised to the dignity of Viscount St. Alban.

But it was the fate of Bacon, after so many years of anxious expectation, to enjoy, for a very short time, the high station he had now attained. He was soon surprised with a melancholy reverse of fortune. His want of economy, and his indulgence to servants, had involved him in necessities; and in order to supply his present wants, he had been tempted to take bribes under the title of presents, and that in a very open manner, from the suitors in the Court of Chancery. The Commons at this time were busied in the examinations of grievances, and the reforming of abuses. They were apprized of the loud complaints uttered against the Chancellor, and sent up an impeachment to the Peers. Bacon, either from timidity, or consciousness of

guilt, deprecated the vengeance of his judges, and endeavoured, by a general avowal, to escape the confusion and disgrace of a stricter scrutiny. The Lords insisted on a particular confession of all his corruptions; he acknowledged twenty-eight articles, and was sentenced to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the king's pleasure; to be for ever incapable of any office, place, or employment, and never again to sit in parliament, or come within the verge of the court. Without attempting to justify the slightest deviation in an office, where purity of principle and integrity of conduct are more particularly expected to preside, this dreadful sentence may be considered as equally unjust and cruel. It appears that it had been usual for other chancellors to take presents; and it is asserted that Bacon, who followed the same dangerous practice, had still, in the Seat of Justice, preserved the integrity of a Judge, and had given just decrees against those very persons from whom he had received the wages of iniquity. Complaints grew the louder on that account, and his punishment was sought as much, perhaps, from the rage of unsuccessful suitors, as from any laudable principle of reform. The custom which had previously subsisted of receiving presents, though it would have been highly to Bacon's honour, had he been the first to waive it, may yet be adduced as no inconsiderable alleviation of his guilt. It was highly cruel to punish him so rigorously for offences from which no former chancellor had been exempt, and the most that could be urged against him was, that this iniquitous practice was, in him, more frequent and undisguised. That this conduct did not proceed altogether from avarice, may be credited, as he is not supposed to have died rich. Profusion of expence, indulgence to his officers and servants, who extorted money for private seals and injunctions, and a total neglect of order and regularity in the management of his affairs, were his principal failings, and these led him to the too frequent commission of misdemeanours, for which he was punished with indiscriminating severity. Such, no doubt, were the sentiments of James I. on the fate of this illustrious culprit; as, in consideration of his extraordinary merit, he remitted the fine, as well as the other parts of the sentence, conferred on him a large pension of £1,800 a-year, and employed every expedient to alleviate the weight of his age and misfortunes. He was also summoned to the parliament which was held in the first year of King Charles I.

He survived his sentence five years, and being released in a little time from the Tower, where he was at first imprisoned, his genius, yet unbroken, supported itself amidst involved circumstances, and under a continual depression of spirits, and shone out in literary and scientific productions, which have made his guilt and weaknesses be forgotten or overlooked by posterity. This nation, once so exasperated against him, no longer permits the failings to be urged against the character of a man, by whose genius and writings it is so much exalted in the eye of Europe; whose faults as a magistrate, are for ever lost in the brilliant and unperishing fame of the philosopher. He himself lived long enough to regret that he neglected the true ambition of genius, and by plunging into business and affairs which require much less capacity, but greater firmness of mind, had exposed himself to the loss of character, to reproach, and calamity.

He happily escaped the plague which infested the summer of the year 1625, and with some difficulty, being of a tender constitution, passed the severe winter which followed; but, going in the spring to make some expe-

riments in natural philosophy, he was taken so ill with a defluction on his breast, attended with a fever, that he was compelled to remain at the Earl of Arundel's house, at Highgate, near London, about a week, and there he expired on Easter-day, the 9th of April, 1626, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. He was interred in St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, where a monument of white marble was erected for him by the care and gratitude of Sir Thomas Meutys, Knight, his executor. He is represented as sitting in a chair in an attitude of profound contemplation. He had married Alice, one of the daughters of Benedict Barnham, Esq. and Alderman of London; but by her he had no issue.

Such were the principal features of the public and private life of Bacon. On his merit as a philosopher, we presume not to enlarge; the bare enumeration of his numerous and valuable works would occupy a greater space than we can at present spare. His noble treatise on the "Advancement of Learning," and the "*Novum Organum*," form the chief basis of his reputation. Though inferior in some respects to Galilæo, and perhaps, even to Kepler, he surpassed them both in the extent of his researches, and the boldness of his discoveries. His Latinity is remarkable, rather for the constant propriety, than the elegance of its expression. His English style is often rigid and pedantic, and he seems to be the original of those pointed similies and long-spun allegories which distinguish the authors of that age. The life of this illustrious man, written by Mallet, is, in every respect, unworthy of him. The undertaking is one, indeed, of no ordinary nature; he that would enter upon it must combine, with the ornaments of style, profound science, discrimination, and candour, in reviewing his philosophical works, and the most impartial justice in comparing him with the philosophers of his and other ages. It must be recorded, to our disgrace, that the fame of Bacon has been more highly appreciated and more extensively diffused by the learning of Gassendi, the admiration of Voltaire, and the critical sagacity of D'Alembert, than by any efforts of our own, much as we are accustomed to applaud our great countryman, and to venerate his name. But his reputation, even in his life-time, had spread far beyond the limits of this island, and early presaged the immortality it has obtained. Whatever, in the revolution of ages, may be the fate of this empire, even to that distant, but probable period, when the present continent of Europe shall exchange its civilization for the barbarity of regions now undiscovered or unexplored, in whatever corner of the globe literature and the sciences may hereafter seek an asylum, so long will they exalt the fame, and be guided by the genius, of BACON.





BUFFON.



B U F F O N.



GEORGES, LOUIS LE CLERC, DE BUFFON, born at Montbard, on the 7th of September, 1707, son of a counsellor of the Parliament of Burgundy, commenced his studies at the college of Dijon. At the age of nineteen, he formed an intimacy in the same town with Lord Kingston, whose preceptor cultivated the sciences; and in consequence of this connection they made together the tour of Italy.

Buffon at that time manifested a prevailing taste for the mathematics. This journey appears to have altered the course of his studies. In Italy the arts and the important recollections of history take possession of lively imaginations and impassioned minds. Buffon, more contemplative than tender, was only struck with the grand scenes of nature, and returned impressed with the zeal of the naturalist. But his father, who had destined him for the magistracy, sent him to Aneers to take his degrees. Buffon there fought with an Englishman, whom he wounded, and returned to Paris. He afterwards made a journey to England, where he remained three months. At this period his travels and his youth ended. The first literary labours of Buffon, which he published, were translations of some English works. "Hale's Vegetable Statics" in 1735, and of "Newton's Fluxions," in 1740. These he enriched with prefaces, in which is observable the lofty and dignified tone which characterises the style of his natural history. He was appointed in 1739, superintendent of the Royal Garden and Cabinets, which by his care were considerably enriched and improved. To adorn these collections and augment the means of study, he laid every quarter of the globe under contribution. Kings he rendered in some sort tributary to him, and pirates who despoiled the cases of natural history destined for the king of Spain, sent, according to the address, those which bore the name of Buffon.

Buffon appears to have imitated nature, which produces her secrets slowly and silently. He employed ten years in collecting facts, in combining them, and exercising himself in the difficult art of writing. In 1749, appeared the first part of his great work, "Natural History, general and parti-

cular," which was not completed till 1767, To it were afterwards added several volumes more by way of supplement. He published successively the different parts of his "Natural History." In 1771, his "History of Birds," and in 1779, he began the "History of Minerals." He adopted this plan to conceal, it is said, the chain of his ideas from vulgar minds, and to protect himself from the persecution which the clergy and the parliament might exercise against books and their authors. In effect, he was attacked by the Sorbonne almost as soon as he began to publish. He had the prudence to produce satisfactory explanations for his tranquillity, which rather satisfied the *Sorbonique* vanity than the conscience of its professors. This is an example of the condescension which wise men owe to themselves and their enterprises. Instead of involving themselves in quarrels and persecutions, which trouble their existence, they suffer envy and authority to have full scope; and by useful labours, by works which command, not obedience, but esteem or admiration, establish a power which will be ever paramount, that of truth and reason. And here again the comparison already made applies with respect to the manner in which nature herself operates on a grand scale: it is by process of time and innumerable ramifications that reason and truth establish their empire, and not by convulsions and irruptions. It is not a revolution, a conquest; it is an order of things which receives birth from the successive action of principles and individual instruction. To this end every good work concurs.

As a writer, Buffon is admirable. Historian, orator, painter, and poet, he has embraced every style, and merited, as observed by Vic. d'Azyr, the palm of eloquence. He employs, as appears necessary, two different modes of writing. In the one a grateful steady light spreads itself over the surface: in the other, a sudden brilliant light strikes only on a single point. No one has more ably displayed those delicate truths which should be only developed to men. And in his style what consistency between the expression and the thought! In the exposure of facts his diction is simply elegant. When he applies calculation to morality he contents himself with appearing intelligible. If he details an experiment he is precise and clear; we see the object of which he is speaking. But we perceive without difficulty that it is elevated subjects he delights to write upon, and which command the extent of his powers. "In those pictures where the imagination reposes upon any marvellous occurrence, like Manlius and Pope, he depicts to instruct. . . . Like them he waits the moment of inspiration to produce, and like them he becomes a poet." "M. de Buffon," says M. de Saint Lambert, "is one of those extraordinary geniuses which every mind might admire." Many writers of singular merit have attained the various beauties of the style of Buffon. But he did more; he revealed in 1749 the secret of his excellence, in a discourse before the French academy. There we find in a few pages all that has been most ably said and thought on the art of writing.

The private life of Buffon presents but few interesting details. His whole existence was a kind of consecration to glory. Every thing conspired to that end. What may be imputed to vanity, to weakness, and to egotism in another, becomes interesting when we consider the object he proposed to himself, his long and absolute devotion to the most noble enterprise. He lived eight months in the year in his retreat at Montbar: at break of day he repaired to an insulated tower, in which no one presumed to disturb him, whenever his genius was put in meditation. From thence he exercised him-

self in a retreat secluded from the rest of mankind. Free and independent, he wandered amid its seclusions: he hastened, moderated, or suspended his walk. Sometimes his countenance directed towards heaven in the moment of inspiration, and satisfied with his ideas; sometimes collected, seeking not finding, or ready to produce, he wrote, effaced, comprised anew again to efface; collecting, combining with the same care, the same taste and skill all the parts of his discourse, he pronounced it at different times, correcting himself at each delivery; and satisfied at length with his efforts, he declaimed it aloud for his amusement; and as it were to recompence him for the trouble it had caused. So many times repeated, his polished prose, like melodious numbers, imprinted itself on his memory; he recited it to his friends, induced them to read it themselves in his presence. He then listened to it with the severity of a critic, and laboured at it without intermission.

The pieces which Buffon the most esteemed are the "Discourse on the First Man," successively animated by the developement of his different sensations, the picture of the "Deserts of Arabia," under the article "Camel," and another representation on the article "Kamichi." Prince Henry of Prussia, to whom he had read at Montbar the article "Cygne" sent him from Berlin a service of China decorated with swans, represented in all their attitudes; of which the prince had given the designs.

Louis XV. ennobled the estate of M. de Buffon. The Empress of Russia, Catherine II. corresponded with him. Montesquieu and Helvetius were of the number of his friends. J. J. Rousseau religiously saluted the threshold of his cabinet. The poet Le Beau celebrated him in a fine ode. In short, Buffon lived honoured by his contemporaries and by Europe. He was married in 1752, and left an only son, who suffered under Robespierre, in 1798. On the scaffold he said to the people, "Citizens, my name is Buffon."

M. de Buffon's conversation was unadorned, but sometimes very cheerful. He was exact in his dress, particularly in dressing his hair. He sat long at table, and then seemed at his ease. His conversation was at this time unembarrassed, and his guests had frequently occasion to notice some happy turn of phrase, or some deep reflection. His complaisance was very considerable: he loved praise, and even praised himself; but it was with so much frankness, and with so little contempt of others, that it was never disagreeable. Indeed, when we consider the extent of his reputation, the credit of his works, and the attention with which they were always received, we do not wonder that he was sensible of his own value. It would perhaps have displayed a stronger mind to have concealed it. Buffon died at an advanced age, in April, 1788.



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.



HIS distinguished character, who for near half a century had been well known to almost every person in this country who had any pretensions to taste or literature, was the son of the Rev. Samuel Reynolds, and born at Plympton, in Devonshire, on the 16th of July, 1723. He was for some time instructed in the classics by his father, and began, at an early age, to display an inclination for that art of which he afterwards became so illustrious a professor, by copying the prints he found in his father's books. At eight years of age he studied with great avidity. "The Jesuit's Perspective," and made a drawing of the Grammar-school at Plympton. But his principal fund of imitation was "Jacob Cat's" emblems; and he was confirmed in his love of the art by the perusal of "Richardson's Treatise on Painting," which so inflamed his mind, that he thought Raphael the most eminent character of ancient or modern times. In the year 1740, he was placed as a pupil under his countryman Hudson, the best artist of that day, with whom he acquired the rudiments of his art. On a disagreement with his master, three years after, he retired into Devonshire, where he passed the three following years, without much effect or improvement. The cause of his separation with Mr. Hudson he, however, considered as a fortunate circumstance, since by this means he was induced to deviate from the tameness and insipidity of his master, and to form a manner of his own.

In 1749, he accompanied captain, afterwards Lord Keppel, by whom he was warmly patronized, in a voyage to the Mediterranean; and, after spending two months in Port Mahon, sailed to Leghorn, from whence he proceeded to Rome. Of the course of his studies, while he remained there, little can now be known. In his notes on Du Fresnoy, he gives an account of an ingenious method taken by him, when at Venice, to discover the principles of *chiaro-scuro*, adopted by the painters of that school; and in another part confesses, that he was much disappointed at the first sight of the works of Raphael in the Vatican, and greatly mortified to find that he had not only conceived wrong notions of that great man, but was even incapable of appreciating his real excellence. "Notwithstanding my disappointment," he says, "I proceeded to copy some of those excellent works. I viewed them again and again. I even affected to feel their merit, and to admire them more than I really did. In a short time a new taste and new perceptions began to dawn upon me, and I was convinced that I had originally formed a false opinion of the perfection of art; and since that time, having frequently revolved the subject in my mind, I am of opinion, that a relish for the higher excellencies of the art, is an acquired taste, which no man ever possessed without long cultivation, great labour and attention."



REYNOLDS.

Engraved by George Cooke



On his arrival in London, in 1752, he soon attracted the public notice; and not long afterwards, the whole length portrait he painted of his friend and patron, Admiral Keppel, exhibited such powers, that he was not only acknowledged to be at the head of his profession, but to be the greatest painter that England had ever seen since Vandyck. Mr. Reynolds soon saw how much animation might be obtained by deviating from the insipid manner of his immediate predecessors—hence, in many of his portraits, we find much of the variety and spirit of a higher species of art. Instead of confining himself to mere likenesses, in which he was eminently happy, he dived, as it were, into the minds, habits, and manners, of those who sat to him; and never began a picture without a determination of making it his best. He was one of the few artists whose efforts to improve ended but with his life; and whose unceasing progress almost justified the maxim he was so fond of repeating, that “nothing is denied to well-directed industry.” Though the landscapes which he has given in the back ground of many of his portraits are eminently beautiful, he seldom exercised his hand in regular landscape painting. But in the historical department he took a wider range; and, by his successful exertions in that higher branch of his art, he has not only enriched various cabinets at Rome, but extended the fame of the English school to foreign countries.

As an author, a character in which he appears scarcely less eminent than in that of a painter, we probably owe his exertions to his situation in the Royal Academy of Arts, in the institution of which, in the year 1769, he had a principal share; and being unquestionably of the first rank in his profession, he was elected the president. This circumstance did not a little contribute to the increase and establishment of his fame: nor did the Academy derive less credit from the admirable works which he continued yearly to exhibit in it, consisting chiefly of portraits; though he rarely suffered a season to pass in which he did not bring forward some fine specimens of his powers in history. From the years 1769 to 1790 inclusive, it appears that he sent no less than two hundred and forty-four pictures to the exhibition. Soon after his election, the king, to give dignity to the new institution, conferred on him the honour of knighthood.

It was no part of the prescribed duty of his office to read lectures to the Academy; but this task he voluntarily imposed upon himself, for the reasons assigned in his fifteenth discourse. “If prizes were to be given, it appeared not only proper, but almost indispensably necessary, that something should be said by the president on the delivery of those prizes; and the president, for his own credit would wish to say something more than mere words of compliment, which, by being frequently repeated, would soon become flat and uninteresting, and by being uttered to many, would at last become a distinction to none. I thought, therefore, if I were to preface this compliment with some instructive observations on the art, when we crowned merit in the artists whom we rewarded, I might do something to animate and guide them in their future attempts.” Such was the laudable motive which produced the fifteen discourses pronounced by Sir Joshua; a work, to use the language of his biographer, which contains such a body of just criticism on an extremely difficult subject, clothed in such perspicuous, elegant, and nervous language, that it is no exaggerated panegyric to assert, that it will last as long as the English tongue, and contribute, no less than the production of his pencil, to render his name immortal. Some years after

the publication of the first seven of these discourses, the author had the honour to receive from the Empress Catherine of Russia, a gold box, with a *basso relievo* of her imperial majesty on the lid, set round with diamonds, accompanied with a note within, written with her own hand, containing these words:—"Pour le Chevalier Reynolds, en temoignage du contentement que j'ai ressenti à la lecture de ses excellens discours sur la peinture."

His assiduity and love for his profession left him but little leisure, and less inclination, to make excursions into the country. Occasionally, however, he passed a few days at his villa on Richmond Hill, and visited at different times the seats of some of the noblemen and gentlemen of his acquaintance, from whence he was always glad to return to the practice of his profession, justly considering, like his friend Johnson, the metropolis as the head-quarters of intellectual society. In the summer of 1781, with a view of examining critically the most celebrated productions of the Flemish and Dutch painters, he made the tour of Holland and Flanders; and the fruit of his travels was a very pleasing account of his journey, containing remarks on the pictures preserved in the various churches and cabinets that he visited—to which he has subjoined a very masterly character of Rubens. In the year 1783, the late Mr. Mason having finished his elegant translation of "Du Fresnoy's Art of Painting," Sir Joshua enriched that work with a very ingenious commentary; and in the following year, on the death of Mr. Ramsay, he was sworn principal painter in ordinary to his Majesty, in which office he continued to his death.

Having thus borne down all opposition, and, as the summit of human felicity, obtained the first place in his profession, little remains to be added, but that he was one whom the most rare and enviable prosperity could not spoil. His whole life, to the time of the failure of his sight, was passed in the diligent and unwearied pursuit of his art, at once his business and his pleasure. The hours of relaxation were chiefly spent in the company of his numerous friends and acquaintance; and, from his cheerful and convivial habits, his table for above thirty years exhibited an assemblage of all the taste, talents, and genius of the three kingdoms: there being, during that period, scarce a person distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, at the bar, in the senate, or in the field, who was not occasionally found there. The pleasure and instruction which he derived from such company induced him, in conjunction with Dr. Johnson, to establish the "Literary Club"—a society which can boast of having enrolled among its members many of the most celebrated characters of the last century.

Although for a long series of years Sir Joshua Reynolds enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good health, in the year 1782 he was for a time afflicted with a paralytic affection, from which he in a few weeks recovered; but in 1789, while he was painting the portrait of Lady Beauchamp, he found his sight so much affected that it was with difficulty he could proceed in his work, and notwithstanding the aid of the most skilful oculists, he was shortly afterwards deprived of the sight of his left eye. After some struggles, lest his remaining eye should fail him, he resolved to paint no more. This determination to him was a serious misfortune; still, however, he retained his usual spirits, and partook of the society of his friends with the same pleasure as before. But, in October 1791, from an apprehension that an inflamed tumour which took place over the eye that was lost, might affect the other also, he became much dejected. Meanwhile he laboured under a

much more dangerous disease, but which, as he could neither explain to his physicians the nature, nor point out the seat of it, many believed to be imaginary, and he was advised to shake it off by exertion. At length, about a fortnight before his death, his liver was discovered to be diseased, the inordinate growth of which, as it afterwards appeared, had incommoded all the functions of life; and of this malady, which he bore with the greatest fortitude and patience, he died, after a confinement of three months, at his house in Leicester-Fields, on the 23d of February, 1792. His remains were interred in the crypt of the cathedral of St. Paul, near the tomb of Sir Christopher Wren, with every honour that could be shewn to extraordinary genius and to worth, by a grateful and an enlightened nation.

To expatiate on his merits as an artist, or to enumerate the encomiums that have been paid to his private worth, would far exceed the limits of our publication. We shall, therefore, conclude this memoir, with the following characteristic eulogy, written by that illustrious statesman and affectionate friend of Sir Joshua, the late Mr. Edmund Burke.

“Sir Joshua Reynolds was, on very many accounts, one of the most memorable men of his time. He was the first Englishman who added the praise of the elegant arts to the other glories of his country. In taste, in grace, in facility, in happy invention, and in the richness and harmony of colouring, he was equal to the great masters of the renowned ages. In portraits he went beyond them: for he communicated to that description of the art in which English artists are the most engaged, a variety, a fancy, and a dignity, derived from the higher branches, which even those who possessed them in a superior manner, did not always preserve when they delineated individual nature. His portraits remind the spectator of the invention of history, and the amenity of landscape. In painting portraits, he appeared not to be raised upon the platform, but to descend to it from a higher sphere. His paintings illustrate his lessons, and his lessons seem to be derived from his paintings. He possessed the theory as perfectly as the practice of his art. To be such a painter, he was a profound and penetrating philosopher.

“In the full affluence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the learned in science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsook him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye, in any part of his conduct or discourse.

“His talents of every kind, powerful from nature, and not meanly cultivated by letters, his social virtues in all the relations and all the habitudes of life, rendered him the centre of a very great and unparalleled variety of agreeable societies, which will be dissipated by his death. He had too much merit not to excite some jealousy—too much innocence to provoke any enmity. The loss of no man of his time can be felt with more sincere, general, and unmixed sorrow.”

“HAIL! AND FAREWELL!”

JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES.

(Painted by Christophano Allori.)

This subject has been often treated by professors in the art of painting. Judith holds in one hand the head of Holofernes, and in the other the sword of the warrior, with which she killed him. Her servant is beside her. Over their head is a red curtain. The back ground of the picture is brown.

Lanzi, an Italian author, relates a curious circumstance of this picture, which attracted considerable admiration upon its being exposed to public view. The figure of Judith presents a portrait of a lady who was under the protection of the painter. Her mother is represented in the person of an old woman, and Allori took the head of Holofernes from his own model, having previously suffered his beard to grow, for the purpose, for a considerable time.

This picture presents many beauties. If the figures have not the dignity of history, they are well painted, and ably coloured. The draperies are not happily executed, but are not devoid of richness and harmony. The robe of Judith is yellow, raised with gold; her mantle blue, and the lining red. The dress of the servant is white. The cushion, of which only a part is seen, is green, with a gold fringe. All the accessories are well imagined; but the touch in them is somewhat heavier than in that of the carnations. The chiaro-scuro is well conceived. This picture was taken from the palace Pitti, at Florence. The figures are of the natural size.

THE DECOLLATION OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

(Painted by Rubens,)

The scene in the interior of a prison passes by torch light. The body of St. John the Baptist is extended on the ground. The executioner has just dissevered the head, which he presents to the daughter of Herod. An old female servant receives the bleeding head on a dish, and appears to congratulate her mistress on the death of her enemy. In the back ground an old soldier is observable, who appears concerned at the fate of the distinguished victim.

This picture is one of the two that were painted as wings to the "Descent from the Cross;" to the form of which this great artist has been able to adapt his composition with infinite skill. The effect is admirably produced,—and by illuminating the dreary scene by a sombre and mysterious light, a poetical idea is excited. The head of St. John is noble; those of the executioners, and the old woman, have a character of lowness and ferocity, perfectly appropriate. The colour is glowing and vigorous.

There are, however, some defects which injure the picture. The figure of Herodias is inelegant, and the body of St. John appears colossal in comparison with the other figures. The severed head, and the blood which issues from it, present to the eye of the spectator objects of horror which Rubens, perhaps, ought to have withheld from observation.



Decollation of John the Baptist.







PLATE I.



PRIOR



ATTHEW PRIOR was born on the 21st of July, 1664, in Middlesex, although some allege it was at Winburn, in Dorsetshire. The former place is, however, undoubtedly the proper one of his nativity, for when he stood candidate for his fellowship, he was registered by himself on oath as of Middlesex. His father was a citizen of London, but of what calling is not sufficiently decided. Dying when the subject of our present Memoir was very young, he left the latter to the care of an uncle, who treated Matthew with paternal care, which was ever after acknowledged with the utmost gratitude by the nephew.

At a proper period, Prior was sent to Westminster school: and from thence, in his eighteenth year, he removed to St. John's College, Cambridge: of which, in four years after he had taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he was made a Fellow; and two years after, again, he wrote the poem on the "Deity" which stands first in his works.

It was the established practice of that college to send every year to the Earl of Exeter some poems upon sacred subjects, in acknowledgment of a benefaction enjoyed by them from the bounty of his ancestor. On this occasion were those verses written, which, though nothing is said of their success, seems to have recommended Prior to some notice; for his praise or the Countess's music, and his lines on the famous picture of "Seneca," afford reason for imagining that he was more or less conversant with that family.

The same year, conjointly with Mr. Montague, afterwards the Earl of Halifax,—he published the "City Mouse and Country Mouse," to ridicule Dryden's "Hind and Panther."

The "City Mouse and Country Mouse," procured its author more solid advantages than the pleasure of fretting Dryden; for they were both speedily preferred.

Upon the revolution taking place, Prior was brought to court by the Earl of Dorset, that great patron of learning, by whom, from his infancy, Prior was beloved and encouraged; and as he grew up to manhood, had a great share in his intimacy and friendship. Under this noble Lord's patronage, Prior therefore entered into public business, and was made Secretary to their majesties King William and Mary, at the Congress of the Hague, in the year 1690. In this assembly of princes and nobles, to which Europe has perhaps scarcely seen any thing equal, was formed the grand alliance against Louis, which at last did not produce effects proportionate to the magnificence of the transaction.

The conduct of Prior, in this splendid initiation into public business, was so pleasing to King William, that he made him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber; and he is supposed to have passed some of the next years in the quiet cultivation of literature and poetry.

The death of Queen Mary, in 1695, produced a subject for all the writers; perhaps no funeral was ever so poetically attended. Dryden, indeed, as a man discountenanced and deprived, being a papist, and having been dispossessed of the City Laureateship, was silent; but scarcely any other maker of verses omitted to bring his tribute of tuneful sorrow. An emulation of eulogy was universal. Mary's praise was not confined to the English language, but fills a great part of the *Musæ Anglicanæ*.

Prior, who was both a poet and a courtier, was too diligent to miss this opportunity of respect. He wrote a long Ode, which was presented to the king, by whom it was not likely to be ever read.

In two years after this, he was appointed, successively, Secretary of Embassy to the Earl of Pembroke, the Earl of Jersey, and Sir Joseph Williamson, Ambassadors at the peace of Ryswick, where many memorials relating to that treaty were drawn up by him. He was likewise secretary to the two succeeding embassies in France,—those of the Earls of Portland and Jersey.

In the parliament of 1701, he was chosen representative of East Grinstead. It was about this time that he changed his party; for he voted for the impeachment of those lords who had persuaded the king to the partition treaty; a treaty in which he had himself been ministerially employed. He was shortly after appointed Secretary of State in Ireland; then one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations; and after the death of King William, was made by Queen Anne one of the Commissioners of the Customs, and her majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. Thus entering into public affairs when very young, and having continued therein for twenty-seven years, his poetry,—to use his own words in his Preface,—“was only the product of his leisure hours, who had business enough upon his hands, and was only a poet by accident.”

In the year 1720, Prior published his works by subscription, in one volume in folio, and met with that encouragement which was due to his deserved merit. But though in this collection of his poems he added several *new pieces*, yet he omitted some very valuable *old ones*, particularly his first “Epistle to Fleetwood Shepherd, Esq.,” which his great modesty prevailed with him to withdraw, only from there being at the close of that piece an innocent joke upon Mr. Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax. For the same reason, he omitted that agreeable Satire upon the translators of “Ovid's Epistles,” and a “Satire upon the Poets,” in imitation of the “Seventh Satire of Juvenal,” An account of a few “Nipping Turns” upon two noblemen. “An Ode in imitation of the second Ode of Horace,” written by himself was also omitted, because he declared to have made some use of that piece in the composing his “*Carmen Sæculare*,” one of his longest and most splendid compositions. Though it is rather to be presumed this omission was obtained by the persuasion of some political friends, who thought the revival of this Ode a panegyric too high for King William, in whose praise it was composed. An excellent Poem addressed to the Countess Dowager of Devonshire was written by him, and presented to his friend Anthony Hammond, Esq., without asking copy of it. To this gentleman, therefore,

are we indebted for its publication. The two copies of verses upon Lady Katharine Hyde have been mistakenly applied by some persons to another hand: though whoever will, in the least, impartially consider, they must allow, that the easy turn, and epigrammatic point in those performances, could be the production of no other than Prior's peculiar pen. The preservation of those pieces, will be looked upon as an act of justice to his memory.

After the collection of his Poems in folio, Prior himself published four Poems: viz. "The Conversation," a tale.—"Colin's Mistakes," written in imitation of Spencer's Style.—"Verses spoken to the Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles Harley, in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, November the 9th, Anno Dom. 1719." "Prologue to the Orphan," represented by some of the Westminster Scholars, at Hickford's Dancing Room, York Buildings, the 2nd of February, 1720, spoken by Lord Duplin.

Among the manuscripts Prior left behind him at his death, the most prominent one is "Dialogues of the Dead."

His works may be distinctly considered, as comprising Tales, Love-verses, occasional Poems, "Alma," and "Solomon."

His tales have obtained general approbation, being written with great familiarity and great sprightliness; the language is easy, but seldom gross, and the numbers smooth, without appearance of care. Of these tales there are only four:—"The Ladle;" which is introduced by a Preface, neither necessary nor pleasing, neither grave nor merry: "*Paulo Purganti*:" which has likewise a preface, but of more value than the tale: "Hans Carvel," not over decent: and "Protogenes and Apelles," an old story, mingled by an affectation not disagreeable, with modern images. The "Young Gentleman in Love," has hardly a just claim to the title of a tale. Whether Prior is the original author of any tale he has left us, is rather doubtful. The adventure of "Hans Carvel" has passed through many successions of merry wits; for it is to be found in Ariosto's Satires, and is, perhaps yet older. But the merit of such stories is the art of telling them.

In his amorous effusions he is less happy, for they are not dictated by nature or passion, and have neither gallantry nor tenderness.

"Solomon" is the work to which he entrusted the protection of his name, and which he expected succeeding ages to regard with veneration. His affection was natural; it had undoubtedly been written with great labour; and who is willing to think that he has been labouring in vain? He had infused into it much knowledge and much thought; had often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it to sublimity: he perceived in it many excellencies, and did not discover that it wanted that without which all others are of small avail—the power of engaging attention and alluring curiosity. Yet the work is far from deserving to be neglected. He that shall peruse it will be able to mark many passages, to which he may recur for instruction or delight; many from which the poet may learn to write, and the philosopher to reason.

If Prior's poetry be generally considered, his praise will be that of correctness and industry, rather than of compass of comprehension, or activity of fancy. What he has valuable he owes to his diligence and his judgment. His diligence has justly placed him amongst the most correct of the English poets; and he was one of the first that resolutely endeavoured at corrections. He never sacrifices accuracy to taste, nor indulges

himself in contemptuous negligence, or impatient idleness: he has no careless lines, or entangled sentiments, his words are nicely selected, and his thoughts fully expanded. If this part of his character suffers an abatement, it must be from the disproportion of his rhymes, which have not always sufficient consonance, and from the admission of broken lines into his "Solomon;" but perhaps he thought, like Cowley, that hemisticks ought to be admitted into heroic poetry.

Whatever Prior obtains above mediocrity seems the effect of struggle and of toil. His diction, however, is more his own than of any among the successors of Dryden; he borrows no lucky terms, or commodious mode of language, from his predecessors. His phrases are original, but they are sometimes harsh.

Of his versification he was not negligent: what he received from Dryden, he did not lose. Some of his poems are written without regularity of measure; for when he commenced poet, he had not recovered from our Pindaric infatuation; but he lived to be convinced that the essence of verse is order and consonance.

On the 1st of August, 1714, ensued the downfall of the Tories, and the degradation of Prior. He was recalled from his embassy in France; but was not able to return, being detained by the debts which he had found it necessary to contract, and which were not discharged before March, though his old friend Montague was now at the head of the Treasury.

He returned then as soon as he could, and was welcomed, on the 25th of March, by a warrant of arrest, for having signed what was considered an inglorious peace. He continued in confinement for some time; and Walpole, on June 10th, 1715, moved for an impeachment against him. Prior was a week after committed to close custody, with orders that "no person should be admitted to see him without leave from the Speaker."

When two years after, an act of grace was passed, he was excepted, and continued still in custody, which he had made less tedious by writing "*Alma*." He was, however, soon after discharged.

He had now his liberty, but he had nothing else. Whatever the profit of his employments might have been, he had always spent it; and, at the age of fifty-three, was, with all his abilities, in danger of penury, having yet no solid revenue but from the fellowship of his college, which, when in his exaltation he was censured for retaining it, he said, he could live upon at last.

Being, however, generally known and esteemed, he was encouraged to add other poems to those which he had printed, and to publish them by subscription. The expedient succeeded by the industry of several friends, who circulated the proposals, and the care of some, who, it is said, withheld the money from him lest he should squander it away. The price of the volume was two guineas; the whole collection was four thousand; to which Lord Harley, the son of the Earl of Oxford, to whom he had invariably adhered, added an equal sum for the purchase Doun Hall, which Prior was to enjoy during life, and Harley after his decease.

He had now, what wits and philosophers have often wished, the power of passing the day in contemplative tranquillity. But it seems that busy men seldom live long in a state of quiet. His health began to decline: he complained of deafness; "for," says he, "I took little care of my ears, while I was not sure if my head was my own."

Of his remaining life, little is known. He died at Wimpole, a seat of the

Earl of Oxford, on the 18th of September, 1721, and was buried at Westminster Abbey, where, on a monument, for which, as the "last piece of human vanity," he left five hundred pounds, is engraven a long laudatory Latin epitaph.

Of Prior, eminent as he was, both by his abilities and station, very few memorials have been left by his contemporaries. He lived at a time when the rage of party detected all which it was any man's interest to hide; and, as little ill is heard of Prior, it is certain that not much was known. He was not afraid of provoking censure; for, when he forsook the whigs, under whose patronage he first entered the world, he became a tory so ardent and determinate, that he did not willingly consort with men of different opinions.

He was, however, in Pope's opinion, fit only to make verses, and less qualified for business than Addison himself. This was surely said without consideration. Addison, exalted to a high place, was forced into degradation by the sense of his own incapacity; Prior, who was employed by men fully capable of estimating his value, having been secretary to one embassy, had, when great abilities were again wanted, the same office another time; and was, after so much experience of his knowledge and dexterity, at last sent to transact a negotiation in the highest degree arduous and important, for which he was qualified, among other requisites, in the opinion of Bolingbroke, by his influence upon the French minister, and by skill in questions of commerce above other men.

Of his behaviour in the lighter parts of life, not much is known. In a gay French company, one night, where every one sang a little song or stanza, of which the burden was, "*Bannissons la melancholie*;" when it came to his turn to sing, after the performance of a young lady, that sat next him, he produced those extemporary lines:

"Mais cette voix, et ces beaux yeux,
Font Cupidon trop dangereux;
Et je suis triste, quand je crie,
Bannissons la melancholie."

Tradition represents Prior as willing to descend from the dignity of the poet and statesman, to the low delights of mean company. His Chloe probably was sometimes ideal; but the woman with whom he cohabited was a despicable drab of the lowest species. One of his wenches, perhaps Chloe, while he was absent from his house, stole his plate, and ran away, as was related by a woman who had been his servant. Of this propensity to sordid converse, an account so seriously ridiculous, by one of his contemporaries, deserves insertion.

"I have been assured that Prior, after having spent the evening with Oxford, Bolingbroke, Pope and Swift, would go and smoke a pipe and drink a bottle of ale, with a common soldier and his wife, in Long Acre, before he went to bed; not from any remains of his origin, as one said, but, I suppose that his faculties,

—"Strain'd to the height
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair."

Prior's opinions, so far as the means of judging are left us, seem to have been right; but his life was, it seems, irregular, negligent, and sensual.

J. M. T.



ROBERT WALPOLE, EARL OF ORFORD.



HERE must surely be some latent fascination in power, else, where is the man who would be ambitious to support the office of Prime Minister for the space of twenty years; harrassed by its duties, absorbed in political intrigues, exposed to the malignity of opponents, and often traduced by his country for, perhaps, really prudent and meritorious success? The subject of the present article made a conspicuous figure in the councils of two sovereigns, and long directed the machine of state; he appears, however, neither to deserve all the panegyric that has been lavished on him by his friends, nor all the obloquy aimed at him by his enemies.

The family of Walpole had flourished for ages in the county of Norfolk, and was of considerable note. Robert was born at Houghton, in the year 1674, and educated on the foundation at Eton; whence he was elected to King's College, Cambridge. There are no memorials of his juvenile days that deserve enumeration; and he appears to have been as much indebted to his good fortune as to his extraordinary talents, for the distinctions which he acquired.

In the twenty-sixth year of his age, he was elected to parliament for King's Lynn in Norfolk, and represented that borough for a number of years. He had not been long a member of the House of Commons, before his popular and plausible eloquence attracted notice; for in 1705, he was appointed one of the council to His Royal Highness Prince George of Denmark,—husband to Queen Anne,—Lord High Admiral of England; and was afterwards made successively Secretary at War, and Treasurer of the Navy.

When Dr. Sacheverel was impeached for preaching the arbitrary doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance, Walpole was chosen one of the managers to make good the articles against him; and among the rest he received the thanks of the House for his services.

A change of administration taking place in the year 1740, he was removed from all his posts; and next year, on account of his attachment to the great Duke of Marlborough, and his opposition to the Tory Ministry, he was charged with corrupt practices while Secretary at War, voted guilty of a high breach of trust, expelled the house, and committed to the Tower. The object of his enemies, however, in passing this sentence on him was probably more to disgrace him in the eyes of the nation, than for the sake of public justice. The whig party considered him as a martyr in their cause; and the borough of Lynn re-elected him, and persisted in its choice. The more he was depressed, the more popular he became; and he exerted his eloquence



SIR. R. WALPOLE.



on some important occasions in such a manner as to fix firmly the affections of the people.

On the death of Queen Anne, the whigs triumphed; and the known zeal of Walpole in favour of the Hanoverian succession, added to his abilities as a speaker, pointed him out to the regard of George I., immediately on that monarch's accession. Accordingly, he was made Paymaster of the Army, and sworn a Privy-counsellor.

When a new parliament was convened, the conduct of the late ministry was one of the first objects of animadversion. A committee of secrecy was chosen, of which Walpole was constituted chairman; and under his management, articles of impeachment were voted by the commons against the Duke of Ormond, and Lords Oxford, Bolingbroke, and Strafford, who had been the chief promoters of a peace which the nation considered as very inadequate to the brilliant successes of the war. Walpole's services in this affair,—which seemed, however, to partake strongly of party spleen,—were so generally acceptable, that he soon rose to be first Lord of the Treasury, and sworn a Privy-counsellor.

Though the makers of the peace had been removed from their stations, and Bolingbroke,—who was reputed the most eminent of them in talents,—had fled to avoid the storm, unanimity did not long prevail in the new councils. The influence of Secretary Stanhope and his adherents appeared to prevail over that of Walpole, and the weight of the latter was gradually decreasing in the administration. He felt the slippery ground on which he stood, and began to look about him with the crafty vigilance of a courtier.

In April 1717, Mr. Secretary Stanhope, delivered a royal message to the House of Commons, demanding an extraordinary supply; the object of which was obviously to secure some new purchases in Germany from the attacks of Charles XII. of Sweden, out of whose hands they had originally been wrested. The secretary having moved that this supply should be granted, a long and animated debate took place, in which Walpole was observed to keep a profound silence. He knew that the independent, or county members considered this proceeding as contrary to the act of settlement; and by silently joining with the strongest side, he hoped to gain the ascendancy over his rivals in office, without actually offending his majesty. This temporising policy, however, he was not permitted to observe. In the course of the debate, some of the members who were hostile to the supply, noticed the apparent division among his majesty's ministers. Walpole, feeling himself thus called upon, spoke in favour of the motion; which at last was carried by a majority of only four votes.

He must have now foreseen, that with so slender a majority no British ministry could stand its ground. He therefore took the wisest alternative, and resigned, that he might retain some credit with the popular party; but merely, as it afterwards appeared, with the view of being restored with greater power. Faction movements like these are not unfrequent; yet in every age how many dupes are there to such deceptions!

On the very day of his resignation, Walpole brought in the famous Sinking-fund Bill; which was afterwards so often perverted to purposes different from its original destination. Under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, it bid fair to redeem this country from a load of debts and taxes: and however ill it might have been subsequently managed, it is a splendid monument of his abilities and perseverance, to which posterity will look with veneration.

In the debates on this bill, the contest became so warm between Walpole and Stanhope, that, on some severe expressions from the latter, the former lost his usual happy command of temper, and retorted with great warmth. The acrimony on both sides betrayed circumstances which it would have been for the credit of each to conceal.

In the next session of parliament, Walpole affected to be a flaming patriot, and was the determined opposer of the administration in every thing. He could see no merit in any measure that tended against his own ambition for place; and as the ministry had stood longer than he imagined they would, he now exerted all his powers of eloquence to render himself formidable, or to effect their fall.

An offer of a place, however, being held out to his view, he softened his tone, and began to discover his real character. He was again appointed Paymaster-General of the Forces, and several of his friends were likewise promoted. His concession was now sincere, and henceforward he pleaded as strongly in defence of ministerial measures, as he had formerly opposed them. His new zeal facilitated his accession to the summit of power. He was again appointed First Lord of the Treasury, and Chancellor of the Exchequer; and when the king visited the continent in 1723, he was nominated one of the Lords Justices, and sworn sole Secretary of State. About this time too he received another mark of royal favour, in the elevation of his son to a peerage; while he himself was made Knight of the Bath, and soon after of the Garter.

Such an accumulation of honour and emolument upon one family, with a rapidity almost unexampled, naturally excited envy or dissatisfaction; and as the measures of Sir Robert's administration were often unprecedented and bold, the press teemed with violent invectives against him. But the equanimity of his mind preserved him from feeling the force of these attacks; and the well-disciplined parliamentary phalanx by which he was supported, maintained him, in spite of all opposition, through a period almost unexampled in our annals.

To enter into the principles of his conduct, and to appreciate his merits and defects, for the space of twenty years, cannot be expected here. To impartial history alone it belongs to discern truth through the exaggerations of political friendship, and of political enmity.

Sir Robert Walpole has been styled the father of corruption. That he was the first minister who exercised undue influence, cannot be allowed; but he perhaps deserves the censure of rearing and reducing it into a system. When there is so little pure virtue in private life, why, alas! should we expect it in public, where the temptations are so much greater and more numerous? Though it is despicable to plead, as some have done with the grossest effrontery, the cause of political venality; yet it should not be thought that every man who serves his country for emolument, is wholly lost to the calls of a generous patriotism; or likely to sacrifice its interests to a pension, a place, or a bribe, if any momentous and eventful crisis should take place.

After long directing the government, Sir Robert Walpole was at last driven from power, by intrigues not more deep, but more powerful, than his own. In 1742, finding that he was no longer able to carry a majority in the House of Commons, he resigned all his places. After much difficulty and opposition, the Commons resolved that a committee should be appointed to enquire

into the conduct of the late minister; but the investigation to which this was intended to lead, was rejected by the House of Lords; and the two houses being at variance on this account, his majesty, in order to screen his old servant, was obliged to prorogue the parliament.

Meanwhile, he was created Earl of Orford, and received a pension of four thousand pounds a year, in consideration of his long and faithful services. The people, however, continued loud in their cry for vengeance; and an ineffectual attempt was made, next session of parliament, to revive the proceedings against him. At last the ferment subsided: and Orford retired to domestic privacy and peace; which, from the serenity of his natural temper, he seemed eminently qualified to enjoy.—Whatever objections have been alleged against his ministerial conduct, his private character was universally allowed to be replete with amiable and benevolent qualities. He was a fond, indulgent parent, a kind master, a beneficent patron, a firm friend, and an agreeable companion. It was impossible not to love him as a man, however his conduct as a minister might be censured; and perhaps he was not more culpable in his public character, than many other great men who have since steered the vessel of state.

The following compliment which Pope pays this celebrated statesman, in reply to one of his friends who bids him “go and see Sir Robert,” will be more durable than monumental brass, and shews his estimable private worth.

“Seen him I have; but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchang’d for power;
Seen him, uncumber’d with the venial tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.”

George II. who was a very passionate man, one day struck the then Duke of Argyll—who was one of the proudest of men. At this insult the Duke, clapping his bonnet briskly on his head, exclaimed, “a bonnet awaits for me in Scotland,” and then precipitately left the room.—Upon going down the stairs, the Duke, in his way, encountered Sir Robert Walpole, who seeing his grace in a state of great excitement, demanded what was the matter. “Matter!” repeated the Duke, “matter enough! the king struck me!” “Oh! is that all,” replied Walpole, “why, he strikes me four or five times a day sometimes.” “*You!*” rejoined the Duke, casting a withering and contemptuous glance, and then passing on, “but *you* are not the Duke of Argyll!”

Lord Orford did not long survive his resignation, for he died in 1745, at the age of seventy-one. Mankind in general look forward to the calm of declining life with complacency and satisfaction: but the ambitious mind, used to the tumult of business or intrigue, is seldom happy in the shade. We are the creatures of habit, and pine for the gratifications which we have lost; and at the close of our days find it too late to form new connections, and to adopt new pursuits. When life is once brought into method, and established in principle, every deviation gives us pain; and every change, however much it may flatter in prospect, is sure to disappoint us in possession. Happy is he who can early sit down content, nor ever heaves a sigh for change!

J. M. T.



MASANIELLO.



AFTER many changes and revolutions in their government, the Neapolitans had submitted to the house of Austria; but to support its splendour, they were so heavily taxed as to create considerable discontent among the populace. Philip IV. however, regardless of this, imposed, in the year 1647, a *gabel*, or tax, upon every kind of fruit, whether dry or green; by which his wretched subjects, deprived of their accustomed food, were reduced to extreme want; which was considerably augmented by the severity with which the tax was collected. Numbers parted with their beds to satisfy the rapacity of their oppressors, and many were driven to the dire necessity of even prostituting their wives and daughters, to obtain a temporary remission of payment,

To procure relief, various petitions and remonstrances were presented to the Duke of Arcos, then viceroy of the kingdom. He promised to abolish the tax, but forfeited his word. Thus driven to despair, by the miseries they sustained, and inflamed by the viceroy's treachery, the people determined not only to liberate themselves from this heavy imposition, but from every other tax formerly imposed, and, by the aid of Masaniello, this grand design was crowned with the most brilliant success.

Thomas Aniello, commonly called, Masaniello the Fisherman of Naples, who was born at Amalfi, in the same kingdom, in the year 1623, was at this period about twenty-four years of age, of a sprightly active disposition, pleasant and humorous, and of a confident bold address. His eyes were black, sharp, and piercing. His countenance indicated an enterprising mind, and he possessed a large share of resolution and rough courage. He wore a mariner's cap, long linen drawers, and a blue waistcoat, and always went barefooted. He obtained his living by angling for small fish, and selling them to his neighbours. His house was in a corner of the market-place at Naples, and under one of the windows in which he lived, were fixed the arms and name of Charles V. This was considered by the people as a presage of what afterwards happened, and Masaniello would often jocularly say, that he should restore the city to its liberties, and recover and establish the charter of privileges, granted by that monarch to the people of Naples.

The Neapolitans had already manifested their disposition to act, by firing two magazines of gunpowder in the market-place. Every passenger in the street was addressed by different bodies of men, with "Let us no longer submit to our burthens. Let us unite and redress our grievances. Death is more acceptable than misery. To arms! to arms! Let us rise as one man, and that instantly. Delay is dangerous."

Masaniello finding the people thus disposed, collected a number of boys



MAZANIELLO.

Engraved by George Cooke.

round his stall, and harangued them thus: "How greatly are we oppressed with taxes upon taxes. Every article of food is enormously dear. Are these things to be endured? No, my boys. Get my words by heart, and sound them through every street in the city, but say nothing against the king of Spain. Cry only, long live the Lady of Carmine, the Pope, and the King of Spain, but let the wicked government die; let the cursed government die!"

The boys divided themselves into different parties; and every corner of the streets soon resounded with Masaniello's speech. Upon being asked who taught them, they declared themselves Masaniello's scholars. The tumult this conduct occasioned was considerable. Some thought him mad, and attempted to ridicule him; to which he replied, "You may laugh at me now, but you shall soon see what the fool Masaniello can do; let me alone and give me my way, and if I don't set you free from all your taxes, and the slavery that now grinds you to death, may I be cursed, and called a villain for ever."

This answer only served to confirm the people in their opinion of his madness. Masaniello, regardless of this, took the names of the boys who followed him, of which there were about five hundred, from sixteen to eighteen years of age. Their number, however, soon increased to five thousand. He gave them each a small weak cane, desired them to continue repeating the lesson he had given them, and, appointing them to attend him the next morning at the stall, told them he would be their general, and lead them on to glory and liberty. This was on the 6th of July, 1674.

On the next day, which was the anniversary of the fête of St. Marie de Grazie, Masaniello attended in the market-place, with his little brigade. When the country fruiterers came, the people refused to buy, until the *gabel* was abolished. The fruiterers, disappointed of their sale, fell upon the shop-keepers; a sharp contest ensued, and the magistrates interfering, decided in favour of the townsmen.

Among the fruiterers was a relation of Masaniello's with whom he had planned this tumult. For the fruiterer, affecting to be in a passion, kicked down two baskets of fruit, exclaiming, "God gives us plenty, and our cursed governors give us famine: let the fruit rot and perish; it is not worth picking up; let them take it that will." Here Masaniello's boys scrambled for the fruit, crying out, "without *gabel*, without *gabel*." The magistrate, expressing some anger, was pelted by the fisherman and the boys, with stones, and with difficulty escaped with his life.

Encouraged by this success, the populace shouted, "we will no longer be beasts of burthen to oppressive governors who suck our blood. We'll pay no more taxes. Long live the King of Spain, but let the cursed government die!" People now rushed from all quarters into the market-place, some armed with sticks, some with pikes, and some with whatever came first to hand; they joined Masaniello, who, jumping upon the highest table among the fruiterers, and commanding silence, thus addressed them:

"Rejoice, my dear companions and countrymen; give thanks to God and the most gracious Virgin of Carmine, that the hour of redemption and the time of our deliverance draweth near! this poor fisherman, bare-footed as he is, shall, like another Moses, who delivered the Israelites from the cruel rod of Pharaoh, the Egyptian King, free you from all *gabels* and impositions that were ever laid upon you. It was a fisherman, I mean St. Peter, who delivered the city of Rome from the slavery of the devil to the liberty of

Christ. Now another fisherman, one Masaniello,—I am the man,—shall release the city of Naples from the cruel yoke ; therefore, from this moment, if you have but the courage, be free from the intolerable oppression under which you have hitherto groaned. To effect this glorious purpose I care not if I am torn in pieces and dragged up and down the city of Naples, through all the kennels and gutters that belong to it. Let all my blood spill cheerfully out of these veins ; let this head be separated from these shoulders by the fatal steel, and be perched upon a pole in this market-place, to be gazed at ; yet I shall die contented ; it will be sacrificed in so worthy a cause, and that I was the saviour of my country.”

This speech was received with general applause, and operated as a signal for revolt. Every one expressed their determination to follow Masaniello, wherever he would lead them. The people then divided into several companies, and soon destroyed by fire several toll and *gabel* houses, with every article they contained. Even the money found in them was cast into the flames. No one attempted seizing any thing for his own use, each crying out, “The wealth and furniture of the rich were obtained by oppressing the poor ; it is the people’s blood, and not to be spared on any account, nor for any purpose.”

Masaniello, with his boys, each with a piece of black cloth on the top of his cane, and about ten thousand men, some of them carrying a loaf of bread on the head of their pikes, to signify the dearness of that article of food, proceeded to the palace repeating, in a piteous tone, through the streets, “Have compassion upon those poor souls suffering in purgatory, who, being unable longer to endure the barbarous exactions, are endeavouring to redress themselves : O, dear brothers, join with us in this design ! O, sisters, lend us your assistance to promote so just, so necessary an undertaking, and so profitable for the public good.” In their march they broke open the prison of St. James’, and took the prisoners into their service. On arriving at the palace, they cried, “Long live the king of Spain, but down with the cursed government !” and demanded of the Viceroy to abolish all the *gabels* immediately. He promised them, from a balcony, that part of the taxes should be taken off ; but this not satisfying them, and the Viceroy suddenly disappearing, they burst into the palace, disarmed the soldiers who opposed them, and examined every room for the viceroy, determined to destroy him ; but he had escaped, and taken refuge in the monastery of the church of St. Louis. A large party immediately followed him, while the remainder stripped the palace, and burnt every article in the court-yard.

The viceroy, finding he was discovered, and that the people were forcing the gates, came to a window, repeated his promise, and delivered it in writing with his signature. But this not satisfying them, they burst into the monastery. Here a body of Spanish soldiers opposed them ; many were killed on both sides ; but the populace prevailing, they would have destroyed the monastery, had not the Archbishop of Naples interfered, who was a favourite of the people, and promised to obtain the viceroy’s acquiescence to their demands. The people assured him that nothing short of a total abolition of the *gabels*, and a confirmation of their privileges, as established by Charles V., would satisfy them.

During the contests with the soldiers, the viceroy had scaled the walls, and got to the Castle of St. Elmo in safety.

Finding he had escaped, the people left the monastery ; and proceeding

to where any of the Spanish guards were set, attacked and disarmed them. After this they broke open the different prisons, and Masaniello added the prisoners to his train, which already exceeded fifty thousand; many of them, with lighted torches in their hands, with which they threatened to reduce the city to ashes if their demands were not granted. Several *gabel* houses, with their account books, furniture, and money, were burnt. Some persons endeavouring to prevent these proceedings were sacrificed to the fury of the mob. In the course of that day the viceroy attempted various negotiations, and issued a proclamation that the bread should be considerably cheaper next day, but without effect. The Prince of Bisignano, who had been employed in these conciliatory measures, now endeavoured to persuade the people to separate for the night, and in the morning they should find him ready to obey their commands. The populace conceiving this reasonable, acceded to the proposal; but soon perceiving the prince's intention in dividing them, called upon Masaniello, by the title of "Saviour and Father of his Country," to direct them.

His first order was to summon the people by beat of drum, through the suburbs and city, to arm against the tyranny of the government, and the oppression of the taxes. The great bell of the Lady of Carmine was also rung three times, and numbers of people obeyed the summons. Masaniello now divided them into companies, directed some to fire all the toll-houses in the city, and some to plunder the shops of the gun-smiths and sword-cutlers, and every other house, for arms, powder, and ball, while several companies remained to guard against any surprise.

By break of day Masaniello repaired to the market-place, took an account of the arms collected by the different companies, and distributed them to his followers. The Neapolitan youth voluntarily enlisted themselves, and what the day before was but a disorganised mob, now appeared a regular and formidable army, menacing destruction to whatever opposed them. The country people also poured in from the villages, armed with pitch-forks, spades, ploughshares, pikes, and other instruments, and joined the different companies. The women likewise appeared, furnished with pokers, shovels, and other domestic implements, declaring they would shed their blood in the common cause, and burn the city, themselves, and children, sooner than be beasts of burthen any longer; and even the children, with canes and sticks, were seen urging their fathers to battle; every one exclaiming "Long live the King; down with the cursed government! no *gabels*, &c." Further, to ensure success to his designs, Masaniello sent positive orders to thirty-six precincts of the city, to arm instantly for their common defence, or their houses should be burnt to the ground. This produced a large number of men nearly armed. While Masaniello was thus proceeding, the viceroy was not idle: he had near four thousand troops introduced within the gates. Fortifications were raised in different parts of the town, and at the end of the streets, leading to the different palaces, a large piece of ordnance was placed.

Masaniello continued to inspirit the people by different harangues, and, in order to prevent any more troops being introduced, he placed a guard in every quarter of the city and neighbouring villages. From these he received notices of the approach of any reinforcement, when he immediately ordered a strong body, well armed, to oppose them, and, after a few shots, the troops surrendered, and joined the populace. There were several skirmishes with the troops within the gates, which terminated in a similar manner.

The viceroy not conceiving himself safe in the Castle of St. Elmo, removed privately to the fortress of Castel Nuovo. Here, in council with some of the nobles, it was determined to adopt conciliatory measures; and the viceroy sent a letter to Masaniello, expressing his consent to the abolition of the taxes, and assuring him that the people should be established in their privileges. But Masaniello insisted on the privileges granted by Charles V. That the viceroy and council should, by a public instrument, oblige themselves and their successors to maintain inviolably the old charter of privileges, and never to encroach upon the liberty of it; with various other demands in favour of the people. The viceroy consented to grant all their demands, if they would lay down their arms and enter upon a treaty of accommodation quietly.

Masaniello, suspecting some design was meditating against the faithful people of Naples, as they styled themselves, advised them not to agree to these terms, but to "treat sword in hand." The viceroy then sent the Duke of Mataloni, and his brother Don Joseph Caraffa, to declare "that all the *gabels* should be abolished by public authority." But Masaniello doubting the sincerity of this offer, insisted upon seeing their credentials to treat, and finding they had none, repeated his terms, and suffered them to depart. The Prior of Bocella now appeared and presented them with a scroll, assuring them it was the "original charter of Charles V."—This was received with great acclamations, but Masaniello suspecting it was some contrivance to deceive them, submitted it to some lawyers for examination, who declaring it was a forgery, the Prior narrowly escaped with his life. The Duke of Mataloni also presented them a deed, declaring it was a copy of the original charter; and this likewise being discovered to be a forgery, Masaniello knocked the Duke off his horse: the populace then beat him severely: and, binding him hand and foot, sent him to prison.

Masaniello finding the government trifled with him, ordered the houses and furniture of every one concerned in any way in the *gabels*, to be destroyed. Several parties immediately hastened to execute this commission; fire raged in every quarter, and the city appeared like a continued track of flames.

The viceroy now issued a proclamation that all *gabels* and impositions should be abolished, and that a general pardon should be granted for all offences; but this not being all the people demanded, rather contributed to aggravate their rage, and Masaniello issued an order, in the name of the people of Naples, "That all the merchants and companies of the city should be ready, completely armed, at an hour's notice, for the recovery of the public liberty." Then, with a number of men as a body-guard, and a considerable portion of the populace on foot, he marched through the streets, ordering the houses of all suspected persons to be searched for fire-arms and ammunition; by this method, several thousand pistols, arquebusses, muskets, and carbines, nine pieces of artillery, and seven cannon out of a ship, which he forced the captain to give up, were obtained. The small arms, Masaniello distributed among his followers, and the artillery were planted in the quarters and streets, with a sufficient number of men to attend each.

Thus reinforced, their rage knew no bounds, and its rapid course was marked with desolation and ruin. Six hundred German troops, who were sent from Capua to the viceroy's aid, were disarmed: a body of Spanish troops shared the same fate; and they were so well treated by Masaniello,

that they joined the Neapolitans, crying, "Long live the faithful people of Naples!"

During these proceedings, the Archbishop had been indefatigable in his search for the original charter of the Emperor Charles V, and King Ferdinand, and on the 9th of July, in the morning, he happily found them. Instantly he repaired to the market-place, and read them aloud. The people, however, doubting their authenticity, the Archbishop delivered them into the hands of Masaniello, desiring him to have them examined. They proved to be genuine. The viceroy then issued a decree, confirming the charters of privileges; but this not being so explicit as the people expected, they insisted that articles of capitulation should be drawn up by the viceroy, and the several councils and tribunals of the kingdom. This was consented to by the viceroy, and one Genovino, a man of great abilities, and who had been the active assistant and counsellor to Masaniello, was directed to draw up the articles, by the next morning, when they were to be read publicly in the market-place, before they were presented to the viceroy. These preliminaries being settled, the Archbishop retired, first exacting a promise from Masaniello that the populace should remain quiet for the night.

Masaniello, previously to attending in the market-place the next morning, to hear the articles of capitulation read, made a general review of the people, and found one hundred and fourteen thousand men with arms, besides an immense number of others. The greater part of them declared they were satisfied with the vengeance they had taken, and wished for peace. This calm was but of short duration. The treachery of the court lighted up the flames of discord higher than ever. While they were waiting for the articles of capitulation, five hundred banditti, well armed and mounted, entered the market-place, and offered their services to Masaniello; he thanked them, desired them to dismount, and assigned them quarters. They insisted on going on horseback. Masaniello again ordered them to dismount; but no sooner had he spoken, than a musket was fired, which Masaniello conceiving to be a signal for mischief, exclaimed, "Treason! treason! There is a plot on foot!"—At this instant five muskets were fired at him by some of the banditti in the crowd around him. Neither of the balls hit him, and the people seeing their general alive, furiously attacked the banditti, killed a number on the spot, and pursued them to the church and convent of the Carmines, where they had fled for shelter, and put the greatest part to the sword.

By this and several other occurrences of lesser moment, the treaty was at different times broken off, and each time the populace returned to their outrages with increased fury. At length, the treaty was signed, which wrenched from the hands of treacherous and despotic ministers the power of oppressing the people, to support their ambition and luxury.

The substance of the treaty was, "that the people, from that time forward, should enjoy all the benefits, privileges, and immunities, granted to them by the Emperor Charles V. and King Ferdinand, according to the purport and meaning of the original charters, which should hereafter remain in their hands. That all excesses and outrages committed from the 7th of July, when insurrection begun, to the day of the date of these articles, should be pardoned by a general amnesty. That the elect, as well as the counsellors, and deputies of the people, should be chosen every six months, by the commons, without need of further confirmation. That the said

elect should have as many votes as the whole of the nobility, as it was before they were deprived of that privilege by Don Frederick, and which the most Catholic King Ferdinand had in the year 1505, promised to restore to them. That the viceroy should cause the said articles to be ratified by the King of Spain within three months after their publication, and that they should be engraved in marble, and set up in the middle of the great market-place. That the people should not lay down their arms till the confirmation of their privileges. And, lastly, that, should they not obtain the ratification and execution of the said articles and privileges; they might, with impunity, rise in arms, and strive to redress themselves, without being deemed guilty of rebellion, or irreverence to the King of Spain."

The viceroy having signed this treaty, sent it to the archbishop with a letter expressive of his satisfaction at the happy restoration of peace, and a wish that he would manage an interview with him and Masaniello, as he ardently desired to see him. At first Masaniello refused, but the archbishop, by persuasions, at length prevailed, and he consented to attend the viceroy, after the treaty had been publicly read in the church of Carmine. This was done at two o'clock, and received by repeated acclamations of assent from an immense concourse of people. Genovino then harangued on the advantages of peace, and exhorted them to return God thanks for what they had obtained. A *Te Deum* was afterwards sung, accompanied by a variety of musical instruments. This ceremony concluded, the archbishop, with the chief officers of the people, proceeded to the palace. Masaniello, divested of his mariner's dress, appeared on horseback, superbly attired, with a drawn sword in his hand, and thus rode before the archbishop's coach. His brother also, richly dressed, rode on the right of the archbishop, and Apaja, the elect of the commons, on the left. Genovino was behind, followed by one hundred companies of horse and foot, consisting of about fifty thousand men. Masaniello was greeted on all sides with the glorious and merited appellation of "Saviour of his Country." The streets were strewed before him with palm and olive branches. The ladies from their windows and balconies, which were decorated with the richest silks and tapestries, dropped flowers and garlands. The air was filled with notes of the softest music, and the sounds of joy and triumph issued from every mouth.

On his arrival at the palace, the captain of the viceroy's guard turned out to welcome him in his Excellency's name; Masaniello returned the compliment; then making a motion for silence among the people, thus addressed them:

"My dear companions, and countrymen,

"Let us joyfully offer up our praises and thanksgivings to God, and the most gracious Lady of Carmine, for the recovery of our former liberty; that dear, that precious liberty, which makes the memory of those glorious monarchs Ferdinand and Charles V. to be of so great veneration amongst us. Now shall we see revive those golden days which made our forefathers glad under their auspicious sway; like them we shall be—nay, we are already, like them, exempt and free from all *gabels* and impositions. No more shall we groan under the cruel and intolerable oppression of inhuman blood-thirsty governors. No longer toil and slave, like beasts of burden, to feed the pride and luxury of ambitious and haughty tyrants. Henceforth, every man shall enjoy the fruits of his own labour and industry, and peace and plenty shall for ever flourish in Naples. I see, my friends, a solemn

joy sit upon all your brows ; and well may you rejoice at so noble an acquisition. For who is the brute that has the public good so little at heart, as not to overflow with gladness upon this great occasion ? If there be any such,* let them die like dogs, unpitied, unlamented, and may an everlasting brand of infamy be fixed upon their names. As for us, my beloved countrymen, let us from this moment banish all sorrow from our hearts : let us ever commemorate this great, this happy day, in which we recover our rights, our privileges our freedom, our lives, our all. Does not this sudden, this blessed change surprise you, my dear associates ? Lost in transport and amazement, do you not look upon it as a pleasing dream, and almost doubt whether you are awake ? Yes, I, know you do. But see† my friends, this is no illusion ; behold here the sacred and substantial pledges of those immense benefits we boast ; this is the gift of the Emperor Charles V., and this of royal Ferdinand ; whose great shades even now rejoice to see us, their after-subjects, happy in the possession of those blessings which we derive from them. Dreams vanish away in an instant, but these shall stand for ever. But do not think that I dwell thus on the great advantages, which by my toils and fatigues, I have procured for you, to enhance the merit of my actions, in hopes of being rewarded for them. No, I esteem the pleasure and the glory of being instrumental to the good of my country, a far greater recompence than all the wealth in the universe ; and that, that alone has spurred me on, and been the sole aim of this successful undertaking ; let his eminence the archbishop witness for me. He has experienced my disinterestedness, in my refusal of the two hundred crowns a month, which, in the first day of the Revolution, he offered to settle upon me, during my life, if I would but calm your resentment, and make you desist from your just pretensions, nor, even at this time, should I have thrown off my tattered weeds, to assume this gaudy magnificence, had not his eminence, for decency's sake, and upon pain of excommunication, obliged me to it, no, no, I am still Masaniello the fisherman ; such was I born, such have I lived hitherto, and such I intend to live and die. And after having fished for and caught the public liberty, in that tempestuous sea wherein it had been immersed so long, I will return to my former condition, reserving nothing for myself but my hook and line, with which to provide daily for the necessary support of the remainder of my life. The only favour I shall desire of you, in token of acknowledgement for all my labours, is, that when I am dead, you will each of you say an *Ave Maria* for me : do you promise me this ?"—The people answered, "yes, but let it be an hundred years hence."

Masaniello replied, "My friends, I thank you ; and as a farther testimony of my love to you, and my adherence to your interests, I will give you two words of advice. The first is, not to lay down your arms till the confirmation of your privileges arrives from Spain. The second, that above all things you would mistrust the nobility, who have always been our sworn and professed enemies. Take care of them, and be upon your guard ; for, like hungry wolves, they will watch an opportunity, when you are defenceless, to fall upon you and devour you. I am now going to negotiate with the

* Alluding to the publicans, who were quite ruined by this restoration of privileges.

† Here he shewed them the original charters.

viceroy, and shall be with you again; at least before to-morrow morning; but if you do not see me then, you may set fire to the palace." His followers promising they would do it, he concluded his judicious language with amplifying upon "the advantages that would accrue to the King of Spain, by the abolishment of the *gabels*; which being prejudicial only to the partisans, those insatiable leeches that had sucked the purest of their blood, his majesty should, for the time to come, enjoy his revenues entire, which hitherto used to be almost wholly absorbed by his ministers."

At the conclusion of this speech, he requested the archbishop to give the people his blessing; after which, commanding them not to follow him any further, upon pain of disobedience, he entered the palace with the archbishop, Genovino, Arpaja, and his brother. The viceroy was waiting at the head of the stairs to receive him. As soon as Masaniello saw him, he on his knees thanked his Excellency for his gracious approbation of the treaty, and added, "I am come to receive whatever sentence your Excellency may think fit to pass on me." The viceroy raised him up, embraced, and assured him, that far from thinking him criminal, he should give him daily proofs of his esteem and favour. Masaniello replied, "God is my witness, that the only object of my design was the service of the King, and of your Excellency." They then retired to a private apartment to consult on the situation of affairs.

During this conference, the people in the palace-yard not seeing Masaniello appear, were extremely clamorous. To appease them, the viceroy attended Masaniello to a balcony, where he assured them he was safe, and under no restraint. Masaniello, to prove to his Excellency the obedience of the Neapolitans, put his finger on his mouth, and a profound silence ensued; he then ordered them to disperse, upon pain of rebellion, and in a few minutes not a man was seen in the yard.

Masaniello, the viceroy, and the archbishop, then retired, and renewed their conference. It was agreed to print the treaty, and to have it again read publicly in the cathedral church on the following Saturday. The viceroy again assured Masaniello of his regard; told him "he highly approved of his conduct hitherto, and therefore now left the direction of affairs wholly to his care and management," and presenting him with a gold chain—which he for some time refused to take—created him Duke of St. George. Late in the evening Masaniello retired to his own house, in the archbishop's coach, attended by a numerous crowd of people, who demonstrated their gratitude by loud and repeated acclamations of joy, while the bells were ringing, and bonfires blazing in almost every street.

On the following day, the 12th of July, Masaniello issued a proclamation, declaring, "That the office of Captain-General, to which the people had promoted him, had been confirmed by the viceroy." He now acted as supreme governor. Receiving petitions, hearing complaints, punishing crimes, and bestowing rewards; he issued a number of new orders relative to the police and civil government; and revived various others to the same purpose. All these orders were affixed to the posts and public buildings, signed "Tomaso Aniello, Captain-General of the most faithful people of Naples;" and the least infringement of his commands was severely punished. In the proceedings of this day, however, he evinced a confidence of power, by no means consonant to his professions of humility.

The next day, Saturday, was that on which the people of Naples expected

to see the public tranquillity fully restored, and firmly established by the solemn sanction of the capitulation in the cathedral church. Masaniello spent the morning in hearing causes, redressing grievances, and making several regulations, both civil and military. After dinner, he received from the viceroy a pair of fine horses, richly comparisined, for him and his brother to attend the cavalcade.

Masaniello and his brother, dressed in cloth of silver tissue, proceeded slowly to the castle; the former with a drawn sword, and the latter with the articles of capitulation in his hand. They were followed by Genovino, Arpaja, and an incredible multitude. On arriving at the palace, Masaniello was very graciously received by the viceroy, and soon afterwards, they, with the different councils, principal officers, and magistrates in the kingdom, proceeded to the cathedral; the archbishop, at the head of his chapter, was waiting at the door to receive them. On entering, each was seated according to his rank and precedence, and the capitulations were read aloud by the secretary of the kingdom. When they were finished, the viceroy, the different councils, and the judges of the civil and criminal courts, swore, upon the holy evangelists, to observe them inviolably for ever, and to procure, without delay, the ratification of them from his Catholic Majesty.

While the articles were reading, Masaniello stood up, with his sword drawn in his hand, explaining some, and enlarging upon others, to the people. After the oath was administered, and *Te Deum* sung, he harangued the people and the viceroy in a very incoherent style. When he had concluded, he began to tear his dress in pieces, and desired the archbishop and viceroy to help him off with it, saying, "I only put it on in honour of the ceremony; that being ended, it is now useless. On my part I have done all I had to do, and shall now return to my hook and line." Being informed it would be indecent to strip in the church, and before so many persons, he desisted, and attended the viceroy, the nobility, and gentry, to the castle, where he was saluted by several peals of ordnance, and from thence returned to his house in the market-place, amidst the acclamations and blessings of the people. Thus ended this happy day, which restored the liberties of a populous nation.

The next day, Masaniello received the congratulations of the nobility and gentry, of the ministers of state, and of almost all the ecclesiastics, and religious orders of the city.

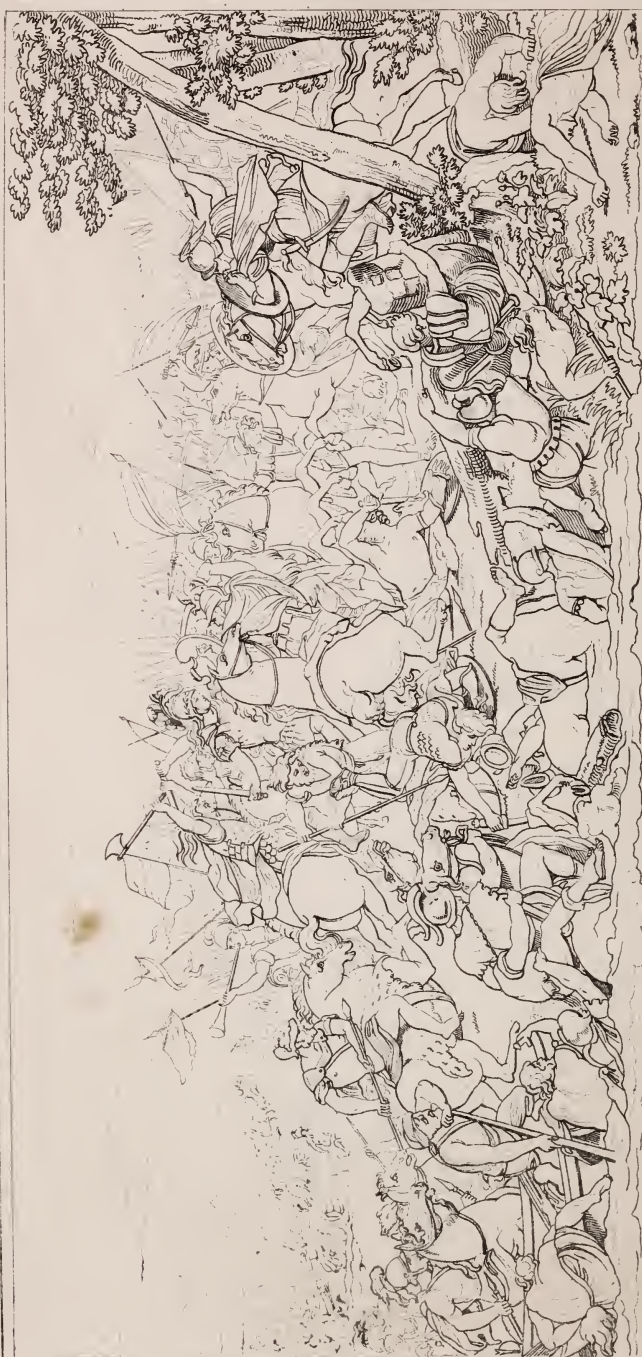
On the following day this extraordinary and intrepid patriot suddenly manifested symptoms of mental derangement; probably the consequence of the great and continual fatigue he underwent, from the 7th of July,—the first day of the insurrection,—to the 14th, when the treaty was solemnly sanctioned in the cathedral; as during those eight days he scarcely allowed himself the refreshment of food or sleep. Every hour gave fresh and stronger proofs of his melancholy state; he committed various outrages, and many acts of cruelty on different persons. He was, however, unmolested, until, having caned Genovino, and struck Arpaja in the face, they convened a number of citizens, and advised them to quit Masaniello's interest. This was agreed to, and Genovino, with Arpaja, waited on the viceroy, and informed him that the citizens, "provided they could be well assured of never being molested in the enjoyment of the immunities and privileges restored, would no longer follow Masaniello, but instantly return to their former obeisance and duty to his excellency."

The viceroy, happy to perceive this disposition of the people, instantly issued a proclamation, again confirming the treaty. Immediately on the appearance of this, a considerable number of the citizens assembled in the market-place, and unanimously agreed, "That the head, and Captain-General of the people should be confined in a strong hold for the remainder of his days." But no one was heard to propose his being put to death. The advantages he had obtained for them was still acknowledged with the warmest gratitude.

Not so with the viceroy; his dastard jealousy still viewed the humbled Masaniello as an object of terror, and the proposal of a base assassin to murder him, was acceded to with a promise of ten thousand crowns reward.

During these proceedings, the wretched Masaniello, among a number of other frantic tricks, ran in among a crowd of people with his drawn sword, when, to prevent further mischief, he was seized, conveyed to his own house, and left with a strong guard. He, however, eluded them, and went to the church of the Lady of Carmine, whose festival was to be celebrated on this day. An infinite number of people were waiting for the archbishop's coming to sing mass. On his entering, Masaniello told him he plainly perceived the people had abandoned him, and now wished to take away his life; that, since he must die, he desired the viceroy, and all the tribunals of Naples, would first make a solemn procession to the most Holy Mother of Carmine, his patroness, and afterwards, death would be welcome to him; at the same time, presenting a letter for the viceroy, desiring it might be sent to him immediately. The archbishop embracing him, and commending his religious zeal, instantly sent off the letter by one of his gentlemen; then, while preparing to begin service, Masaniello rushed into the pulpit, with a crucifix in his hand, and addressing the people, entreated them not to forsake him, but to remember the toils he had undergone, and the inestimable benefits he had procured them. The vehemence with which he spoke seemed to produce an accession of madness, and suddenly he condemned his past conduct. The archbishop perceiving his situation, ordered him to be removed from the pulpit. He then threw himself at the archbishop's feet, entreating him to despatch his chaplain to the viceroy, to assure him he was ready to resign his office and authority. The archbishop promised he would do it, and observing him to be in a profuse perspiration, directed some of the religious to take him to their dormitory, to have him dried, and to let him refresh himself by sleeping there.

Soon after this order was executed, and the archbishop had quitted the church, the assassins entered it, crying, "Long live the King of Spain, and let none henceforth obey Masaniello, under pain of death!" No one attempted to oppose those murderers; they searched through the convent for Masaniello, loudly pronouncing his name. The unhappy man, hearing himself called, came out to meet them, saying, "Is it me you seek, my people? Behold, I am here." At this instant four muskets were fired at him; he fell, and exclaiming "ungrateful traitors!" breathed his last. One of these wretches instantly severed his head from his body, and fixing it on a spear, he, with his accomplices, carried it to the viceroy, vociferating through the streets, "Masaniello is dead! Masaniello is dead! Long live the King of Spain, and let no one hereafter presume to name Masaniello!" His head was afterwards thrown in a ditch, and his body, after being dragged through the kennel, shared the same fate.



Le Brun, pinx. T. L. Bushby sculp.

The Battle of Tewkesbury.

Thus rose and fell Masaniello, the avenger of public oppressions and the saviour of his country. Though the people had suffered his body to be thus ignominiously and barbarously treated, a sense of their obligations to him soon excited their sorrow and repentance. The day succeeding his death, July the 17th, they convened a general assembly, and resolved, "that Masaniello deserved the greatest honours, as head and captain-general of Naples." Accordingly, his corpse, preceded by five hundred priests and religious persons, followed by forty thousand men in arms, and as many women with beads in their hands, was carried through the public streets. As they passed the palace, the viceroy sent eight pages with torches to accompany the corpse, and ordered the Spaniards, then upon guard, to lower their ensigns and salute it as it passed. He was buried in the cathedral church, amidst the tolling of all the bells in Naples, while the women bedewed his grave with their tears. Thus, in the short period of three days, this illustrious and strenuous asserter of human liberty was honoured like a monarch, murdered like a ferocious beast, and lamented as a saint. Such is the versatility of popular favour!

J. M. T.

THE BATTLE OF GRANICUS.

(*Painted by Le Brun.*)

Alexander the Great, after having paid great honours to the memory of Achilles, and caused games to be celebrated around his tomb, departed for Ilion and joined his army, encamped at Arisba, crossed Percote, the river Praxie, Hermote, Colone, and arrived, in order of battle, upon the banks of the Granicus.

The Persian cavalry, arranged on the opposite side, formed a considerable line, to occupy the passage in its widest part.

Parmenion, and many other captains, advised Alexander to encamp upon this spot, that his troops might rest themselves; and to pass the river early on the following morning, since the enemy would be then less able to oppose them. They represented to him that the river was deep, and the shores rocky—that the enterprise was dangerous—and that, if he failed of success, every thing was at stake. These arguments made no impression on the mind of Alexander. He replied, that he should be overpowered with shame if, after having crossed the Hellespont, he should stop before a rivulet; so contemptuously he spoke of the Granicus.

Alexander then mounted his horse, and ordered his principal officers to follow him. He commanded the right wing, and Parmenion the left. He had previously caused a large detachment to push across the river, when he ordered the left wing to advance. At the head of the right he immediately plunged into the stream, and was followed by the rest of the troops, trumpets sounding, and with the acclamation of the whole army. After having stemmed the rapidity of the river, and overcome every obstacle that awaited him

on the opposite shore, he repulsed the enemy, became master of the field, and, animating his soldiers by his presence, gained one of the most glorious victories which this conqueror has left to the remembrance of posterity.

The picture of the pass of the Granicus is painted upon canvass—it is sixteen feet high, by thirty wide. It was ordered by Louis XIV. to decorate the Gallery of Apollo, at the Louvre. The action is represented with great spirit, the movements are noble and animated, the drawing in a grand style, and the groups artistically distributed. The disorder of a battle is well expressed, but without confusion. Alexander preserves, in the hour of danger, the calmness of a hero accustomed to victory.

This fine painting, in which the costume is well preserved, a perfection rarely observed in the time of Le Brun, would be beyond criticism, if the figures were less round, and if the touch had all the firmness which might be expected from so energetic a painter.

ST. GENEVIEVE DES ARDENS.

(Painted by Doyen.)

This picture, which has been for a considerable length of time held in very high estimation, as being one of the most exquisite of the modern school; has been restored to its former condition, and brought back to the church of St. Roch, of which, in times past, it was held to be one of the most important ornamental decorations, and adorned it as the altar-piece of a chapel therein, dedicated to “St. Genevieve des Ardens.”

St. Genevieve, the patroness of Paris, was called upon in supplication by the parties residing in that city, at the time an infectious distemper was prevalent, distinguished by the name of the *feu sacré*, with which its inhabitants were afflicted, during the reign of Louis VI. in the year 1120.

The painter has laid the scene before the door of an hospital; a female, whose apparel pronounces her of distinguished birth, upon her knees, seems to put her infant under the protection of the saint, of whom the contagion is on the point of depriving her. On the right hand, and behind the group of women that support her, a diseased person, whom her attendants would restrain, employs her remaining strength to effect her escape;—and extending her arms towards heaven, endeavours to unite in public prayer. Above the clouds, St. Genevieve is perceived soliciting the blessing of heaven, surrounded by angels, bearing their proper attributes.

The fore-ground of the picture presents another scene of grief. A youth, in the prime of his age, expires in the arms of an old man; beside him are extended several victims who have fallen under this calamity.

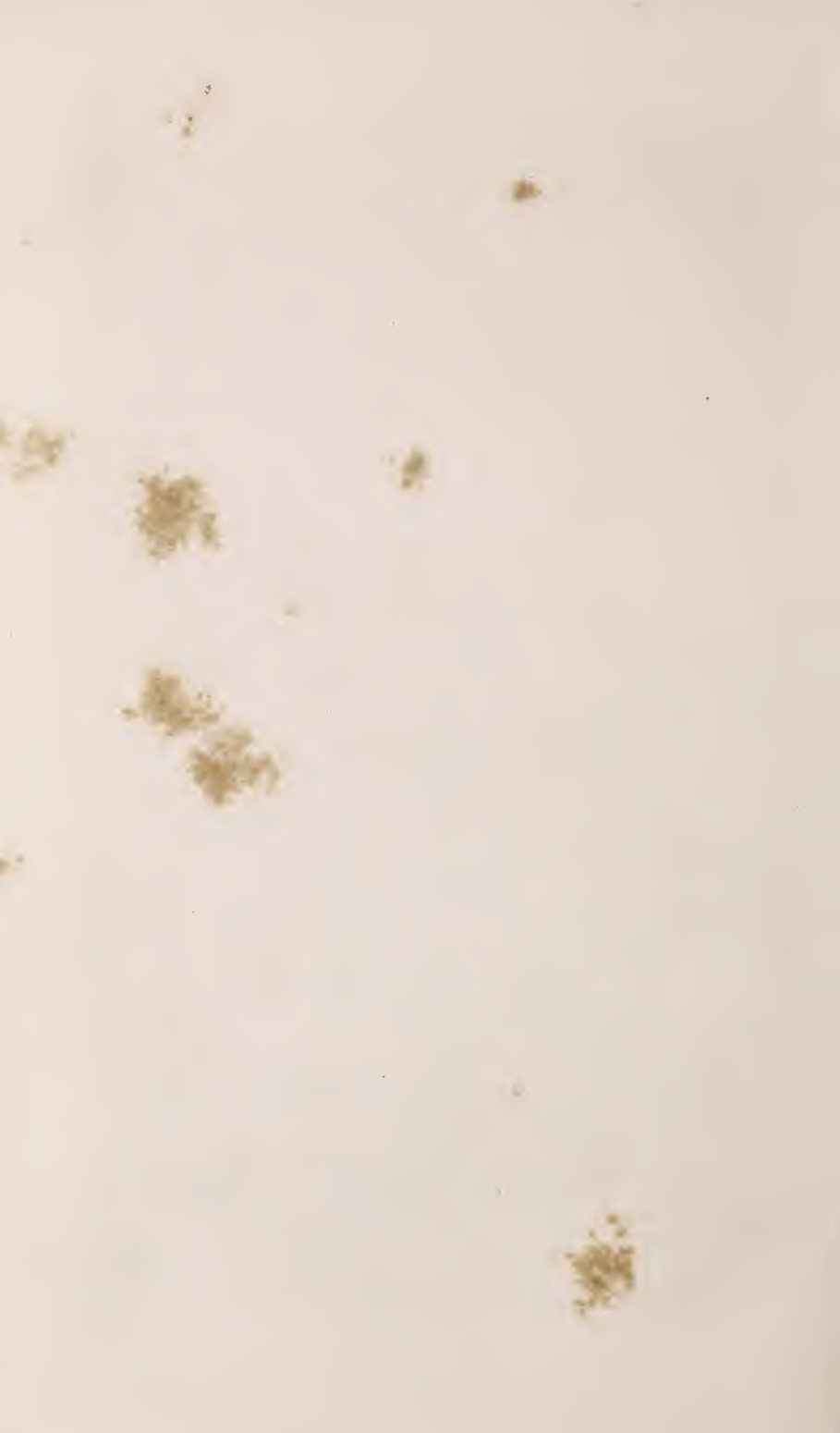
This work, the composition of which is as energetic as the subject is interesting, has been executed in a proportion larger than nature; it is regarded as the *chef-d'œuvre* of Doyen.

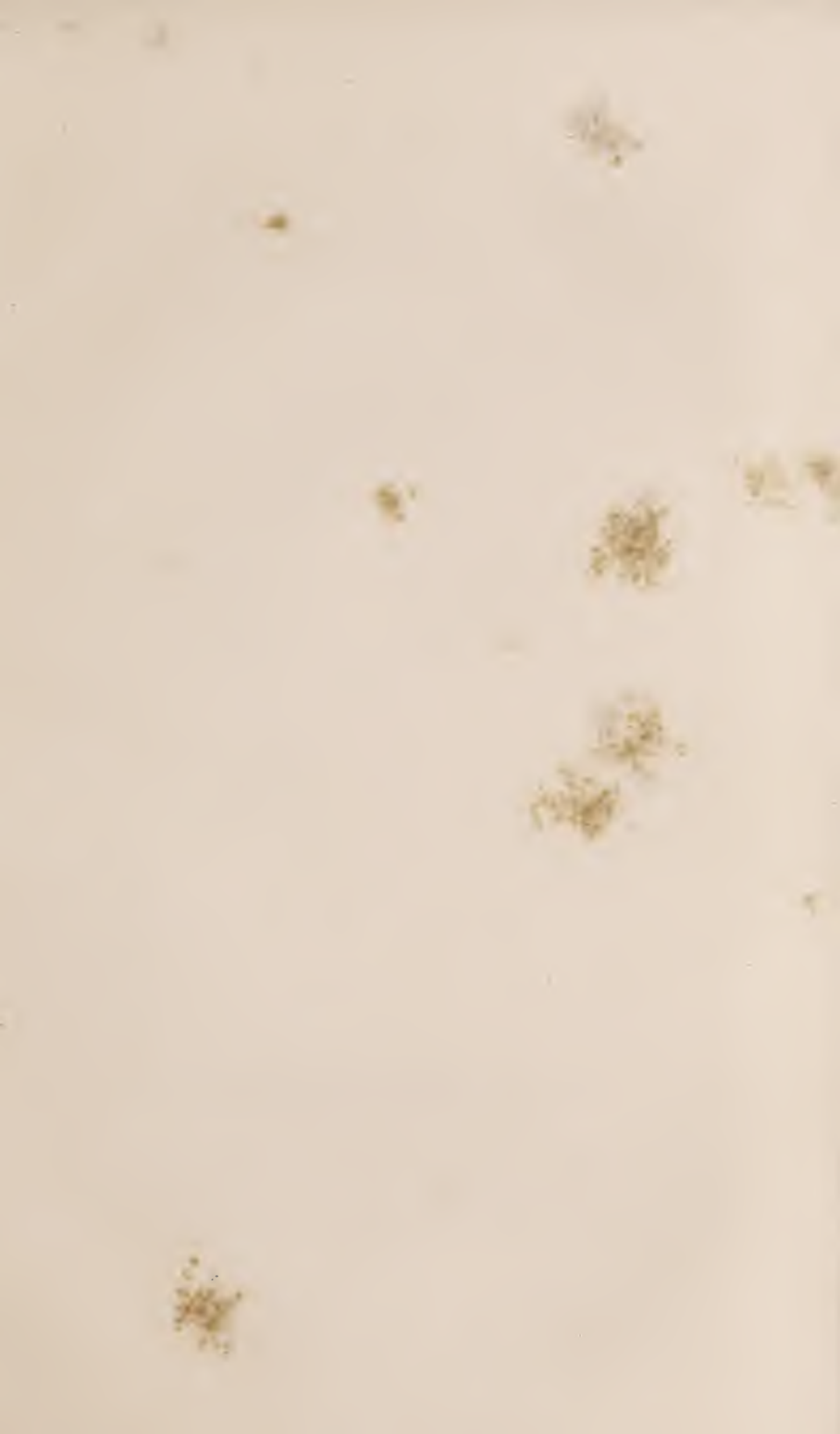


Doyen inv.^e

T.L. Busby sculp.

St. Genevieve







P O P E .

Engraved by George Cooke



P O P E.



THE writings of Pope are, perhaps, a greater accession to English literature than those of any poet, with the exception of Shakspeare and Milton. There are indeed few in the language, of which the annihilation would be a more irreparable loss; and it is generally admitted that the compositions of Pope impart a higher degree of pleasure and rational delight, than those of any of the poets of the age of which he was the ornament.

Alexander Pope was born in London, on the 2nd of May, 1688. His father was of a family of which the Earl of Downe was the head, and his mother was the daughter of William Turner, Esq., of York. Dr. Johnson, however, says, that Pope has been more ready to say what his father was not, than what he was; and that, on inquiry, it had been discovered that his father kept a Linen-Draper's shop in the Strand.

The parents of Pope being both Catholics, he was educated in that communion. From his birth his constitution was tender and delicate, and the weakness of his body was so great, that he is reported to have worn stays. The task of his early education devolved upon an aunt, who taught him to read, and at the age of seven or eight, he evinced a great predilection for books. He learned to write by imitating printed books; and through life he excelled in that species of penmanship. When he was about eight years old, he was placed at Hammersmith, under Mr. Taverner, a Roman Catholic priest, who, by a method peculiar to himself, taught him the Greek and Latin languages at the same time. Under the tuition of this gentleman, he was first initiated in poetry, by perusing Ogilvy's "Homer," and Sandy's "Ovid." Of the latter, he has declared that English poetry owed much to the beauties of his translation,

On his removal from the care of Mr. Taverner, he was sent to Mr. Twyford's, near Winchester, and afterwards to a school at Hyde Park Corner. During his stay at the latter school, he frequently visited the theatre, at which he experienced so much delight, that he formed a kind of play from Ogilvy's "Iliad," adding some verses of his own intermixed. This play he persuaded his school-fellows to act, with the addition of his master's gardener, who performed the part of Ajax.

About the time of the Revolution, his father retired from business, with a

fortune of nearly twenty thousand pounds, to Binfield, in Windsor Forest. As his repugnance to the new government would not allow him to lend his money to the public, he kept it locked up in a chest, and lived on the principal, the greater part of which he consumed during his life time.

When young Pope was about twelve years old, he was called home by his father to Binfield, where he continued to exercise his poetical talents, in which he met with every encouragement from his father, himself proposing a variety of subjects, and bestowing upon him the highest commendation for the superior manner in which he executed his task. The young poet had already chosen Dryden as his model in versification, and he was impressed with such a degree of veneration for his instructor, that he persuaded some friends to take him to a coffee-house, which Dryden frequented, and his delight was strongly expressed in his only obtaining a sight of him; but was never known to him: a misfortune which Pope narrated in these pathetic words, "*Vigilium tantum vidi*," in one of his letters to Mr. Cromwell.

The earliest of Pope's productions is his "Ode to Solitude," which was written before he was twelve years of age; but it cannot be said to equal Cowley's poems, which were written about the same age. His time was now almost wholly occupied in reading and writing; and at fourteen he made a version of the first book of the "Thebais," which he afterwards revised and published. He was also tempted to exercise his talents in giving Chaucer a more modern appearance, and he put his "January and May," and his "Prologue to the Wife of Bath," into modern English. He translated Sappho's "Epistle to Phaon," from the Latin of Ovid.

At a very early period of his life, he composed his "Imitations of the English Poets," and at fourteen, he wrote his poem on "Silence," in imitation of Rochester's "Nothing." He may now be said to have formed his versification, and in smoothness of numbers he surpassed his originals. This, however, is but a small part of the praise which is due to him, for he now discovered such a knowledge of both human and public affairs, that it is not easily conceived how it could have been attained by a boy of fourteen years of age, living in the seclusion of Windsor Forest. Being now desirous of opening to himself fresh sources of knowledge, by making himself acquainted with modern languages, he removed to London, where he applied himself to the study of the French and Italian, in which, however, as he aspired to read them, he consequently soon succeeded. He then returned to Binfield, and to a close attention to his beloved poetry. He tried all styles and many subjects. He wrote a comedy, a tragedy, an epic poem, with panegyrics on all the princes of Europe. When, however his judgment became matured, he destroyed the greater part of his juvenile productions. "Alcander," the epic poem, was burned by the persuasion of Dr. Atterbury. The tragedy was founded on the Legend of St. Genevieve.

What Pope himself observes in his Preface to his works upon his early pieces, is agreeable enough; and shews, that though at first a little intoxicated with the waters of Helicon, he afterwards arrived to great sobriety of thinking.

"I confess," says he, "there was a time when I was in love with myself; and my first productions were the children of self-love upon innocence. I had made an epic poem, and panegyrics on all the princes, and I thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I cannot but regret these delight-

ful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see, when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever."

Pope now continued to devote his time to translation, and the greater part of the day was employed in study. About the age of sixteen, he was introduced to Sir William Trumball, who had been Ambassador at Constantinople; and this interview ended in friendship, and a permanent correspondence. Pope, from his entrance into the world, which was at an early age, was admitted to the utmost familiarity with persons of rank and eminence; and to this may in a great degree be attributed that knowledge of the world which he displayed on every occasion.

At the age of sixteen, he may be regarded as an established author. His "Pastorals," which were begun in 1704, were shewn to the most eminent critics and poets of the time, amongst whom were Wycherly and Walsh. The latter proved a sincere friend to him, and soon discerning that his talent consisted not so much in striking out new thoughts of his own, as in improving those of other men, as well as in an easy versification, he told him, among other wholesome advice, that there was one way left open for him, in which to surpass his predecessors, and that was—correctness, observing, that although we had several eminent poets, not one of them could be considered as correct. Pope profited by the hint, and it is, perhaps to this advice that we are indebted for the distinguishing harmony which characterizes all his writings.

The partiality, however, which Wycherly evinced for Pope, was too strong to last, although Wycherly wrote some verses in his praise, which the critic Dennis charges Pope himself with having been the author of. The esteem of Wycherly for Pope was so great, that he submitted some poems to his revision; and when Pope, proud of such confidence, exceeded, perhaps, what Wycherly thought the proper bounds of criticism, and was too liberal in his alterations, the petulant author was angry to see his pages defaced, and felt more pain from the detection of the errors, than satisfaction at the amendment of them. A coolness took place in consequence between them, but Pope always considered him with kindness, and visited him a short time before he died.

Mr. Cromwell was another of his early acquaintances, and their correspondence afforded the public the first knowledge of his epistolary powers; for his letters being entrusted by Cromwell to a lady, were sent to Carl, the bookseller, and inserted in his Miscellany.

At the age of seventeen, Pope began to frequent Will's Coffee-House, on the north side of Russell Street, Covent Garden, where the wits of that time used to assemble. During this period of his life, he was indefatigably diligent and insatiably curious in all matters of a literary nature. The general state of his health allowed him not to partake of violent pleasures, and his finances excluded him from expensive ones. He read with great avidity, and all his faculties were improving, almost involuntarily.

In the year 1704, he wrote the first part of his "Windsor Forest," though the whole was not published till 1710. In 1708, he wrote his "Essay on Criticism," a work which displays extended comprehension, nicety of distinction, great acquaintance with mankind, and much knowledge, both of ancient and modern learning. Mr. Addison having praised this piece in his "Spectator," Dennis attacked it in a pamphlet, and thus began the hostility between that writer and Pope, which was never wholly appeased.

Dennis, however, was not his only censor, for he also fell under the reprehension of the over zealous Papists, who thought that the monkish clergy had not been treated with proper respect in that work.

About this time, Pope published his "Messiah," in the *Spectator*, having previously submitted it to the perusal of Sir Richard Steele, and corrected in compliance with his criticism. The verses to an "Unfortunate Lady," were also written about this period, but her real name always remained a secret.

It was in 1712, that Pope wrote the "Rape of the Lock," the most airy, ingenious, and delightful of all his compositions, and which was occasioned by a frolic of gallantry, in which Lord Petre cut off a lock of Mrs. Arabella Fermor's hair, an act which occasioned great animosity between the two families, who had hitherto been on terms of the greatest intimacy. Pope was urged by Mr. Caryl, who had been Secretary to King James, and who, had written a comedy called "Sir Solomon Single," to write a ludicrous poem, which might bring both parties to a better temper. It was originally written in two cantos, but soon afterwards the machinery was added, and the "Rape of the Lock" shines conspicuously as an exquisite sample of ludicrous poetry. Pope always considered this intermixture of machinery with the action as his most successful exertion of the poetic art. It was nearly about this time that he published his "Temple of Fame," and his matchless poem of "Abelard and Eloisa," which was written from a desire to attempt a composition like Prior's "Nut-brown maid." In this unrivalled poem, the mixture of religion, hope, and resignation, gives an elevation and a dignity to disappointed love, which can never be bestowed by images merely natural.

Pope's poems which he had hitherto produced, although they had diffused his fame, added little to his fortune. He therefore resolved to try how far the favour of the public would extend, and he issued proposals for publishing a translation of the "Iliad" of Homer, by subscription, to be comprised in six volumes, quarto, at the price of six guineas. His proposals were favourably received, and the patrons of literature were eager to recommend his undertaking, and promote his interest. The popularity of the author raised such a high expectation of the work, that the booksellers were eager to purchase; the highest bidder was Lintot, who gave £200 for each volume, and agreed to supply all the subscription-copies at his own expense.

The magnitude of this undertaking, and the fear of not answering the expectations of the public, gave Pope great uneasiness. However, as his work advanced, his tranquillity of mind returned. The work employed him five years, and, when it was finished, produced him a profit of between five and six thousand pounds, which secured him from want, by enabling him to purchase several considerable annuities.

The original copy of the "Iliad," which was obtained by Lord Bolingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallet, and was, by desire of the late Dr. Maty, deposited in the British Museum.

A rival Translation of the "Iliad," appeared soon afterwards, under the name of Tickler, but which Pope conceived was the work of Addison, and which opinion Dr. Johnson, who was ever ready to calumniate Addison, endeavours to confirm. This publication was the cause of a quarrel between Pope and Addison, who never afterwards behaved to each other but with mere common civility.

Pope, being now in easy circumstances, purchased the house in which he

afterwards resided at Twickenham, and here he planted the vines and quinces mentioned in his verses.

The publication of the "*Iliad*" was completed in 1720, and the success of this work raised him many enemies, the foremost of whom was Dennis, whom he afterwards lashed so severely in his "*Dunciad*." The following year he published some select Poems of his friend Dr. Parnell, with an elegant dedication to the Earl of Oxford, then in retirement; and the same year he published an edition of "*Shakspeare*." Of this edition, however, Pope seems never to have reflected without vexation, for Theobald, in his work entitled "*Shakspeare Restored*," and in his subsequent edition of that author, detected the errors of Pope with all the insolence of victory. This check made him a declared enemy to all editors, collators, and verbal critics. However, Dr. Johnson is of opinion that Pope, notwithstanding his manifest errors, has great merit in his edition, and particularly in his Preface.

His next work was a translation of the "*Odyssey*," which was also undertaken by subscription. Pope, however, translated but twelve books; the remainder were done by Broome and Fenton. His profit on this work was very considerable. Spence, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, published a criticism on this work, written in such a style, that Pope courted his acquaintance, and they ever afterwards lived on terms of the closest intimacy.

In 1727, he joined with Dr. Swift in publishing three volumes of their "*Miscellanies*," in which were inscribed the "*Memoirs of a Parish Clerk*," in ridicule of Bishop Burnet's affected importance, the "*Debate on Black and White Horses*," in prose, and the "*Art of Sinking*," in poetry.

The following year he published his "*Dunciad*" one of the greatest and most elaborate performances, in which he endeavoured to sink into contempt all the writers by whom he had been attacked. He had long borne the insults and injuries of his enemies: but at length, in this work, he made an absolutely universal slaughter of them. Even Cibber, who was afterwards advanced to be the hero of it, could not forbear owning, that nothing was ever more perfect and finished in its kind, than this poem. At the head of his dunces, he placed poor Theobald; and Ralph, for unceasingly interposing in the quarrel, found a place in the second edition. Dennis renewed his enmity to Pope on this fresh attack, and Aaron Hale reduced Pope to the disagreeable necessity of making an apology.

In 1731, he published his poem on "*Taste*," in which, under the name of Timou, the Duke of Chandos was supposed to be ridiculed. The poet was severely lashed for such an attack on an amiable nobleman, and he wrote him an exculpatory letter on the subject.

About this time he published the first part of his *System of Ethics*, under the title of the "*Essay on Man*:" the second and third epistles were published soon afterwards: those, however, appeared without the author's name; but in the fourth Epistle, published in 1734, he avowed the whole, and claimed the honour of a moral poet. The ground-work of these poems was supplied by Lord Bolingbroke, to whom the "*Essay on Man*" is addressed. The high reputation which these poems acquired, soon gave rise to many translations, and also to some very severe criticisms, in which Pope was stigmatized as a profound Deist. In the late Dr. Warburton, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, however, Pope found a most zealous defender; and from that period, Dr. Warburton and Pope lived in the closest habits of intimacy.

It was the intention of Pope that the "Essay on Man" should be succeeded by distinct poems on the different duties and conditions of life; one of these poems is the "Epistle to Lord Bathurst on the Use of Riches." This is the only piece in which the author has given a hint of his religion. A second was inscribed to Lord Cobham, on the "Characters of Men," in which he has endeavoured to establish and exemplify his favourite theory of the ruling passion. To these he soon added his Epistle on the "Character of Women."

In 1743, Pope began to consider himself as approaching to his end. His friends Lord Bolingbroke and Dr. Warburton, and also Lord Marchmont, were almost continually with him, and endeavoured to alleviate his pain. By his Will, which he made towards the close of the same year, Miss Blunt, a lady to whom he was always devoted, was made his heir during her life; he left his papers to the care of Lord Bolingbroke, and failing him, to Lord Marchmont; and to Warburton the property of all his works, on which Dr. Warburton had written or should write commentaries, except those of which the property had been sold. To his noble friends he left his pictures and statues, with some of his favourite books.

In May, 1744, he found his death near at hand. He had all his life long been subject to the head-ache; and that complaint, which he derived from his mother, was now greatly increased by a dropsy in his breast. He expressed the strongest conviction of the truth of the Christian religion, and of the existence of a future state as certain both from reason and revelation. He received the sacrament from a Romish priest, and declared himself to have lived always of the Roman Catholic persuasion. He died the 30th of May, 1744, in the most perfect tranquillity, and was buried at Twickenham, near his father and mother, where a monument has been erected to him by his friend Warburton. A few days before his death, he had entered the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The external appearance of Pope was far from being adequate to the excellence of his mind. The *mens sana in corpore sano*, seems in him to have been reversed; and in the "Guardian," he compares himself to a spider. He appears to have been protuberant both before and behind, and his crooked form gave rise to the smart repartee of the lamp-lighter, who, being asked by Pope if he knew what an interrogation was, replied, "that it was a little crooked thing that asked questions."

His face was animated and intelligent, but the feebleness of his frame made him sickly and impatient. The waterman, who used to lift him into his boat, stated that he wore stays to sustain himself in sitting up. In this boat he had a sedan-chair, in which he sat, with the blinds down, and in that way he would take an airing on the river, or pay a visit to some of the ladies of honour at Hampton Court. His impatience rendered him a troublesome guest in the many families whom he visited. He was perpetually sending the servants on the most frivolous errands, but took care to compensate them for their trouble by pecuniary rewards. In his eating he was both dainty and voracious; and when he had eaten too much, if a dram was offered him, he pretended to be angry, but nevertheless did not fail to drink it. To his feebleness, and the uneasiness and pain resulting from it, may in a great degree be imputed the irritability and fretfulness of his temper, which often led him into little quarrels, that would make him leave the houses of his friends in the most abrupt manner. With Lady Mary Wortley Montague,

whom he frequently met at Lord Oxford's, he was continually quarreling; and her ladyship, it must be confessed, very often designedly put the temper of the poet to the trial. It is said that when he had two guests in his house, that he would only set a single pint of wine on the table; but he sometimes gave the most splendid entertainments, and on those occasions the utmost taste and magnificence were displayed. Of his fortune, which was not very considerable, he was excessively proud, infinitely more so indeed than he was of his wit and genius. In the former, he was surpassed by thousands; in the latter, he was surpassed by none.

Notwithstanding, however, the great frugality of Pope, he possessed great generosity. To the unfortunate Savage he was particularly liberal. He supported several persons who were entering a commercial business, and bestowed considerable sums in charity. He was a faithful and constant friend, and, notwithstanding the little defects of his constitutional temper, was beloved by them during his life, and remembered with the most tender affection after his death.

Of all the writings of Pope, the following letter confers upon him the most honour:—

“Dear Mr. Gay,

Binfield, September 23, 1714.

“Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes, or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future: whether returned a triumphant Whig, or a desponding Tory, all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to share in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times, at your service.—If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people, who endeavoured to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern.—If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine,—as brother poets,—had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man, and an inoffensive one.—Therefore once more, whatever you are, or in whatever state you are,—all hail!”—

Of his intellectual character, the constituent and fundamental principle was good sense, a prompt and intuitive perception of consonance and propriety. He saw immediately, of his own conceptions, what was to be chosen and what to be rejected, and in the works of others what was to be shunned and what was to be copied. His last volumes are all of the moral kind; he has avoided trifles, and “consequently has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Swift’s reputation.” He has given his imagination full scope, and yet has preserved a perpetual guard upon his conduct.

Dr. Johnson, speaking of his precosity, observes more gracefully than truly, that it might be said of Pope as it was of Pindar, that when he lay in his cradle, “the bees swarmed about his mouth.” Had he substituted wasps for bees, the figure would have been rather more accurate. The earliest swarm that is known to have settled on him, produced a piece of scandalous verse on his schoolmaster, for which he was sentenced to a flogging. His hive, instead of being rich in honey, was filled with gall; and it is worthy of note, that the first thing he wrote was a lampoon, and the last thing he uttered was a witticism. A few hours before his death, his physician, out of

a desire, perhaps, to assuage the pain of thinking about death, assured him that his pulse was good, and that there were also other favourable symptoms. "Ah!" exclaimed Pope, "here am I dying of a hundred good symptoms!"

On the whole, the moral qualities of Pope were a compound of good interwoven with bad, of strength with weakness; but when they are carefully separated and examined, and the degree of each ascertained, and the general consequence to society considered, we may plainly perceive that the moral excellencies far exceeded the defects.

Warton's "Essay on the writings and genius of Pope," will be read with pleasure by those who desire to know more of the person, character, and writings of this excellent poet. In the mean time, we may introduce the following account of him by Lord Orrery, in his *Memoirs of the "Life of Swift."*

"If we may judge of him by his works," says this noble author, "his chief aim was to be esteemed a man of virtue. His letters are written in that style; his last volumes are all of the moral kind; he has avoided trifles, and consequently has escaped a rock which has proved very injurious to Dr. Swift's reputation. He has given his imagination full scope, and yet has possessed a perpetual guard upon his conduct. The constitution of his body and mind might really incline him to the habits of caution and reserve. The treatment which he met with afterwards, from an innumerable tribe of adversaries, confirmed his habit; and made him slower than the Dean, in pronouncing his judgment upon persons and things. His prose-writings are little less harmonious than his verse: and his voice, in common conversation, was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southern used to call him "the little nightingale." His manners were delicate, easy, and engaging; and he treated his friends with a politeness that charmed; and a generosity that was much to his honour. Every guest was made happy within his doors; pleasure dwelt under his roof, and elegance presided at his table."

J. M. T.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

(Painted by S. Bourdon.

The subject of this picture will be found in the following verses.

13 "And they brought young children to him, that he might touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them.

14 But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said unto them, suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.

15 Verily, I say unto you, whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of heaven as a little child he shall not enter therein.

16 And he took them up in his arms, put his hands upon them, and blessed them."

Mark, chap. x.

This composition before us displays, in a particular manner, the powers of M. Bourdon; and evinces considerable proficiency in the art, as an historical painter.



Engraved by J. B. G. 1840

*Suffer little Children to come unto me
for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven*







Scutcheon 171

I. V. 171

The Annunciation





Jules Romain pinx.

T.L. Busby sculp.

Nativity of Christ.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

(Painted by H. Gentileschi.)

The angel has one knee on the ground: with her hand she points to heaven in order to attest her mission. In her hand she holds a lily, a symbol of the purity of Mary. The Virgin, standing with downcast eyes, listens with much reverence to the envoy of the Lord. Behind her is a bed, the ornaments of which exhibit the Grecian style of architecture, and perhaps are too fine to accord with historical truth. One window is open, and we behold the Holy Ghost placed in the centre of a luminous glory, the rays of which reflect upon Mary.

This picture, from the hand of a painter but little known, is worthy of particular attention. If the design be not perfectly correct, it is not wanting in elegance. The expression of the Virgin is true and well imagined. The chiar-oscuro gives the work a very fine effect. The colours display a strength and harmony suitable to the style of history. The mantle of the Virgin is blue, and her robe red. The upper drapery of the Angel varies in appearance according to the point of light; the tunic is yellow. The execution of the picture is laboured and bold. It was removed from the gallery at Turin.

Horace Gentileschi, the painter of this picture, is not so well known as his merits demand. He was born at Pisa, in 1563. He worked some time at Rome with his friend Augustine Tassi, from whence he repaired to England. He died in London, it is said, in the year 1646.

THE NATIVITY.

(Painted by Julio Romana.)

This picture holds a distinguished rank among the compositions of this celebrated artist. The attitude of the Virgin is full of simplicity and dignity; and the head of Joseph boldly delineated. An apparent curiosity, mixed with respect, is forcibly expressed in the attitude of the Shepherds. The infant Jesus has the smile of innocence upon his lips; but his expression appertains more to an infant of two or three years old, than to that of one newly born. The artist has probably committed this error in order to shew the divine origin of the babe. In the back ground of the picture, the Angel is seen in the presence of the Shepherds, to whom he announces the miraculous birth of the Messiah.

So far every thing is worthy of admiration in this composition. But although the two figures represented by the artist on foot at the two corners of the picture, are very fine, may they not be considered as misplaced? One is the holy Evangelist, St. John; the other, St. Longinus. How the beloved disciple of Christ could assist at the nativity of his master, under the figure of a man of the age of twenty-five, is unaccountable. It is equally improbable, that the Soldier, who pierced our Saviour with his lance, when on the cross, should appear at this circumstance.

These two anachronisms are too palpable to admit that so skilful a painter as Julio Romano could have voluntarily fallen into them. We are, therefore, inclined to lament, that he, like other great masters, was compelled to place in his picture such saints as the first possessor of the work enjoined him to

represent. Exclusive of this, the costume given by Romano to St. Longinus, is reprehensible; it being far too rich for a common soldier.

There will be found in the "Nativity" all that vigour, correctness, and dignity, so conspicuous in the works of Romano. The colouring is bold: but the shades somewhat too dark.

This picture, painted on wood, and of the natural size, decorated originally the chapel of Isabella Boschetta, in the Church of St. Anthony of Mantua. It passed afterwards into the palace of the Duke, and was purchased by Charles I. At the public sale of the collection of that unfortunate prince, it was estimated at five hundred pounds sterling. The celebrated amateur, Jabach, then became the purchaser. The picture was afterwards sold to the King of France.

THE MARTYRDOM OF ST. GEORGE.

(Painted by Paul Veronese,)

There are very few particulars to be collected relative to St. George; the circumstance of his martyrdom has furnished the subject of this composition.

St. George, upon his knees, is represented in the picture as insensible to the exhortations of the high priest of Apollo, who solicits him to renounce christianity, and to worship his false divinities. An executioner, sword in hand, appears to wait with impatience the moment in which he is required to fulfil his ministry. A colleague places the saint, who makes no resistance, in a position for receiving his punishment. Several warriors, companions in arms of St. George, amongst whom two knights are distinguished, behold with astonishment the resignation of the martyr, to whom an angel presents a crown and a branch of palm. In the heavens the Virgin and the infant Jesus are visible, witnessing the courage of St. George; near them are St. Peter and St. Paul. Faith, Hope, and Charity, distinguished by their attributes, recommend the holy warrior to divine protection and assistance. Groups of angels and of cherubim form a concert, vocal and instrumental.

This picture, the figures of which are of the first proportion, ornamented the principal altar of the church dedicated to St. George, at Verona. The figure of the saint is dignified and correct; and, in point of drawing, that of the chief executioner highly characterized; and the superior groups are remarkable for the grace and variety of their attitudes. The general execution is admirable; it is neither laboured nor overcharged; every thing seems to be accomplished at the first touch, with a richness of tones, a force of sentiment, which are only to be looked for in the works of Paul Veronese. This master is eminently distinguished for simplicity of colouring. It is, however, to be remarked, as a defect in this beautiful performance, that considerable confusion prevails in the lower part of this composition, and that some part of it appears not sufficiently studied.

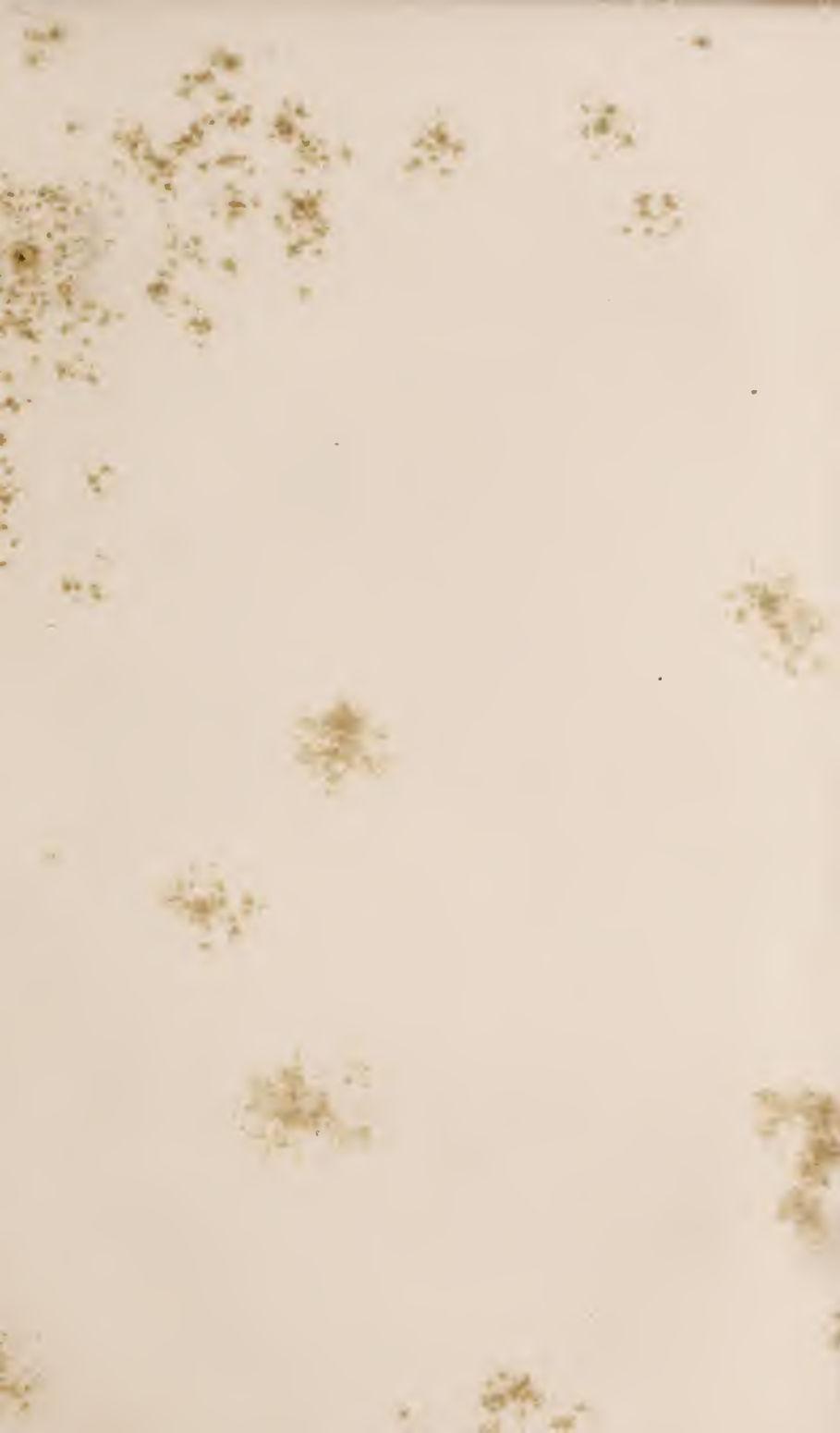


Paul J. ...

...

The Descent of Christ







A. CARRACCI.

Engraved by George Cooke



ANNIBAL CARACCI.



ANNIBAL is the most celebrated of the Caracci, but, in speaking of him, it would be unjust not to communicate the portion of glory due to Lodovico and Agostino, and the principal traits of their history, which are naturally connected with Annibal.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, painting had begun to degenerate; an overcharged manner, bad taste, and false systems, having made the most destructive progress. The principles of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael, were disregarded, and nothing existed in favour of these great masters, but a sterile admiration. Caravaggio and Josepin were on the point of effecting the ruin of the art, when there arose, from an obscure family at Bologna, three men, who were destined to restore painting to all its former celebrity and magnificence, and, in a particular manner, to conduct their contemporaries into that path which they at the time appeared to have for ever abandoned.

Lodovico Caracci, who was born in the year 1555, is the first of the three that made himself known. His father was a butcher, but contrived, nevertheless, to give his son an excellent education. The young man followed his taste for the fine arts; was for some time upon his travels, and, after having studied the works of Julio Romano, Parmigiano, Correggio, and the Venetian painters, he formed his style from their different manners, to perfect that which he had acquired from his first master, Prospero Fontana. On his return to Bologna, he discovered, in his two cousins, Agostino and Annibal, the most favourable dispositions for painting. They were the sons of a tailor, who, delighted with the penetration of the former, destined him for the study of the Belles Lettres. Agostino, whose mind was as fickle as vivacious, devoted himself alternately, or rather, at the same moment, to poetry, music, dancing, and the mathematics; but a very prominent inclination led him particularly towards engraving and painting. The great attention of Lodovico, and the view of the *chef d'œuvres* of Parma and Venice, where he resided, in the end determined his taste for these two arts.

Annibal, born in the year 1560, was two years younger than his brother. This great man, who, by eclipsing the reputation of Lodovico and Agostino, became the first painter of his age, actually followed his father's profession. He at first betrayed no desire of advancement, although he felt within himself certain sensations that excited him to aspire to something above his condition. This being perceived by his father, he placed him with a goldsmith, and in order to render him skilful in his trade, desired Lodovico to

give him a few lessons in drawing. This fortunate circumstance decided his fate, for no sooner had he taken the pencil in his hand, than his cousin foresaw his future celebrity. Lodovico, who was only ambitious of glory in his art, and who entertained no fears of making a rival, was so delighted with the talent that he discovered in his relation, that he took him into his house, supplied all his wants, and, by his lessons and example, placed him very shortly in a condition of assisting him in his occupations. Not satisfied with these services, he furnished him with the means of travelling; but he had a double motive in removing Annibal from Bologna, where Agostino had lately arrived. These two brothers, though strongly attached to each other, were never able to live in harmony together;—their minds, naturally irritable, took fire upon the smallest pretext, which Lodovico found much difficulty in pacifying, notwithstanding his prudence, and the ascendancy he had over them. Annibal then quitted Bologna, and from that moment he may be said to have placed himself at the head of the Caracci, and of their school. The pictures of Correggio revealed to him, at first, all those secrets which Lodovico was not able to penetrate, and he beheld what it was necessary for him to perform in order to attain perfection. At Venice, where he formed an intimacy with Paul Veronese, and Tintoretto, he found fresh opportunities of improving himself, and we may readily believe that he suffered none to escape, having, as he used to say, made painting “his only mistress.” Unfortunately, he was not capable of proceeding to Rome, where the sight of Raphael’s works, and of the antique statues, would doubtless have given more correctness to his drawing, although that he ultimately attained.

Laden with the fruit of his meditations, he returned to Bologna, to be near his cousin and his brother. The mind of Lodovico was too generous not to acknowledge the superiority which his former disciple had acquired, and, in his turn, he took lessons of his relation Annibal. Agostino, on the contrary, unwilling to sink in reputation, devoted himself entirely to engraving for a considerable time. Annibal and Lodovico produced, after their new manner, productions eminent for good taste, vigorous design, and admirable composition; and no less remarkable for dignity than for truth. This induced the Bolognese painters to decry their best works; and Lodovico mistrusted his judgment. Annibal, however, certain of his powers, persisted in his ideas, and dissipated all his cousin’s apprehensions. They were, at first, compelled to dispose of their pictures gratuitously, but the amateurs, in the end, began to appreciate all their beauties; and ignorance and envy were completely silenced. It was then that the celebrated academy of the Caracci was established; and formed the glory of Bologna. The name of its founders, particularly that of Annibal, attracted a considerable number of young artists, thirsting for information and success. Lodovico directed the whole by his wisdom and advice; Agostino taught perspective, and directed his attention to other branches of the art; while Annibal furnished examples, and communicated to his pupils the fruit of his profound reflections. In this manner painting was preserved from the ruin with which it was threatened. In a few years, this school produced several admirable painters, such as Domenchino, Guido, Albano, Guercino, Lanfranco, Spada, &c. The glory of having brought forward such scholars was sufficient to excite jealousy, and it was discovered that Francisco Caracci, the younger brother of Annibal and Agostino, attempted to overthrow the establishment; but,

happily, he failed in his object, and died at an early age, before he had established his reputation.

Annibal, however, notwithstanding his various occupations at Bologna, retained a strong desire to visit Rome, where he flattered himself there was much to acquire; to accomplish which a fortunate occasion presented itself. Cardinal Farnese was desirous of painting the gallery of his palace at Rome, and the Duke of Parma, his brother, persuaded Annibal to take upon himself the execution of this extensive work. He set out with a certain number of skilful pupils, and undertook this laborious task without due regard to the price that might be set upon his labours. To supply the necessary poetical information, he had recourse to Agucchi, a man of considerable learning, and his intimate friend; but literary acquirements, and the services of his scholars, were subordinate to the science and genius of Annibal. Upon this magnificent gallery he was employed more than eight years, which produced this remark of Poussin, that "Annibal is the only painter that has existed since Raphael:—in this work he not only surpassed all the preceding painters, but even surpassed himself." Annibal, with that modesty often attendant on real talents, was still desirous of the counsel of Lodovico, who, to prevent his abandoning his great undertaking, was compelled to go from Bologna to Rome. After encouraging him by his applause, to proceed in his stupendous work, Lodovico returned to his native country, where he long lived, beloved and admired until his death, which happened in 1619, leaving behind him an almost equal degree of reputation with his brother Annibal. Agostino went also to Rome to see his brother (for, from some perverseness in their natures, they could neither live amicably together, nor long apart), and assisted him materially in his performance, until Taccone, a pupil of Annibal, who was in his confidence, fomented between them fresh causes of disagreement, so as to render it necessary for the Cardinal Farnese to effect their separation. He sent Agostino to Parma, but grief at this removal, had taken such possession of his mind, which not even his numerous avocations were capable of solacing, that, joined to other afflictions, it threw him into a state of melancholy, which occasioned his death in the year 1602. Had he devoted himself to painting with greater application, he might have surpassed his brother Annibal, who, it is surmised, was jealous of his powers. Be this as it may, Annibal truly regretted the loss of Agostino, erected a rich mausoleum to his memory, and undertook the education of his natural son. This youth, who was named Antonio, and distinguished by the appellation of *Il Gobbo*, under the tuition of his uncle, manifested a lively and promising genius, and gave such evident tokens of an enlarged capacity, that the shortness of his life has been exceedingly regretted.

Annibal having finished his vast enterprize with infinite success, experienced the most flagrant injustice in the recompense of his labours. He was offered a salary so pitiful and inadequate for such an assemblage of *chef-d'œuvres*, that, notwithstanding his disinterestedness, which was extreme, he conceived the most lively indignation. He made no complaint, but his affliction at such illiberality was not the less rooted and violent. Renouncing, as it were, an art which appeared to subject those to contempt who exercised it, he no longer took up his pencil but with repugnance, and many a time was urged to break it through mortification. The journey to Naples, which he undertook, could not allay the progress of dejection that overwhelmed his mind, and which increased upon his return to Rome. To dissipate his

chrgrin, he plunged himself into certain imprudencies—a fatal malady was the result—and he fell a victim to the ignorance of his physicians, in 1609, in his forty-ninth year. Experiencing, unhappily for the arts, the fate of Raphael. He desired to be buried near his remains, not, as he said, that he conceived himself by his talents worthy of such a sepulture, but solely on account of the high veneration in which he held that distinguished ornament of his profession. At his funeral, persons of the highest quality in Rome assisted, and his pupils testified the deepest regret. Thus died Annibal Caracci, who, to very brilliant talents, united great goodness of heart. He was modest and tender in his disposition, of a lively sensibility, an enemy to ostentation, enthusiastically attached to his art; and combined, with all these qualities, a sprightly fancy, and an informed mind. His reply to Josepin is well known; and meeting one day his brother Agostino, in a public walk, surrounded by many persons of rank, he sent him a portrait of his father, whom he represented threading a needle with a pair of spectacles across his nose.

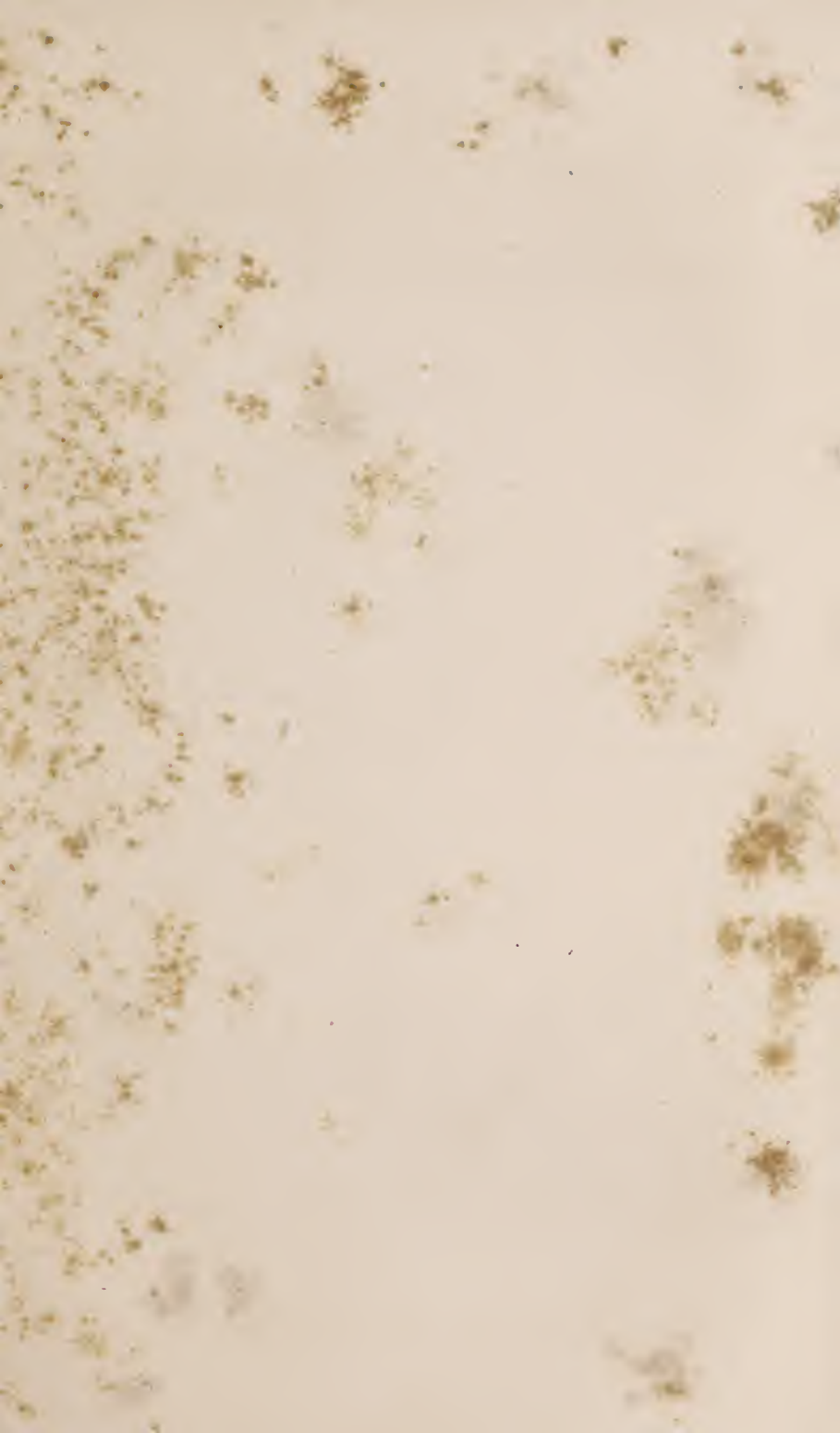
Distinguished by grandeur of style, purity of design, by the vigour and facility of his pencil, and sometimes by truth of colouring, Annibal Caracci, though not a perfect painter, was, without doubt, an artist who by having constantly in view the union of ideal beauty and of nature, has trodden in the certain path to glory. This is confirmed by the many excellent scholars he produced, in which respect he proved himself superior to Raphael.

As it may not be displeasing to the general reader to learn the comparative excellencies of the Caracci, in the judgment of those who are the best able to appreciate their talents; we shall subjoin the following observations of Mr. Fuseli, on the merits of these distinguished painters.

“Lodovico Caracci, far from subscribing to a master’s dictates, or implicit imitation of former styles, was the sworn pupil of nature. To a modest, but dignified, design, to a simplicity eminently fitted for those subjects of religious gravity which his taste preferred, he joined that solemnity of hue—that sober twilight—that air of cloistered meditation, which has been so often recommended as the proper tone of historic colour. Too often content to rear the humble graces of his subject, he seldom courted elegance, but always when he did, with enviable success. Even now, though they are nearly in a state of evanescence, the “Three Nymphs” in the Garden Scene of St. Michele del Bosco, seem moulded by the hand, and inspired by the breath, of Love. But Lodovico sometimes indulged, and succeeded, in tones austere, unmixed, and hardy: such is the “Flagellation of Christ” in the church of St. John the Baptist, of which the tremendous depths of flesh tints contrast with the stern blue of the wide extended sky, and less conveys than dashes its terrors on the astonished sense.

“Agostino Caracci, with a singular modesty which prompted him rather to propagate the fame of others by his graver, than by steady exertion to rely on his own power for perpetuity of fame, combined, with some learning, a cultivated taste, correctness, and, sometimes, elegance of form, and a Corregiesque colour, especially in fresco. His most celebrated work, in oil, is the “Communion of St. Jerome,” formerly at the Certosa, now with its rival picture on the same subject, by Domenichino, among the spoils of the Louvre.

“Annibal Caracci, superior to his cousin and his brother, in point of execution and academic prowess, was inferior to either in taste and sensibility





Engraving by J. H. Stuber

John the Baptist

and judgment. Of this, the best proof that can be adduced, is his master-work, that on which rests his fame, the "Farnese Gallery;" a work, whose uniform vigour of execution nothing can equal but its imbecility and incongruity of expression. The artist may admire the splendour, the exuberance, the concentration of powers, displayed by Annibal Caracci; but the man of sense must lament their misapplication in the Farnese Gallery."

ST. JOHN BAPTISING ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER JORDAN.

(Painted by Poussin.)

In the year 29, of Jesus Christ, St. John began to preach repentance on the banks of the river Jordan, and baptized all who came thither. The picture represents him surrounded by numerous Neophytes, of every age and sex, who hastened from all parts to receive baptism.

The painter has given, to this fine composition, an air of gravity, and that mute solemnity suited to the subject. The attitudes are simple and natural—the figures grouped without affectation. A sentiment of candour and resignation seems to animate the new disciples of the precursor of the Messiah.

More attentive to the general effect of the picture, and the expression of its personages, than to the delicacy of its details, the latter have been even neglected:—they are however executed upon a grand scale, and the style of the landscape is exceedingly good.

This picture, painted upon canvass, is about two feet eleven inches high, by three feet eleven inches wide. It was painted by Poussin, for the Chevalier del Pozzo, who was then greatly distinguished at the court of Rome, not only by his influence with the Cardinal Barberino, but still more so by his literary acquirements, his love for the fine arts, and his zeal to promote the interests of men of talents. Poussin was one of those whom he most benefited. He employed all his means to bring him into notice, and to obtain for him engagements of the most important kind.

In gratitude for these good offices, and in testimony of his affection for his protector, Poussin was always ready to undertake whatever would afford him pleasure; and to execute for him in preference to any other person, the pictures he desired, upon which he bestowed particular care. This is remarkable in the pictures of the Seven Sacraments, treated with so much dignity and expression, that M. de Chatelou was solicitous of having a similar set.

Although the picture of St. John baptizing in the Desert was painted for the Chevalier del Pozzo, it forms no part of the Seven Sacraments, done expressly by Poussin for that amateur. At his death it passed into the cabinet of M. Le Notre, and from thence into the collection of Louis XVI.



ANNE BOLEYN.



It has been often said, by those who delight in assigning trifling causes to the greatest events, that the reformation which separated those kingdoms from the communion of Rome, and spread so wide a schism in the religious opinions of mankind, was principally, if not altogether, occasioned by the love of Henry VIII. for this celebrated woman. Voltaire, whose light and often ludicrous style would be alone sufficient to discredit many parts of his general history, were it not already well known that he wrote with too much rapidity to be always certain of his facts, has asserted, that England owes its deliverance from popish thralldom to an unexpected opposition to the king's desires, and that this mighty change, which could not be brought about by a slavery of five hundred years, nor by the continual murmurs of the people against the "St. Peter's Pence," reserves, provisions, annats, collections, sale of indulgencies, and other exactions of the church, was at length effected by the interested virtue of Boleyn. He has heedlessly numbered her among the mistresses of Henry; and with, singular inconsistency, afterwards declares, that his passion being further irritated by her resistance, he was compelled to make her his wife. But it has been already hinted, that his scruples respecting the legality of his former marriage, had preceded his acquaintance with Anne; or, at least, any design upon her person. And it is observable, of that strange and capricious tyrant, that he rarely indulged in promiscuous amours, but always palliated the inconstancy of his disposition, by the respectable sanction of matrimony. It would have been happy, perhaps, for his first wives, if he had allowed himself a greater latitude in this respect—and instead of making them suffer for his own caprice, had sought, among the willing beauties of the court, an occasional relief to his domestic disgust and jealousies.

Anne Boleyn, the second wife of Henry VIII., was born in the year 1507. She was the daughter of Sir Thomas Boleyn, afterwards Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, by Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk. She was thus allied to all the principal nobility of the kingdom, and might,



QUEEN ELIZABETH

Engraved by George Cooke



possibly, through her mother, claim a remote descent even from the crown itself. But her father, though employed by the king on several embassies, does not appear to have been opulent. At the age of seven she was carried over to France, with Mary, the sister of Henry, who was married to Louis XII. When, upon the death of Louis, the Queen-Dowager returned to England, Anne remained attached to the court of France, being many years in the service of Claude, the Queen of Francis I; and afterwards passed into the family of the Duchess of Alençon, his sister, a woman of singular merit. Her beauty and accomplishments, from her earliest years, were admired in the gay and splendid court of Francis. Many of the French writers, and the amusing Brantôme among the rest, have mangled her fair fame in the most outrageous manner. Not content with consigning her to the arms of Francis himself, they represent her as the common wanton of his courtiers; and seem pleased that a woman, whose morals were thus decried, should have been permitted to share, and disgrace, the throne of England. But accusations so general as these, and for the veracity of which not the slightest proof has been adduced, have been disregarded, by English historians, as unworthy of refutation. The exact time when she returned to England is not certainly known, but it was, probably, in 1527, and she was soon after appointed maid of honour to the queen. The Lord Percy, eldest son of the Earl of Northumberland, and notwithstanding his high rank, a domestic of Wolsey, paid his addresses to her. Her consent to a marriage with him may prove that her design upon the heart of the king was not so early formed as has been supposed; and that she, at that time, little thought of aspiring to the honours of royalty. But this union was opposed by the cardinal, for some private reasons which have not been satisfactorily explained.

That a woman, educated in all the elegant accomplishments of the French court, should have excited peculiar admiration in the court of Henry, where the manners still retained all the grossness of the age, cannot be wondered at; and that, thus endowed, she should have attracted the notice of the king, may be considered equally natural. Henry's scruples had made him break off all conjugal commerce with his queen, but as he still maintained an intercourse of civility and friendship with her, he had occasion, in the frequent visits which he paid her, to observe the youth, the beauty, and the charms, of Anne Boleyn. Finding the accomplishments of her mind not inferior to her personal graces, he entertained the design of raising her to the throne, and was, perhaps, the more confirmed in this resolution, when he discovered that her virtue and modesty prevented any hope of gratifying his passion in any other manner. But this resolution was, for some time, concealed, and the king awaited, with as much serenity as the extreme ardour and impatience of his temper would permit, the dilatory proceedings of the court of Rome. He contented himself with some general effusions of gallantry, of which the following song, said to been composed when he "conceited love" of her, and set to music, by Bird, may serve as a specimen,

The eagle's force subdues eache byrde that flies,
 What mortal can resyste the flamying fyre :
 Dothe not the sunne dazzle the clearest eyes,
 And melt the ice, and make the frost retyre ?
 Who can wythstand a puissant Kynge's desire ?
 The hardest stones are pierced thro' with tools—
 The wysest are with princes made but fools !

If we admit him to be the author of these lines, it may be considered as not among the least singularities in the incomprehensible character of Henry, that he was, perhaps, not the most contemptible poet of his time, and possessed a soul susceptible of the charms of music.* His letters to Boleyn have been preserved, and are now in the Public Library of Paris. They are much superior, both for style and sentiment, to his miserable polemical productions. The hand-writing is strong and clear, and might be easily deciphered, but for the numerous abbreviations. How the French became possessed of these letters is an historical fact which was not explained to the writer of this memoir, when he visited that celebrated literary establishment; but it may be presumed that they found their way to France upon the death of Charles I., when his papers and libraries were sold and dispersed.

When the cause itself was evoked to Rome for the decision of the church, and the ingenuity of Cranmer had secured to the king the means of obtaining his divorce, in defiance of the people's authority, he determined to stand all consequences, and give a loose to his new attachment. In September, 1532, he created Boleyn Marchioness of Pembroke, that he might raise her by degrees to the elevation he designed for her; and on the 25th of January following, he privately celebrated his marriage. Rowland Lea, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, officiated at the ceremony, in the presence of the Duke of Norfolk, uncle to the new queen, her father, mother, and brother. The early pregnancy of Anne, while it added to the satisfaction of the king, was considered, by the people, as a strong proof of her former modesty and virtue. It also, necessarily, accelerated the measures of Henry, who, in order to evince his disregard to the pope, publicly avowed his marriage; and, to remove all doubts of its legality, he prepared measures for declaring, by a formal sentence, the invalidity of his former marriage with Katharine—a declaration which ought naturally to have preceded his union with Anne. Cranmer accordingly pronounced the sentence which annulled the former marriage, as unlawful and invalid, and ratified the nuptials of Boleyn,—who was, on the 1st of June, publicly crowned Queen, with all the pomp and solemnity which corresponded with the magnificence of Henry's temper. To complete his satisfaction on the conclusion of this intricate and vexatious affair, the queen was safely delivered, on the 7th of September, of a daughter, who received the name of Elizabeth, and who afterwards swayed the sceptre with so much renown and felicity. He was so much delighted with the birth of this child, that he soon after conferred on her the title of Princess of Wales; a step somewhat irregular, as she could only be presumptive, not apparent heir to the crown. His regard for his new queen appeared rather to increase than to diminish by his marriage, and all men expected to see the entire ascendant of one who had thus mounted a throne, from which her birth had seemed to exclude her; and who, by a proper mixture of severity and indulgence, had managed so untractable a spirit as that of Henry. In order to efface, as much as possible, all marks of his former marriage,

* He was skilled in music, could sing his part, and used to compose services for his chapel.—*Vide English Worthies*, page 12. A service composed by him is still performed in some cathedrals. In the British Museum is preserved, a missal, which belonged to Henry VIII, after his breach with the church of Rome;—in the Kalendar he has blotted out all the saints that had been Popes.

There is a song, said to have been written by Anne Boleyn, in Sir John Hawkin's History of Music.

Lord Mountjoy was sent to the unfortunate and divorced Katharine, to inform her that she was thenceforth to be treated only as Princess Dowager of Wales; and all means were employed to make her acquiesce in that determination.

The queen soon became extremely popular with the nation, and she was universally admired and beloved for the sweetness of her temper, and a spirit of munificence that uniformly characterized her. In the last nine months of her life, she is supposed to have bestowed not less than £14,000 in charitable donations; besides engaging in several noble and public designs. Her partiality to the new religion also contributed greatly to this popularity among the reformers, who ascribed the rapid increase of their followers to her influence with the king; but it exposed her to the resentment and enmity of a still powerful and bigotted party, who lamented her triumph over the weaker party of Katherine, and eagerly watched every indiscretion that could lead to her destruction. But it is probable that all their efforts would have been unavailing, if she had not been fated to experience the decay of the king's affection, and the usual caprice of his temper. The love which had subsisted and increased under so many difficulties, had no sooner obtained secure possession of its object, when it languished from satiety, and Henry's heart was apparently estranged from his consort. The enemies of Anne soon perceived the fatal change, and they hastened to widen the breach, when, from the king's indifference, they found they incurred no danger by interposing in such delicate concerns. She had been delivered of a dead son, and Henry's extreme fondness for male issue being thus disappointed, his violent temper, and the superstitious turn of his mind, which made him conclude that his second marriage was as displeasing to God as the first, determined him to make the innocent mother answerable for the misfortune. He was still more inflamed by the jealous suspicions which the enemies of the queen took care to instil into his mind.

Anne, though she appears to have been entirely innocent, and strictly virtuous in her conduct, yet possessed a certain gaiety, if not levity of conduct, that frequently betrayed her into acts of imprudence; which, though in themselves nothing, were highly dangerous in her critical situation. That freedom of manner which she imported from France, was considered as evidence of a dissolute life, and was certainly incompatible with the strict, and sometimes gloomy ceremonial, which prevailed in the court of Henry. Less haughty than vain, she was pleased with the general admiration which her beauty excited; and too frequently indulged herself in familiar conversation with persons who were formerly her equals, and who, perhaps, might sometimes forget the awful distance which afterwards separated them. The dignity of the king was hurt by these popular manners, and though their novelty, and the grace with which they were accompanied, had pleased and dazzled the observation of the lover, they could not, when indiscriminately directed, escape the discernment and disapprobation of the husband. The most malignant interpretations were given to the harmless liberties of the queen—the most odious insinuations were daily poured into the king's ear—particularly by the Viscountess Rochford, whose profligate character, though the wife of the queen's brother, had occasioned a breach between the two sisters-in-law. In revenge, she and her emissaries poisoned every action of the queen, and represented every instance of favour which she conferred, as a mark of affection. They indirectly accused her of a criminal correspondence with several gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and even with her own brother!—

so lost was the infamous Rochford to shame, so regardless was she of decency, truth, and humanity, that she could willingly sacrifice her own husband, provided the innocent object of her hatred and enmity also suffered with him. The king believed all, because he wished to be convinced:—His love was transferred to another object. The charms of Jane Seymour, maid of honour to the queen, had completely captivated him; and as he appears to have had little idea of other connection than that of marriage, he now thought of nothing but the means of raising her to his bed and throne. We have already noticed this peculiarity in his disposition, proceeding either from indolence, or an aversion to gallantry, which involved him in crimes of a blacker dye than those he sought to avoid. Before he could marry Jane, it was necessary that he should get rid of his once beloved Anne, now, unfortunately for her, become an obstacle in the way of his felicity.

The first open indication of the king's jealousy, and of her own destruction, appeared in a tilting match at Greenwich, where the accidental circumstance of dropping her handkerchief was interpreted, by Henry, into a concerted signal for one of her lovers. He retired, frowning and displeased;—sent her word to confine herself within her apartment, and gave orders for immediately arresting the Lord Rochford, her brother, Norris, Weston-Brereton, and Smeton, upon whom his suspicions principally fell. The next day the unfortunate queen was sent to the Tower. Astonished and confounded by so sudden a reverse of fortune, her innocent mind could not suggest to her a single incident in which she had seriously offended her cruel husband; but when she began to reflect upon his obdurate and unforgiving temper, it is said, that she immediately prepared herself for the fate which, she was convinced, awaited her. When informed of the crimes laid to her charge, she made the most earnest protestations of her innocence. Upon entering her prison, she fell on her knees, and prayed to God so to help her, as she was unconscious of the sins imputed to her; and sank into hysterical convulsions, which lasted a considerable time. When she recovered, in her eagerness to acquit herself of serious guilt, she acknowledged some expressions of familiarity and gaiety, which her good humour and careless levity had betrayed her into, in various conversations with her attendants.—Norris, Weston, and Smeton, were observed to be much in her favour, and they served her with a zeal and attachment, which, though chiefly derived from gratitude and respect, might, not improbably, be mixed with tender admiration of so amiable a woman. The innocent tendency of these confessions, and the artless sincerity with which she made them, deserved, and should have obtained, implicit credit; but by the barbarous jealousy and eager impatience of the king, they were considered as certain evidences of more serious and substantial guilt.

The queen and her brother were tried by a jury of peers;—her uncle, the pliant and ambitious Norfolk, presiding as high steward. The evidence of the horrible accusation of incest amounted to no more than this,—that the Lord Rochford had been observed to lean on her bed before some company. Another charge was, that she had affirmed the king had never possessed her heart; and had declared to each of her supposed paramours, that she loved him better than Henry, “which was to the slander of the issue begotten between the king and her.” By this strained interpretation, her guilt was brought within the meaning of the Act of Parliament, which declared it criminal to throw any slander upon the king, queen, or their issue. By such

palpable absurdities was this innocent queen sacrificed to the cruel violence of Henry. She defended herself with dignity and presence of mind; and no doubt of her innocence remained with the unprejudiced spectators.—But sentence of death was passed upon her, and her brother and she was condemned to be burned, or beheaded at the king's pleasure. When she heard the dreadful annunciation of the fate which awaited her, she was more surprised than terrified, and, lifting up her hands to heaven, exclaimed, "O Father! O Creator! thou who art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this fate!" and turning to her judges, continued to make the most earnest protestations of her innocence.

She then prepared to suffer the death to which she was sentenced, and if any argument were necessary to convince us of her innocence, her serenity and even cheerfulness while under confinement, ought undoubtedly to have their weight, as they are, perhaps, unexampled in a woman, and could not well be the associates of guilt. "Never prince," says she, in a letter to Henry, "had a wife more loyal in all duty and affection, than you have found in Anne Boleyn, with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace had been so pleased; neither did I, at any time, so far forget myself in my exaltation and received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as I now find; for the ground of my preferment being on no other foundation than your grace's fancy, the least alteration, I knew, was fit and sufficient to draw that fancy to some other object." In another letter to the king, she says, "You have raised me from a private gentlewoman to a Marchioness—from a Marchioness to a Queen;—and since you can exalt me no higher in this world, you are resolved to send me to heaven that I may become a saint!" She renewed her protestations of innocence, and recommended her infant daughter to the king. Before the Lieutenant of the Tower, and all who approached her, she made the like declaration, and continued to behave herself with calmness, and even vivacity. "The executioner, I hear, is very expert," said she, to the lieutenant, "and my neck is very slender," grasping it with her hands, and smiling. The fear of involving her innocent offspring in a similar fate, made her, on the scaffold, soften the expression of that indignation she could not avoid feeling: She said, she was come to die according to her sentence—prayed for the king—called him a just and merciful prince—and added, that if any one should think proper to canvass her cause, she desired him to judge the best. She was beheaded on the 19th of May, 1536, by the executioner of Calais, who was sent for, as more expert than any in England. Her body was carelessly thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, and buried in the Tower. Her brother, and the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, were also the victims of the king's suspicions, or rather were sacrificed to hallow his nuptials with Jane Seymour.

On the innocence of the unfortunate Boleyn, it is impossible to hesitate a moment. Henry, in the violence of his rage, knew not whom to accuse as her lover. The whole tenor of her conduct forbids us to ascribe to her that licentiousness of manners, with which she was charged. His impatience to gratify a new passion, made him lay aside all regard to decency, and his cruel heart was not softened by the bloody catastrophe of a woman, who had so long been the object of his most tender affections,



KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.



HIS, the most unfortunate, and perhaps the most innocent of Henry's wives, was the fourth daughter of Ferdinand, King of Arragon, and of Isabella, in her own right, Queen of Castille and Leon; so celebrated under the names of Ferdinand and Isabella, catholic sovereigns of Spain. Many circumstances had concurred to unite Henry VII. of England in a strict alliance with Ferdinand, whose vigorous policy, always attended with success, had rendered him the most considerable monarch in Europe. There was a remarkable similarity of character between the two kings; both were full of craft, and intrigue, and design; and though a resemblance of this nature be in general of a slender foundation for confidence and friendship, such was the distant situations of Henry and Ferdinand, and so little did they clash in politics, that no jealousy had, on any occasion, ever subsisted between them. The King of England was anxious to complete a marriage which had been seven years in agitation between Arthur, his eldest son, and the Infanta Katharine; and the union took place when the Prince of Wales was in his sixteenth, and the Princess in her eighteenth year. The portion given with Katharine, was two hundred thousand ducats—the greatest that had been given for many ages with any princess, and her jointure was the third part of the principality of Wales, the dukedom of Cornwall, and of the earldom of Chester; and in case she should live to be Queen of England, her jointure was left indefinite:—but it was agreed that it should be as great as that of any former queen. But the marriage proved, in the issue, unprosperous. The young prince, a few months after, sickened and died, much regretted by the nation. Henry VII. desirous of continuing



Q. CATELLA ARAGON

Engraved by George Cooke



his alliance with Spain, and extremely unwilling to restore Katharine's dowry, obliged his second son, Henry, whom he created Prince of Wales, to contract himself to the widow of his brother. The pope's dispensation was considered sufficient to remove all objections,—and to obviate the murmurs of the people, who might dislike a marriage in itself so disputable, a dispensation was obtained on the 26th of December, 1503, taking notice, “that in the petition, lately presented to the pope, by Henry and Katharine, it had been declared, that her former marriage with Arthur, Prince of Wales, had, perhaps, been consummated.” This was, at the time so seriously believed, that Henry was not called Prince of Wales till some considerable time after his brother's death; nor was he created Prince, till every suspicion of her pregnancy had subsided.* He, himself, made every opposition that could be expected from a youth of twelve years of age; but as the king persisted in his resolution, their second nuptials were at length effected; an event, which was afterwards attended with the most important consequences.

It is not a little remarkable that the king, whose policy or avarice strenuously urged him to insist on so unnatural a match, afterwards gave evident proofs of his intention to take a proper opportunity of annulling the contract. Whether internally convinced of the impropriety of the union, or influenced by the honest opinion of Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, he ordered the young prince, as soon as he came of age, to enter a protestation against the marriage. On his death-bed, he further charged him, as his last injunction, not to finish an alliance so unusual, and exposed to such insuperable objections.

But when Henry VIII. himself ascended the throne, and this most important affair was submitted to his council, he adopted a line of conduct more favourable to Katharine. Notwithstanding the continued opposition of Warham and others, he was either influenced by a majority of his advisers, or the meek and virtuous character of the princess had impressed him with sentiments, which, if not amounting to love, appeared sufficiently strong to render his union with her happy and durable. He was, therefore, in the beginning of June, 1509, six weeks after he came to the crown, again publicly married to her, and they were crowned together on the 24th of the same month. Three children, two sons who died soon after their birth, and one daughter, Mary, afterwards Queen of England, were the fruits of this inauspicious union. Yet, during a period of twenty years, the conduct of the king does not appear to have been attended with any remarkable degree of harshness, or even of coolness, to Katharine; and, till he became enamoured of the superior beauty, and more sprightly character of Anne Boleyn, he betrayed neither repentance, nor dislike to the step he had taken. His violent passions and imperious temper were apparently softened and subdued, by the unoffending simplicity, and placid dignity, of his queen. His youth and dissipation prevented him, for a long time, from entertaining any scru-

* It must be recollected that Arthur was not yet sixteen, but this will not be considered a sufficient reason for presuming that the marriage was not consummated. The depositions of his attendants would appear to set the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. One of them deposed, that during the night, the prince called for drink, declaring, “that he was thirsty, for he had been in Spain, which was a hot country.” It was even supposed, that his death was occasioned by his early marriage. Against these facts, if true, we have only the solemn denial of Katharine.

ples with regard to his marriage; though some incidents occurred sufficiently strong to rouse his attention, and inform him of the sentiments generally expressed on the subject. The proposal of affiancing his daughter with Charles of Austria, was opposed by some reflections thrown on the supposed illegitimacy of the young princess, and the same objection was revived, when a similar offer was made of betrothing her to a prince of the blood-royal of France. Though these remarks at first made little impression on the mind of Henry, they contributed at length, with other causes, to increase his remorse, and render his conscience more scrupulous.

The queen was older than the king by no less than six years; and, in the lapse of time, the decay of her beauty, together with some particular infirmities, concurred, notwithstanding her blameless character, to render her person unpleasing to him. The premature death of such of her children as survived their birth, and her frequent miscarriages, had excited some gloomy reflections, and he was the more struck with this misfortune, as the curse of being childless is the very threatening contained in the Mosaic law, against those who espoused their brother's widow. The succession of the crown was another important consideration, and it naturally occurred to every one, when the legality of Henry's marriage was called in question. The dread of civil wars, arising from a disputed title, made the people universally desirous of any event which might obviate so irreparable a calamity: and the king was thus impelled, both by his private passions, and by considerations, of public interest, to seek the dissolution of his inauspicious, and as he now esteemed it, unlawful marriage, with Katharine. He asserted, that his scruples arose entirely from private reflection. Himself a casuist and divine, he examined the question with, what he imagined to be, impartial attention, and thought he had discovered in his favourite author, Thomas Aquinas, a passage that precisely involved his own case, and as decidedly condemned it. Armed with this, and other authorities, he opened himself to his confidential ministers, and receiving from them opinions favourable to his design, he despatched a secretary to Rome, to solicit a divorce. It is well known, however, and we need not enlarge upon it in this place, that Henry was swayed, though not, perhaps, first excited, by a motive still more powerful, and that his growing love for Anne Boleyn greatly accelerated, if it was not the principal inducement to, this measure. It would lead us too far to detail the proceedings of this extraordinary divorce, which so long occupied the attention of England and of Europe. It will be sufficient to state, that Clement VII., after the most tedious delay, which the impatience and irascibility of the king, perhaps, increased,—and many struggles between his desire of obliging Henry, and his dread of offending the emperor, the powerful nephew of Katharine, at length granted a commission to Campeggio and Wolsey, to inquire into the circumstances of the case.

The conduct of the queen, upon this trying occasion, was dignified and interesting; and forcibly recommends her to our pity and esteem. Though naturally of a mild and placid disposition, she could, when it was necessary, be firm and resolute. She was engaged, by every motive, to persevere in protesting against the injustice to which she saw herself exposed. The imputation of incest which was cast upon her marriage with Henry, struck her with the highest indignation;—the illegitimacy of her daughter, which followed as a necessary consequence, gave her the most lively concern;—the reluctance of yielding to a rival, who, she believed, had supplanted her in

the king's affections, was also a very natural motive. Actuated by these considerations, she never ceased soliciting her nephew's assistance, and earnestly entreated an appeal of her cause to Rome, where alone, she thought she could expect justice. She refused to acknowledge the right of any court to try the validity of her marriage, which was partly composed of the king's subjects:—when, therefore, the two legates opened their commission in London, and cited the king and queen to appear before them, they both presented themselves, and the king answered to his name when called; but the queen, instead of answering to her's, rose from her seat, and throwing herself at the king's feet, addressed him in a pathetic speech, which was rendered still more affecting by her virtue, her dignity, and her misfortunes. She told him, “that she was a stranger in his dominions, without protection, without council, without assistance—exposed to all the injustice which her enemies were pleased to inflict upon her;—that she had quitted her native country without other resource than her connection with him and his family, and had expected that, instead of suffering thence any violence or iniquity, she was insured in them of a safeguard against every misfortune:—that she had been his wife during twenty years, and would appeal to himself whether her affectionate submission to his will had not merited better treatment than to be thus, after so long a time, thrown from him with so much indignity;—that she was conscious, he himself was assured, that her virgin honour was not yet unstained; and that her connection with his brother had been carried no further than the ceremony of marriage: that their parents, the Kings of England and Spain, were accounted the wisest princes of their time, and had undoubtedly acted by the best advice, when they formed the agreement for that marriage, which was now represented as criminal and unnatural; and that she acquiesced in their judgment, and would not submit her cause to be tried by a court whose dependance on her enemies was too visible even to allow her any hope of obtaining from them an equitable or impartial decision.” Having thus addressed the king, she made him a profound reverence, departed from the court, and would never again appear in it. Henry himself acknowledged, when she was gone, that she had ever been a dutiful and affectionate wife, and that the whole tenour of her behaviour had been strictly conformable to the laws of honour and probity.

Had the completion of this extraordinary divorce depended on the court of Rome, it certainly never would have taken place. Campeggio, the legate, obstructed its progress in every stage, and left the kingdom, at last, without pronouncing any sentence, referring the parties to the ultimate decision of the pope. But Henry determined to cut the Gordian knot, by appealing to the principal Universities, and, having received from them all judgments favourable to his cause, he in defiance to the pope, and of his own authority on the 23rd of May, 1533, commanded Cranmer to pronounce the definitive sentence, which abrogated his former marriage, and legalized his union with Anne Boleyn.

The unfortunate and deserted Katharine had retired to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, where, while the divorce was yet pending, the king continued to treat her with respect and distinction; and endeavoured by every persuasion, to engage her consent to their disunion; but she continued inflexible in maintaining the validity of her marriage, and would admit no person to her presence who did not approach her with the accustomed ceremo-

nial. Henry, forgetful of his wonted generosity to her, employed *menaces* against such of her servants who complied with her commands in that particular, but could never make her relinquish her title and pretensions. A jointure was assigned her only as Princess-Dowager. She died at Kimbolton, in Huntingdonshire, on the 6th of January, 1636. A short time before she expired, she wrote a very tender letter to the king, in which she calls him "her most dear Lord, King, and Husband; and concludes with these words—"I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things." The obdurate heart of Henry was softened by this last tender proof of her affection, and he wept as he perused her dying expressions, but the rival queen is said to have enjoyed this completion of her triumph, beyond what decency or humanity allowed.

Katharine was a devout and pious princess; and latterly led a severe and mortified life. She worked much with her hands, and kept her women always employed about her. When the two legates announced their commission, she appeared before them with a skein of silk round her neck. She was buried in the cathedral church of Peterborough.

BONAPARTE CROSSING THE ALPS.

(After a Picture by David.)

Bonaparte, mounted on a beautiful charger, is observed rapidly ascending the summit of St. Bernard, surrounded by precipices and ice. He indicates by his hand the intricate route which his troops are to take. At various distances soldiers are seen excavating the snow that continually cover the mountains.

In pourtraying this intrepid march across the Alps, which opened the campaign of 1800 in Italy, and terminated fatally for the interests of Europe, by the battle of Marengo, M. David has had the talent to exhibit a composition entirely historical, by the delineation of the portrait of the personage, through whose perseverance the passage was achieved.

In investigating the beauties or defects of the picture, the great names of Hannibal and Charlemagne involuntarily present themselves to the imagination, and so associate with the exploits of Bonaparte, as to render the recapitulation of historical facts unnecessary. The idea of the artist is highly ingenious.

The figure, viewed with a painter's eye, and divested of prejudice, carries with it a degree of heroism; and is attired with such propriety, as to prove, when unfolded by a master, the effect which may be produced by the French costume. In short, without being the eulogist of M. David, or influenced by the extraordinary military talents of the hero of his picture, the essential parts of the art, such as correctness of design, delicacy of touch, and richness of colouring, are so united in this composition, as to render it worthy the notice of posterity.



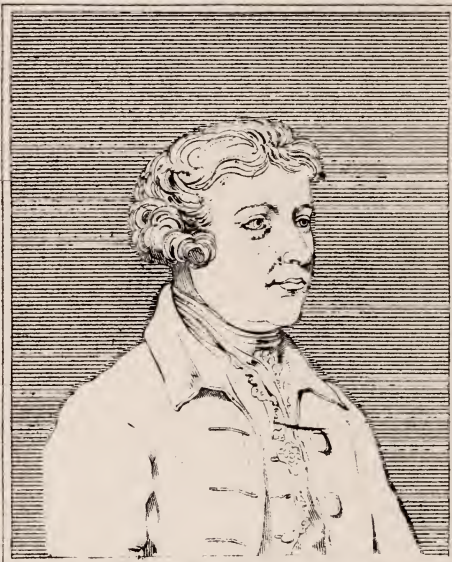
Painted by David

Engraved by George Cooke.

Bonaparte crossing the Alps.







BURKE

Engraved by

R. Sands



EDMUND BURKE.



IOGRAPHERS are not agreed as to the birth-place of this distinguished statesman. Some say he was born in the city of Dublin: others, in a little town in the County of Cork; but all are agreed in the date, January the 1st, 1730. His father was an attorney of considerable practice, who had married into the ancient and respectable family of the Nagles, and besides the results of his practice, possessed a small estate of £150, or £200 a year. Edmund, the subject of our memoir, was his second son, and at a very early age, was sent to Balytore school; a seminary in the North of Ireland, well known for having furnished the bar and the pulpit of Ireland with many eminent men. At this school, young Burke soon distinguished himself by an ardent attachment to study, a prompt command of words, and a good taste. He very early, from his good memory, became distinguished as—what was called—the best *capper* of verses in the school; but as this phrase is not so generally known in England as in Ireland, it may be necessary to explain it:—What is called capping of verses is repeating any one line out of the classics, and following it up by another, beginning with the same letter with which the former line ended: for instance

*Æquam memento rebus in arduis
Servare mentem, non secus in bonis.*

This was carried on, in the way of literary contest, between two boys which begat an emulation for reading above the ordinary line of duty, and at the same time called out and strengthened the powers of memory. Burke not only took the lead in this, but in all general exercises. He was considered as the first Greek and Latin scholar; to these he added the study of poetry and belles-lettres; and, before he left the school, produced a play in three acts, founded on some incidents in the early part of the “History of England,” of which little is now remembered, unless that Alfred formed the principal characters, and that this part contained many sublime sentiments on liberty.

Before he left Balytore School, his elder brother died, which determined his father to send Edmund to the University. He was accordingly entered of Trinity College Dublin, where some say he pursued his studies with the same unceasing application as at school, while Goldsmith and others, his contemporaries, assure us, that he displayed no particular eminence in the performance of his exercises. We are told, however, that he applied him

self with sufficient diligence to those branches of mathematical and physical science which are most subservient to the purpose of life: and though he neglected the syllogistic logic of Aristotle, he cultivated the method of induction pointed out by Bacon. Pneumatology likewise, and ethics, occupied a considerable portion of his attention; and whilst attending to the acquisition of knowledge, he did not neglect the means of communicating it. He studied rhetoric, and the art of composition, as well as logic, physics, history, and moral philosophy; and, according to one of his biographers, had at an early part of his life planned a confutation of the metaphysical theories of Berkley and Hume. For such a task as this, Dr. Gleig,—in the well written life of Burke inserted in the Supplement to the “*Encyclopedia Britannica*,”—doubts whether nature intended him. Though the ever active mind of Burke’s ideas seem to have flowed with two great a rapidity to permit him to give that patient attention to minute distinctions, without which it is vain to attempt a computation of the subtleties of Berkley and Hume.

In 1749, we find Burke employed in a way more suitable to his talents, and more indicative of his future pursuits. At that period Mr. Lucas, afterwards Dr. Lucas, a political apothecary, wrote a number of papers against government, and acquired by them as great popularity in Dublin, as Wilkes afterwards obtained by his *North-Briton* in London. Burke, although young, perceived, almost intuitively, the pernicious tendency of Lucas’s effusions, and resolved to counteract it, which he did by writing several essays in the style of Lucas, imitating it so exactly, as to deceive the public, and pursuing his principles to consequences necessarily resulting from them, which demonstrated their absurdity. This was the first instance of that imitative skill which he afterwards displayed in a mimicry of Bolingbroke; and it has been observed, that his first literary effort, like his last, was calculated to guard his country against anarchical innovations.

As there was little prospect of a settlement adequate to his talents in Dublin, he left it for London, about 1753, where he entered himself as a student in the Middle Temple, and where he is said to have studied, as in every other situation, with unremitting diligence. Many of his habits and conversations were long remembered at the Grecian Coffee-house, then the great rendezvous of the students of the Middle Temple,—and they were such as were highly creditable to his morals and his talents. He became a frequent contributor to periodical publications. His first one is said to have been a poem, which did not succeed. There is no certain information, however, concerning these early productions, unless that he found it necessary to apply with so much assiduity as to injure his health. A dangerous illness ensued, and he resorted for medical advice to Dr. Nugent, a physician whose skill in his profession was equalled only by the benevolence of his heart. This benevolent friend, considering that the noise and various disturbances incidental to chambers, must retard the recovery of his patient, furnished him with apartments in his own house, where the attention of every member of the family contributed more than medicine to the recovery of his health. It was during this period that the amiable manners of Miss Nugent, the doctor’s daughter, made a deep impression on the heart of Burke, and as she could not be insensible to such merit as his, they felt for each other a mutual attachment, and were married soon after his recovery. With this lady he appears to have enjoyed uninterrupted felicity. He often

declared to his intimate friends, "That, in all the anxious moments of his public life, every care vanished when he entered his own house."

Mr. Burke's first known publication, although not immediately known, was his very happy imitation of Bolingbroke, entitled, "A Vindication of Natural Society," in 1756, 8vo. To assume the style and character of such a writer, who had passed through all the gradations of official knowledge for near half a century, a fine scholar, a most ready speaker, and one of the best writers of his time, was, perhaps, one of the boldest attempts ever undertaken, especially by a young man, a stranger to the manners, habits, and connections of the literati of this country, who could have no near view of the great character he imitated, and whose time of life would not permit of these long and gradual experiments by which excellence of any kind is to be obtained. Burke, however, was not without success in his great object, which was to expose the dangerous tendency of Lord Bolingbroke's philosophy. When this publication first appeared, almost every body received it as the posthumous work of Lord Bolingbroke, and it was praised up to the standard of his best writings. "The critics knew the turn of his periods; his style; his phrases; and above all, the matchless dexterity of his metaphysical pen: and amongst these, nobody distinguished himself more than the veteran of the stage, Charles Macklin; who, with the pamphlet in his hand, used frequently to exclaim, at the Grecian Coffee-house,—where he gave a kind of literary law to the young Templars at that time,—"Oh! Sir, this must be Henry Bolingbroke: I knew him by his cloven foot." The public critics at length discovered the imitation. We are told, that Lord Chesterfield and Bishop Warburton were *at first* deceived. This proves the exactness of the imitation; a more attentive perusal discovered the writer's real intention.

The next production of Burke's pen was, "A Philosophical Enquiry into the origin of our ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," in 1756, 8vo., which soon engaged all readers who had the least pretensions to taste or science. Beside possessing novelty of opinion in many particulars, this book attracted by its style and ingenuity of reasoning: every body read it; and even those who could not assent to many of the general principles, concurred in praising the author for talents of a very extraordinary kind. A criticism on it, ascribed to Johnson, but really written by Mr. Murphy, concludes in the following manner: "Upon the whole, though we think the author of this piece mistaken in many of his fundamental principles, and also in his deductions from them, yet we must say, we have read his book with pleasure. He has certainly employed much thinking: there are many ingenious and elegant remarks, which, though they do not enforce or improve his first position, yet, considering them detached from his system, they are new and just. And we cannot dismiss this article without recommending a perusal of the book to all our readers, as we think they will be recompensed by a great deal of sentiment, perspicuous, elegant, and harmonious style, in many passages both "sublime and beautiful!"

Some time after this, Burke, who had devoted much of his time to the study of history and politics, proposed to Mr. Dodsley, the plan of an "Annual Register," of the civil, political, and literary transactions of the times; and the proposal being acceded to, the work was begun, and carried on for many years, either by Burke himself, or under his immediate inspection, and was uncommonly successful.

The celebrity of such works soon made him known to the literati; amongst whom were George Lord Lyttleton, the Right Honourable William Gerald Hamilton, Dr. Markham, Archbishop of York, Dr. Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and many other eminent characters, who were proud to patronize a young man of such good private character, and such very distinguished talents. It was in consequence of these connections that we soon after find Burke in the suite of the Earl of Halifax, appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, October 1761. Here, by his talents, as well as by his convivial and agreeable manners, he made himself not only useful at the castle, but renewed and formed several valuable acquaintances.

Before he left Ireland he had a pension settled on him, on that establishment, of £300 per annum, which was obtained through the interest of the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton, the Official Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant. Report said at the same time, that Burke had obliged Mr. Hamilton in turn, by writing that celebrated speech for him, which,—as he had never afterwards spoken another of such consequence, procured him through life the name of “Single speech Hamilton.” The connection, however, between these gentlemen did not last very long; for a few years afterwards, on some political contest, Mr. Hamilton telling Burke, as coarsely as it was unfounded, “that he took him from a garret,” the latter very spiritedly replied, “Then, Sir, by your own confession, it was I that *descended* to know you.”—He at the same time flung up his pension; and a coolness ever after subsisted between them.

Burke's fame as a writer was now established; and what added another wreath to his character were some pamphlets written before the peace of 1763. These introduced him to the acquaintance of Mr. Fitzherbert, father of Lord St. Helens; a gentleman who esteemed and protected men of letters; and who possessed, with a considerable share of elegant knowledge, talents for conversation which were very rarely equalled. Through the medium of Mr. Fitzherbert, and owing to some political Essays in the “Public Advertiser,” he became acquainted with the Marquis of Rockingham, and Lord Verney. Soon after his acquaintance with the former nobleman, a circumstance took place which gave this nobleman an opportunity to draw forth Burke's talents. The administration formed in 1763, under the Honourable George Grenville, becoming unpopular, from various causes, his majesty, through the recommendation of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland, appointed a new ministry, of which the Duke of Grafton and General Conway were Secretaries of State, and the Marquis of Rockingham first Lord of the Treasury. In this arrangement, which took place in 1765, Burke was appointed private secretary to the Marquis, and soon after, through the interest of Lord Verney, was returned one of the representatives in parliament for the Borough of Wendover in Buckinghamshire. On this, he prepared himself for becoming a public man, by studying still more closely than he had yet done, history, poetry, and philosophy; and by storing his mind with facts, images, reasonings, and sentiments. He paid great attention likewise to parliamentary usages; and was at much pains to become acquainted with old records, patents, and precedents, so as to render himself complete master of the business of office. That he might communicate without embarrassment the knowledge which he had thus acquired, he frequented, with many other men of eminence, the Robin Hood Society; and, thus prepared, he delivered in the ensuing session his maiden speech

which excited the admiration of the house, and drew very high praise from Mr. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham. The proceedings of the administration with which Burke was connected, belong to history; and it may be sufficient here to notice, that the principal object which engaged their attention, was the Stamp-act, which had excited great discontent in America. Mr. Grenville and his party, under whose auspices this act was passed, were for enforcing it by coercive measures; and Mr. Pitt and his followers denied that the parliament of Great Britain had a right to tax the Americans. By Burke's advice, it is said, the Marquis of Rockingham adopted a middle course, repealing the act to gratify the Americans, and passing a law declaratory of the right of Great Britain to legislate for America in taxation, as in every other case. Such a measure argued little wisdom, the repeal and the declaratory act being inconsistent with each other. The ministry were therefore considered as unfit to guide the helm of the great empire, and were obliged to give way to a new arrangement, formed under the auspices of Mr. Pitt, then Earl of Chatham. This change created a considerable deal of political commotion; and the public papers and pamphlets of the day turned their satire against the newly-created Earl of Chatham: they charged him with weakening and dividing an interest which the public wished to be supported; and lending his great name and authority to persons who were supposed to be of a party which had been long held to be obnoxious to the Whig interest of the country. Though these charges were afterwards fully refuted by the subsequent conduct of the noble earl, the late ministry were entitled to their share of praise, not only for being very active in promoting the general interests of the state by several popular acts and resolutions, but by their uncommon disinterestedness; as they shewed, upon quitting their places, that they retired without a place, pension, or reversion, secured to themselves or their friends. This was a stroke which the private fortune of Burke could ill bear; but he had the honour of being a member of a virtuous administration; he had the opportunity of opening his great political talents to the public; and, above all, of shewing to a number of illustrious friends,—and in particular the Marquis of Rockingham—his many private virtues and amiable qualities, joined to a reach of mind scarcely equalled by any of his contemporaries.

In July 1766, Burke, finding himself disengaged from political business, visited Ireland after an absence of many years; and he renewed many of those pleasing friendships and connections which engaged the attention of his younger days. He returned to England towards the close of the year; and, finding a strong opposition formed against the Duke of Grafton, who was sapping the spirit and force of those resolutions passed under the late administration, he threw himself into the foremost ranks, and there soon showed what a formidable adversary he was likely to be. The opinion which Burke had of the Grafton administration, is thus humorously described by himself. After paying many merited eulogiums on the character of Lord Chatham, he claims the freedom of history to speak of the administration he formed, and thus proceeds:—"He made an administration so chequered and so speckled; he put together a piece of joining so crossly indented and whimsically dove-tailed; a cabinet so variously inlaid; such a piece of diversified Mosaic; such a tessellated pavement without cement; here a bit of black stone, and there a bit of white; patriots and courtiers; king's friends and republicans; whigs and tories; treacherous friends and open enemies;—and that it was

indeed a very curious show, but utterly unsafe to touch, and unsure to stand upon. The colleagues, whom he had assorted at the same boards, stared at each other, and were obliged to ask, 'Sir, your name?—Sir, you have the advantage of me—Mr. such-a-one—Sir, I beg a thousand pardons.'—I venture to say, it did so happen that persons had a single office divided between them who had never spoken to each other in their lives, until they found themselves, they knew not how, pigging together, heads and points, in the same truckle-bed."

An administration, of which he had this opinion, was not likely to proceed uncensured; particularly when his favourite Repealing-act "began to be in as bad an odour in the house as the Stamp-act had the session before." Other revenue acts following this, called out the force and variety of his talents; and the house began to perceive, that to whatever side this young statesman threw in his weight, it must add consideration and respect to his party.

The session of 1768 opened with a perturbed prospect. The distresses occasioned by the high price of provisions, the restraining act relative to the East India company, the *nullum tempus* bill, and other matters, afforded great room for discussion, in which Burke took a part, which not only shewed the powers of his eloquence, but the great resources of his information. He was soon considered as the head of the Rockingham party in the House of Commons; and his great assiduity in preparing business for discussion, joined to his powers of speaking and writing, fully qualified him for this character. In his speeches there was something for every mind to be gratified with, which has often been exemplified even by those who disliked his general politics.

The parliament being dissolved in 1768, Burke was re-elected for Wendover. The opposition to the Duke of Grafton's administration consisted of two parties, that of the Marquis of Rockingham, and that of Mr. Grenville, but these two parties had nothing in common except their dislike of the ministry. This appeared very strikingly in a pamphlet written by Mr. Grenville, entitled, "The present state of the Nation," which was answered by Burke in "Observations on the present state of the Nation." One of the first subjects which occupied the attention of the new parliament, was the expulsion of Wilkes for various libels, and the question, whether, after being so expelled, he was eligible to sit in the same parliament. Burke, on this occasion, endeavoured to prove, that nothing but an act of the legislature can disqualify any person from sitting in parliament who is legally chosen, by a majority of electors, to fill a vacant seat. All that followed, was the expulsion of Wilkes during the present parliament, without argument or enquiry, in order to gratify those constituents who soon after rejected Wilkes with unanimous contempt.

The proceedings on this question gave rise to the celebrated letters of Junius, which appeared in the Public Advertiser, and had been preceded by many other anti-ministerial letters, by the same writer, under other signatures. They were at that time, and have often since been attributed to Burke; in a conversation with Dr. Johnson, he however, spontaneously denied them, which, as the Doctor very properly remarks, is more decisive proof than if he had denied them as being asked the question. About this time Burke published "Thoughts on the public Discontents," a pamphlet from which they who wish to establish "a consistent whole" in Burke's conduct, divine some of their proofs.

In 1770, the Duke of Grafton, unable to resist the opposition within and without doors, resigned, and was succeeded by Lord North, whose measures Burke uniformly opposed, particularly on the great question agitated, and measures adopted with regard to America. So determined was he in his opposition to that minister, as to ridicule the proposition for a repeal of the obnoxious laws of the preceding administration, retaining only the duty on tea, as a mark of authority of parliament over the colonies. The most brilliant of his speeches were made in the course of this disastrous war, during which, although the attempt has been made, we are totally at a loss to reconcile his principles with what he adopted on a subsequent occasion. It must not be omitted, that his opposition to government continued after all Europe had leagued against Great Britain, a conduct consistent enough with the character of a partizan, but which has little in it of true independent patriotism.

Much of Burke's ardour in the course of this long political warfare has been thus accounted for by his old friend Gerard Hamilton. "Whatever opinion Burke, for any motive, supports, so ductile is his imagination, that he soon conceives it to be right." Burke's judgment, had he given it full play, would have rendered him an oracle, to whom all parties would have been glad to appeal; but his political attachments were unfortunately strong while they lasted, and not unmixed with ambition, which frequently brought the independence of his character into suspicion. No opinion was ever more just than that of his friend Goldsmith, that Burke "gave up to party, what was meant for mankind."

In 1772 he took a trip to France, and while he remained in that country his literary and political eminence made him courted by all the anti-monarchical and infidel philosophers of the time. That he saw in the religious scepticism and political theories of Voltaire, Helvetius, Rousseau, and D'Alembert, even at that period, the probable overthrow of religion and government, is not surprising, for these consequences were foreseen, about the same time, by a man of less discernment, and of no religion, the late Horace Walpole, Lord Orford. About this time he supported a motion for the relief of Dissenters, and in the course of his speech called the toleration which they enjoyed by connivance, "a temporary relaxation of slavery," a sort of liberty "not calculated for the meridian of England."

In 1774, a dissolution of parliament took place, and Burke was returned one of the members for Malton; when, just as he was sitting down to dinner with his constituents, after the election, an express arrived from Bristol,—consisting of a deputation of some merchants,—informing him, that a considerable body of the citizens of Bristol, wishing, at that critical season, to be represented by some gentleman of tried abilities and known commercial knowledge, had put him in nomination as one of their candidates, and that they had set off express to apprize him of that event. After acknowledging the high honour, and thanking the gentlemen for their zeal and assiduity in his favour, Burke returned into the room where his Malton constituents were about sitting down to dinner, and told them the nature of the express he had just received, and requested their advice how to act. He observed, "That as they had done him the honour of thinking him worthy to be their member, he would, if it was their wish, endeavour to support that station with fortitude and integrity; but if they thought the general cause on which they were all embarked could be better assisted by his representing the city of

Bristol, he was equally at their order.”—They immediately decided for Bristol; when, after taking a short repast with them, he threw himself into a post-chaise, and without even taking rest on the road, arrived in that city on Thursday the 13th of October, being the sixth day of the poll.

His speech to the electors was as liberal as their invitation. He did not, like other candidates, on a spur of mistaken gratitude, or the artifice of popular conciliation, pledge himself to be the mere vehicle of their instructions, he finally told them his opinion of the trust they had reposed in him; and what rendered this conduct still more creditable to his feelings was, that his colleague—Mr. Cruger—had just before expressed himself in favour of the coercive authority of his constituents’ instructions.

With open and manly sentiments, Burke entered the house of Commons. In 1780, when he stood candidate for Bristol again, it was found that he had given offence to his constituents, by maintaining that he should be independent in his conduct, by supporting the trade of Ireland, and by voting on Sir George Saville’s bill in favour of the Roman Catholics; and although he endeavoured to vindicate himself with his usual eloquence, he lost his election, and took his seat in the new parliament for Malton.

The spring of 1782, opened a new scene of great political importance. The American war had continued seven years, and having been unsuccessful, not only the people, but very nearly a majority of the parliament, became tired of it. The minister was now attacked with great force, and the several motions which the opposition introduced, relative to the extinction of the war, were lost only by a very small majority. During an adjournment moved and carried by the Earl of Surrey, a new administration was formed under the auspices of the Marquis of Rockingham, on whose public principles and private virtues, the nation seemed to repose, after the violent struggle by which it had been agitated, with the severest and most implicit confidence. In this ministry Burke—who was at the same time made a privy-counsellor—occupied the post of Pay-master-general of the Forces.

Upon this meeting of parliament after the recess, the new ministry, which stood pledged to the country for many reforms, began to put them into execution. But all their plans were deranged by the death of the Marquis of Rockingham, July 1st, 1782. On this event it was discovered that there was not that perfect union of principles among the leaders of the majority, to which the country had looked up. The creation of Lord Shelbourne, after Marquis of Lansdowne, in his place, gave umbrage to the Rockingham division of the cabinet. Mr. Fox, therefore, Lord John Cavendish, Burke, and others, resigned their respective offices, and Mr. Pitt succeeded Lord John Cavendish as Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Sidney succeeded Mr. Fox as Secretary of State, and Colonel Barré Mr. Burke as Pay-master of the Forces.

By this change, Burke fell once more into the ranks of opposition, and continued in that situation until after the general peace of 1783, when Mr. Fox, joining his parliamentary interest with that of Lord North, gained a majority in the House of Commons, which, after some ineffectual struggles on the part of Mr. Pitt, terminated in what was called the “coalition” ministry, composed of the Duke of Portland, First Lord of the Treasury, Lord John Cavendish, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Burke, as before, Pay-master of the Forces, and Mr. Fox and Lord North, joint Secretaries of State. This union of interests was the most unpopular measure adopted in this

reign, as it was found most difficult to reconcile it with purity and consistency of principles. And although this administration was strong in talent, in rank, and in the weight of landed interest, and seemed nearly such a combination of great families as Burke had wished in his "Thoughts on the Causes of the present Dissenters," yet it wanted what was necessary to complete his plan, "the approbation and confidence of the people."—In consequence of the East India bill being thrown out in the House of Lords, a new administration was arranged in December, 1783, at the head of which was Mr. Pitt.

The majority of the House of Commons, however, still continued attached to the dismissed ministers, public business was interrupted, and continued in an embarrassed state until his majesty determined to appeal to the people by a dissolution of parliament, in May, 1784. The issue of this was, that many of the most distinguished adherents to the coalition were rejected by their constituents, and Mr. Pitt, in the new parliament, acquired a majority quite decisive as to the common routine of business, but certainly for many years not comparable in talents to the opposition. Burke, again belonging to this class, exerted the utmost of his powers, which so justly entitled him to the character he maintained in the world.

The next great political object of his attention, was the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Esq., Governor-general of Bengal. Whatever merit or demerit there was in this procedure, it originated with him; he pledged himself to undertake it long before Mr. Hastings' return from India, and was as good as his word on his arrival; parliament, however, sanctioned his motions for an impeachment, and from that time to its final determination, it was their own act and deed. In the prosecution of this tedious and expensive trial, the variety and extent of Burke's powers, perhaps, never came out with greater lustre; he has been charged by some, with shewing too much irritability of temper on this occasion, and by others, of private and interested pique. Though the subsequent decision of the House of Lords has shown he was in error, we cannot but think that it was an error of the head, not of his heart.

The next important measure in which Burke stood forward with an unusual degree of prominence, was the settlement of a regency during George III's illness in 1788—9. Either unconscious that constitutional principles and popular opinion were against the part his friends took, or despising both in a case in which he thought himself right, prudence so completely deserted him, that, not content with the urgency of legal and speculative argument, he burst forth in expressions respecting his majesty, so indecent, irreverent, and cruel, as to create more general dislike to his character than had ever before been entertained; and when we consider that this violence of temper and passion were exercised on the illustrious personage to whom in a very few years he was gratefully to acknowledge his obligations for the independence and comfort of his latter days, we cannot be surprised that those who intended an uniform and unqualified panegyric on his public life, wished to suppress his conduct during this memorable period.

The next and last æra of his history is, perhaps the most important of all, as it is that concerning which the opinions of the world are still divided. We allude to his interference with the conduct and progress of the French Revolution. There were some who loved liberty, and would hail its dawn in any country. There were others, who hated the French government as the

perpetual enemy of Great Britain. Burke saw nothing in the proceedings of the French which was favourable either to liberty or peace. In the mean time he published his celebrated "Reflections on the French Revolution," the instantaneous effect of which was to reduce the nation, hitherto indifferent on the subject, to two distinct parties; the one admiring the glorious prospects arising from the French Revolution, the other, dreading its consequences to this nation in particular, and to the world at large.

In the mean time an open rupture took place between Burke and his oldest friends in opposition. In 1790, he had so far expressed his dislike of experiments on the established laws and constitution, as to oppose the repeal of the Test-act, and a motion for the reform of Parliament. In 1791, a bill was proposed for the formation of a constitution in Canada. In discussing it, Burke entered on the general principles of legislation, considered the doctrines of the rights of man, proceeded to its offspring, the constitution of France, and expressed his conviction that there was a design formed in this country against its constitution.

After some members of his own party had called Burke to order, Mr. Fox declared his conviction that the British constitution, though defective in theory, was in practice excellently adapted to this country, and then repeated his praises of the French Revolution; he thought it, on the whole, one of the most glorious events in the history of mankind; and proceeded to express his dissent from Mr. Burke's opinions on the subject, as inconsistent with just views of the inherent rights of mankind. These, besides, were, he said, inconsistent with Mr. Burke's former principles. Burke, in reply, said; "Mr. Fox has treated me with harshness and malignity; after having harrassed with his light troops in the skirmishes of order, he brought the heavy artillery of his own abilities to bear on me."—He maintained that the French constitution and general system were replete with anarchy, impiety, vice, and misery. He denied the charge of inconsistency; his opinions on government, he insisted had been the same during all his political life. He said, Mr. Fox and he had often differed, and that there had been no loss of friendship between them; but there is something in the "cursed French Revolution" which envenoms every thing. On this Mr. Fox whispered: "There is no loss of friendship between us." Burke, with great warmth, answered, "There is! I know the price of my conduct; our friendship is at an end."—Mr. Fox was very greatly agitated by this renunciation of friendship, and made many concessions; but in the course of his speech still maintained that Mr. Burke had formerly held very different principles. From this time, Messrs. Burke and Fox remained at complete variance.

Burke being now associated with Mr. Pitt, although neither soliciting, nor invited into any public station, continued to write from time to time, memorials and remarks on the state of France, and the alliance of the great powers of Europe that was formed against the new order of things in that distracted country.

Having resolved to quit the bustle of public life as soon as the trial of Mr. Hastings should be concluded, he vacated his seat when that gentleman was acquitted, and retired to his villa at Beaconsfield, where, on August the 2nd, 1794, he met with a heavy domestic loss in the death of his only son. In the beginning of the same year he had lost his brother Richard, whom he tenderly loved. Soon after the death of his son, his majesty bestowed a pension of £1200 for his own life and that of his wife on the civil list, and

two other pensions of £2500 a year for their lives, payable out of the four and a half *per cent*. These gifts were now represented as a reward for having changed his principles, and deserted his friends, although they were bestowed after he had left parliament. This charge he repelled in a letter addressed to Earl Fitzwilliam, written in terms of eloquent and keen sarcasm.

From the beginning of July 1797, his health rapidly declined; but his understanding exerted itself with undiminished force and uncontracted range. On the 7th of the month, when the French revolution was mentioned, he spoke with pleasure of the conscious rectitude of his own intentions in what he had done and written respecting it; intreated those about him to believe, that if any unguarded expression of his on the subject had offended any of his former friends, no offence was by him intended; and he declared his unfeigned forgiveness of all who had on account of his writings, or for any other cause, endeavoured to do him an injury. On the day following, whilst one of his friends, assisted by his servant, was carrying him into another room, he faintly uttered, "God bless you," fell back, and instantly expired in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was interred on the 15th, in the church of Beaconsfield, close to his son and brother.

Edmund Burke, in his person, was about five feet ten inches high, erect, and well formed; with a countenance rather soft and open; and except by an occasional bend of his brow, caused by his being near-sighted, indicated none of those great traits of mind, by his countenance, which he was otherwise well known to possess.

The richness of his mind, illustrated every subject he touched upon. In conversing with him he attracted by his novelty, variety, and research; in parting from him, we involuntarily exclaimed "What an extraordinary man!"—As an orator, though not so grand and commanding in his manner as Lord Chatham, yet he had excellencies which always gave him singular pre-eminence in the senate. He was not like Cicero, or Demosthenes, or any one else; the happy power of diversifying his matter, and placing it in various relations, was all his own; and here he was generally truly sublime and beautiful.

As a writer he is still higher; and judging of him from his earliest to his latest productions, he must be considered as one of those prodigies which are sometimes given to the world to be admired, but cannot be imitated. He was a firm professor of the Christian religion, and exercised its principles in its duties; wisely considering, "That whatever disunites man from God, disunites man from man."

He looked within himself for the regulation of his conduct, which was exemplary in all the relations of life; he was warm in his affections, simple in his manners, plain in his table and arrangements: and so little affected with the follies and dissipations of what is called "the higher classes," that he was totally ignorant of them.

His entire works were published by his executors, Drs. King and Lawrence, in 5 vols. quarto, and 10 vols. octavo, and will ever form a monument of his great and unrivalled talents.

THE SLEEP OF JESUS.

(Painted by Annibal Caracci.)

Extended carelessly on the pavement, and reclining on the bosom of his mother, the infant Jesus enjoys the happiness of profound sleep. The child St. John extends his hand to caress him, and is on the point of waking him, when the virgin desires him, by a sign, not to disturb the repose of her son.

This charming picture, one of the most graceful of Annibal Caracci, painted on wood, is about a foot in length. The drawing is correct, the expression true, and the objects treated with considerable judgment.

There is extant an old engraving of this picture, with a drapery in the back ground, as represented in the annexed sketch. This drapery does not exist in the original composition, whose ground is of a single tint.

This artist excelled in portraits, or overcharged caricatures. He gave to his animals, and even to his vases, the figure of a man whom he wished to turn into ridicule. One of his scholars being more occupied with the elegance of his toilette than in the study of painting, Annibal represented him with an air perfectly coxcombical, and so forcibly did the portrait express the defects of the original, that the young man renounced, from that moment, his excessive attention to dress.

Annibal lived in a philosophic style, disregarding the luxury of polished society, frequently hurtful to artists, as engrossing too much of their time. This led him to blame the conduct of his brother Agostino, who passed the greater part of his life in his ante-chamber, and in the company of princes and cardinals, and who dressed himself with so much magnificence, that he had more the appearance of a man of quality than a painter. Annibal perceiving him, one day, with a haughty gait, walking on the parade with some persons of the first distinction, he pretended to have something to communicate of the greatest importance, and drawing him on one side, he whispered to him in the ear, "Agostino, recollect you are a tailor's son."

As a proof that Annibal was insensible to the pomp attendant on the great, and unwilling to pay homage to superior rank, the Cardinal Borghese having come one day to pay him a visit, he slid out of his house by a back door, leaving his disciples the task of receiving the prelate. Annibal having spoken disrespectfully of the works of Josepin, this painter was disposed to seek redress by the sword; when Annibal, taking up his pencil, and showing it to his rival, exclaimed "By this weapon I defy you, and will prove myself the conqueror."

When Annibal found his last hour approaching, he desired to be interred by the side of Raphael, in order that his remains might be united with those of a painter whom he so highly esteemed. He died in 1609.

THE LION OF FLORENCE.

(Painted by Monsiau.)

Towards the end of the seventeenth century, a Lion escaped from the menagerie of the Grand Duke, and ran through the streets of Florence, spreading every where the utmost terror and dismay. A woman, flying from his fury, with her infant in her arms, dropt it in her fright,—when it was imme-



W. J. M. 1840

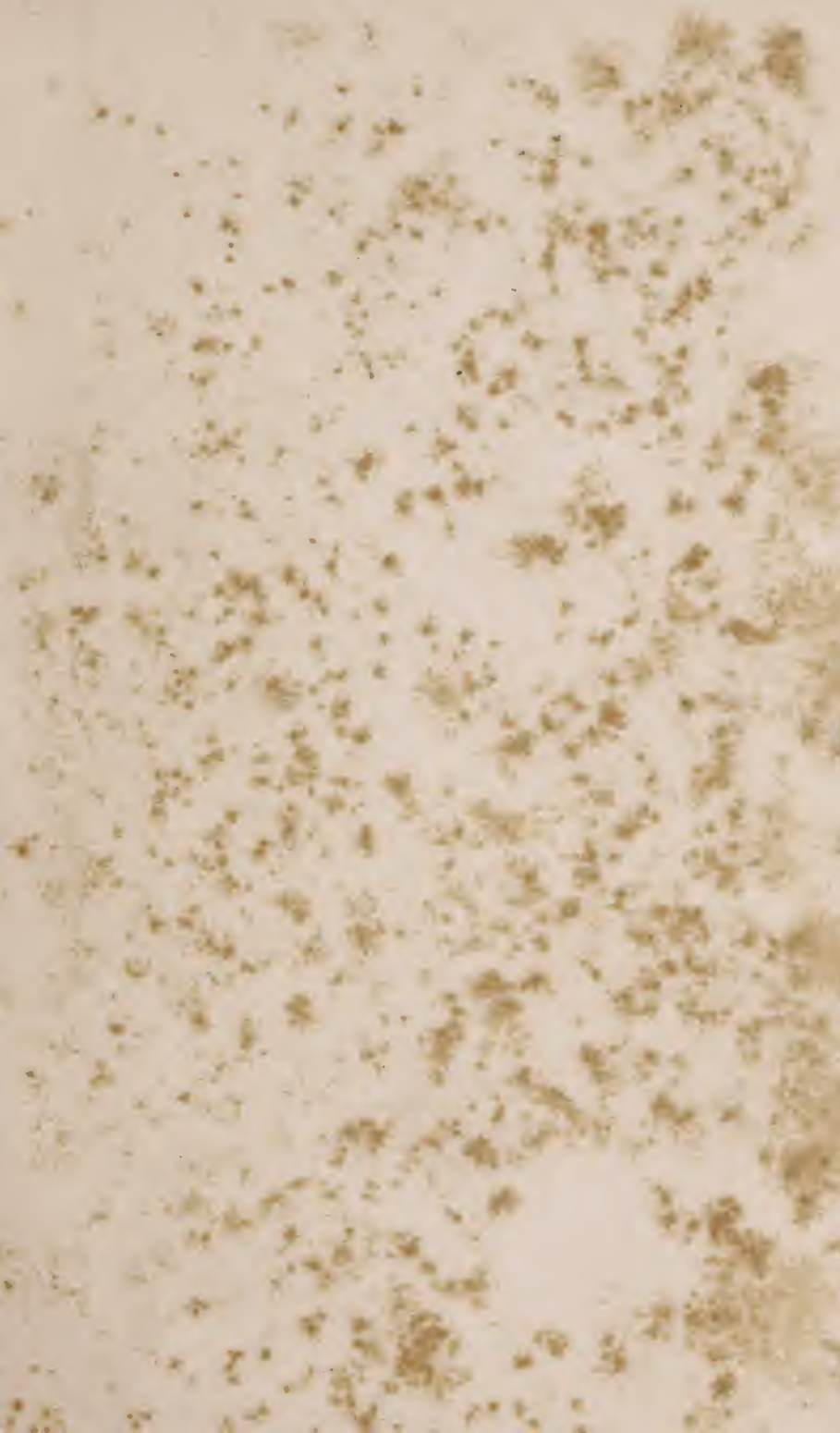
The Empress's Dressing.

W. J. M. 1840



The Lion of Florence







Christ crowned with Thorns

diately seized upon by the Lion. Frantic at the disaster, she threw herself on her knees before the animal, and implored, with all the energy and expression of a mother in despair, the life of her child. The Lion stopped—fixed his eyes upon her—placed the infant upon the ground, without having done it the smallest injury, and departed. Such is the pathetic trait chosen by M. Monsiau, for the subject of his picture, which attracted, during its exhibition, peculiar notice, no less from the talent exhibited by the artist, than the interest it conveys.

CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS.

(*Painted by Titian.*)

27 “Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall, and gathered unto him the whole band of soldiers.

28 And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe.

29 ¶ And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews!

30 And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head.”

St. Matt. xxvii.

The picture on which this subject has been represented by Titian, is one of the finest of this master, although it is not exempt from those defects for which he has been often reproached. The head of Christ has much dignity; and its agonizing and majestic expression is the more worthy of remark, as Titian, as well as the most skilful painters of the Venetian school, has often neglected the character of these personages. The taste of design in this figure is of the grand style, although it presents some inaccuracies. The feeling of hatred is tolerably well expressed on the countenances of some of the personages; but this passion ought, perhaps, to display itself with greater energy. It has been regretted, that this great artist has not represented the inhuman irony which is indicated in the text. The Jews appear resolved to torment our Saviour; but there is no one, not even the person who is kneeling in the front of the picture, that appears to address him in these words—“Hail, King of the Jews!”

Considered with respect to colouring, the picture is deserving of the highest praise. In no picture has Titian painted his characters with more animation and correctness. The draperies and the accessories are treated in the same superior manner. The ground is vigorous without being dark; and, composed of the richest tints, corresponds with the imposing aspect of this capital production.

Titian was accustomed to compare the manner in which the lights and shades should be disposed on a picture, to “a bunch of grapes,” or many bodies combined, presenting only a general mass, although they preserve their particular forms. This precept has been adopted by artists; and it is only in their conformity to this principle, that they have succeeded in the *chiaroscuro*. This has been employed by Titian in this picture with the happiest effect. The principal light falls on the figure of Christ, and spreads with much harmony over the other figures. The drapery, of a bright red, has the advantage of being conformable to the text of scripture, and attracts the eye of the chief personage, of which it strengthens the character.



JANE SEYMOUR.



HE eagerness with which Henry VIII. hastened to solemnize his third nuptials, was, of itself, sufficient to vindicate the innocence, and justify the memory of his late queen ; and was the most effectual apology that he could make to her injured character. It was easy to see how little he had been actuated by justice or humanity in his rigorous condemnation of her ; and nothing could be plainer than that, his indifference of Boleyn, and his attachment to another object, had alone influenced his conduct. The glaring indecency of ascending a throne still bedewed with the blood of her predecessor, may excite little esteem for the subject of this memoir. But Henry had long accustomed his subjects to the most servile submission to his will, and the young and artless Jane could not, perhaps, have refused to accept his hand, polluted as it was, without imminent danger to herself.

She was descended of a very ancient family, whose ancestors came over to England with William the Conqueror, or soon after ; and their name was, at first, written St. Maur ; and, in the old Latin records, De S. Mauro, deduced from a place of the same name in Normandy. The earliest residence of this family, of which we find any account, was at Woundy and Penhow, near Caldecot, in Monmouthshire ; but upon the marriage of Roger de St. Maur, Knight, with Cecily, one of the daughters and co-heirs of John Beauchamp, Baron of Hache, in the reign of Edward III., the family removed into Somersetshire. The father of Queen Jane was Sir John Seymour, of Wolf Hall, in Wiltshire, Constable of Bristol Castle, and Groom of the Chamber to King Henry VIII., whom he served in the wars of France and Flanders. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir John Wentworth, of Nettlested, in Suffolk ; and, by her, had six sons and four daughters, of whom Jane was the eldest.

She was early introduced at court, and appointed one of the maids of honour to Queen Anne,—and had not long occupied that post, when most unhappily for her royal mistress, she attracted the notice of the king.—He was struck with her youth and beauty, and the uncommon sweetness of her disposition. She possessed a happy medium between the chilling gravity of Katharine, and the thoughtless vivacity of Anne. With Henry, to love, and to determine to become immediately possessed of the object of his affection, was one and the same thing. The existence of a young and innocent queen, to whom no fault could reasonably be ascribed, would have been, to any other prince, an insurmountable obstacle ; but to him was a trifling consideration,



Q. JANE SEYMOUR

Engraved by George Cook



which delayed, for a few days only, the accomplishment of his wishes. So absolute a monarch had no resistance to encounter—no murmurs to apprehend. The heart is not more ingenious in suggesting apologies for its deviations, than courtiers, in finding expedients for gratifying the inclinations of their master. The queen's enemies, of whom there were many among Henry's nobles, immediately sensible of the alienation of his affections, completed her ruin by flattering his new passion. They represented that freedom of manners which Anne had acquired in France, in a criminal light; and they extolled the virtues of Seymour. The queen was, therefore, committed to the Tower, impeached, brought to trial, condemned without evidence, and executed without remorse.

On the day following the execution of Boleyn, or, according to others, three days after, he gave his hand to Seymour. He either affected to disregard public opinion; or he might wish to insinuate, that a woman, whom his laws had proclaimed and punished as an adulteress, did not merit even the slightest symptom of regret. The new queen, at the ceremony of her marriage, made a most beautiful appearance; and it was the observation of Sir John Russel, afterwards Earl of Bedford, who was present, that the richer she was in clothes, the fairer she appeared; whereas, the richer the former queen (whether Katharine or Anne, is not expressed,) was apparelled the worse she looked. The amiable simplicity of Jane, and the remarkable suavity of her manner, appear to have strongly attached him to her. Of his domestic happiness he gave the most public and unequivocal proofs. In the parliament which he summoned soon after his marriage, he declared, that notwithstanding the misfortunes which had attended his two former marriages, he had, for the good of his subjects, ventured on a third. His divorce with Anne Boleyn was ratified—that queen and all her accomplices were attained—the issue of both his former marriages were declared illegitimate, and it was even made treason to assert the legitimacy of either of them—to throw any slander upon the king, his present queen, or their issue, was subjected to the same penalty—the crown was settled on the king's issue by Jane, or any subsequent wife—and in case he should die without children, he was empowered to dispose of the crown by his will or letters patent.

This exorbitant power was accompanied with the most flattering addresses from the two houses. They compared him to Solomon for justice and prudence—to Samson for strength and fortitude—to Absalom for beauty and comeliness. Henry replied with affected humility, that he disavowed these praises, since, if he were really possessed of such endowments, they were the gift of Almighty God only. He found, indeed, that this parliament was no less submissive in deeds, than complaisant in their expressions; and that they would go the same lengths as any of the former in gratifying even his most lawless passions. Among other reasons for annulling the king's former marriage with Anne Boleyn, and granting such liberal supplies on the present occasion, they give this curious one:—"For that his Highness had chosen to wife, the excellent and virtuous Lady Jane, who, for her convenient years, excellent beauty, and pureness of flesh and blood, would be apt, God willing, to conceive issue by his highness."

In this expectation they were not disappointed, for the queen was, on the 12th of October, 1537, to the inexpressible joy of the king, who was always passionately fond of male issue, delivered of a son, who was baptized by the

name of Edward. But his happiness was considerably damped by the death of his young and amiable queen, who expired two days after the birth of the prince. It has been repeatedly said, that owing to some obstruction, she underwent the Cæsarian operation, and that Henry, when informed that though it might save the infant, it would probably destroy the mother, assented to the experiment, with the brutal but characteristic remark, 'that he could easily find another wife, but was not so certain of having another son.' But there seems to be no foundation for this story. The prince was born in the ordinary way, and the queen was so well the day after, that the council issued dispatches, giving notice of her safe delivery, and of her being in good health. It is probable, therefore, that she was suddenly seized with some disorder peculiar to women in her condition, of which she died, and was buried at Windsor.

The birth of a son, which prevented disputes with regard to the succession, after the acts declaring the two Princesses illegitimate, had given the king so much satisfaction, that his affliction seemed to be drowned in his joy.

He, however, lamented her death, and she certainly appears to have been beloved by him, more than any other of his queens;—of this, she was every way worthy, by her submissive, prudent, and affectionate conduct.

Of the character of Jane, and the details of her private life, little is known. Her career of splendour was short, and prematurely closed; and did not display those remarkable events which had distinguished the lives of her predecessors. Her influence was merely personal, and did not extend to political transactions. Even the rapid exaltation of every branch of her family to riches and dignities, was less owing to her own exertions, than to the pleasing remembrance which her virtues had impressed upon her husband, and sire.

She expired, happily perhaps for herself, after having added to the satisfaction of the king by the birth of a son, the undoubted heir of the throne, and before she had experienced the inconstancy, and cruel violence of his temper.

ST. BRUNO DISTRIBUTING HIS WEALTH AMONG THE POOR.

(Painted by Le Sueur.)

Saint Bruno and his companions, having resolved to seclude themselves from the world, are seen distributing their effects among the indigent.

There exists a Fresco of Dominichino, representing a similar subject: St. Cecilia dividing among the poor, her money, furniture, and costly attire. In the composition of Dominichino, there is more variety, and a greater number of episodes; but in the picture of Le Sueur, there reigns more uniformity. The attention of the spectator is less divided; and although the figures of the indigent, have almost all the same object, still by the difference of age, sex, and attitudes, Le Sueur has sufficiently contrasted them with each other.

This picture is the lightest in the collection. Its style is pure; its design correct; and is executed with the greatest facility. In the Museum at Versailles, there is a sketch from the first conception of the subject, which is highly prized for its energy and grace.



E. Le poor par!

man, lady.

*St Bruno giving his
wealth to the poor.*







Engraved by G. B. Shaw.

Death of Cleopatra.

Le Sueur died young. He left behind him many works; such as the "Cloister of the Chartreux, at Paris;" "Alexander and his Physician," &c. that might rival the works of the greatest painters for elegance of design, beauty of form, and truth of expression. He was defective in colouring,—in that meretricious and ambitious appendage of the art, which is exercised upon great subjects, and embraces extensive compositions, the appropriated effects of which can be well produced only in *chiaro-scuro*.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

(Painted by Regnault.)

Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy-Auletes king of Egypt. This prince when dying, left the crown to the elder born of the two sexes, with an order that they should marry each other, according to the custom of his family; but Ptolemy-Dionysius, the brother of Cleopatra, desirous of reigning alone, did not hesitate to repudiate and to banish his sister. Cleopatra was one of the most amiable, the most beautiful and the best informed women of her time—she spoke all languages, and was never in need of an interpreter. When Cæsar went to Egypt she presented herself before him for justice against her brother, when, smitten by her numerous charms, he re-established her in her possessions. He had by her a son, named Cæsarion; and promised to convey her to Rome, and to marry her. On his arrival in that city, he caused the statue of his mistress to be placed in the temple of Venus, beside that of the goddess. Ptolemy being drowned in the river Nile, Cæsar confirmed the crown upon Cleopatra, and upon a brother of hers about eleven years old, whom this ambitious queen poisoned before he had attained his fifteenth year. After the death of Cæsar she declared in favour of the Triumvirate. Antony then beheld, and was incapable of resisting her seductive charms. The time which they passed together, whether at Tarsus or at Alexandria, was marked by festivals and entertainments of unparalleled magnificence. These pleasures were interrupted by the departure of Antony for Rome. Cleopatra consoled herself, during the absence of her lover, by her studies. She re-established the Alexandrian library, which had been destroyed by fire a few years before, and enriched it with that of Pergamus, consisting of more than 200,000 volumes. Antony, upon his return to Alexandria, caused Cleopatra to be proclaimed queen of Egypt; but, having been defeated by Octavius at the battle of Actium, this princess deceived her lover, and to secure her crown, attempted to assume a conquest over the conqueror. In this hope she was deceived: and, to avoid the disgrace of being carried to Rome in triumph, she applied an asp to her bosom, and died at the age of thirty-nine, in the year 80 B. C.

It is related that Cleopatra, after dressing herself in her royal vestments and placing herself upon her death-bed, expired suddenly, without any convulsion, by the virulence of the poison of the asp. The author of the picture before us, M. Regnault, has made choice of this last moment. Charmion and Iras, the females who were the most attached to Cleopatra, are unable to survive her loss. One has already died by excess of grief, the other is expiring.

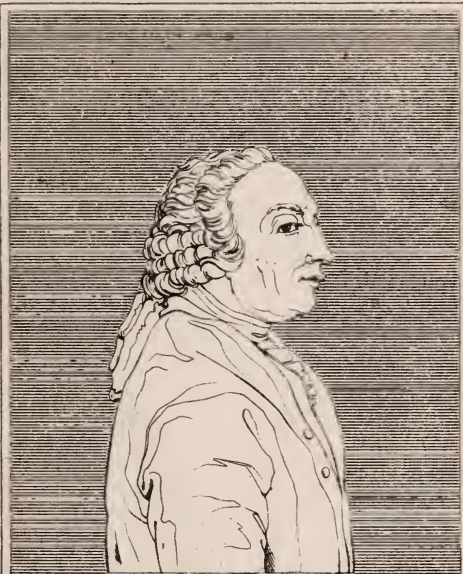


DAVID HUME.



DAVID HUME was born at Edinburgh, on the 26th of April, 1711, of a family distinguished rather by its rank than its opulence. While he was yet in his infancy his father died, and he continued under the watchful care of his mother, who though still young and handsome, rejected every overture that might have led to a second marriage, in order to devote all her attention to the education of her children. Hume, gifted with a natural quickness of understanding, pursued his studies with astonishing rapidity and success, and imbibed so decided a taste for philosophy and literature, that he found it impossible to apply himself to any other study. The intreaties of his family, and the necessity of improving his fortune by the emoluments of a profession, induced him to try successively the bar and commerce; but an unconquerable aversion to these, and every other pursuit, rendered all his attempts abortive, and he returned with renewed activity to his books. That he might be no longer estranged from them by the dread of dependance, he determined to prevent it by the strictest economy. He went to France, settled first at Rheims, then at La Fleche, and in that profound solitude persevered in a plan of intense but varied studies. It was there his first philosophical works were written. Upon his return to his native country, he published in 1738, his "Treatise on Human Nature," and a more unfortunate production never was attempted; to use his own expression, it fell "still born from the press." Disappointed, but not discouraged, he was about to engage in other works, when he was unexpectedly, and without any solicitation on his side, tempted by offers which drew him from his obscurity, and ultimately advanced both his fortune and reputation. After having been sometime connected with the Marquis of Annandale, he accompanied General Sinclair to Venice and Turin. Some years after, he was appointed librarian to a public institution in London, a situation which probably first suggested the idea, while it gave him the opportunity, of writing his "History of England." In 1763 he went to Paris, as secretary to the embassy under Lord Hertford; and after the departure of his principal, received the title, and executed the functions of *Chargé d'Affaires*. In 1767 he was made under secretary of state; but after having performed the duties of that conspicuous station for little more than a year, he renounced all public business, and, in 1769, returned to Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his life, in the centre of his family and numerous friends, and in the enjoyment of a handsome independance, which he deserved by his virtues and his talents. He died in 1776.

Hume has candidly acknowledged that a passion for literary fame was always predominant in him. It may be observed, however, that his reputa-



HUME.

Engraved by



tion, now so solidly established, by no means kept pace with his literary labours; he may be said rather to have anticipated, than actually enjoyed, his celebrity. His first attempts completely failed; his *Essays* had a partial sale; but his "*Treatise on the Human Understanding*" was scarcely noticed. He began his history from the accession of the Stuart family, not intending at first to pursue the narrative through a long and tedious period of eighteen centuries. Completely independent, both in mind and fortune, soaring above all popular prejudices, and with no other solicitude but for the triumph of truth over party-spirit, he had flattered himself that at length success would amply repay his labours. But how severe was his disappointment; an universal cry of indignation was raised against him. English, Irish, and Scotch, whigs and tories; members of the establishment and non-conformists; the religious and the profane; courtiers and plebeians, all combined to vent their rage against the man who had dared to shed a generous tear upon the fate of the First Charles and of Strafford. And what was still more unfortunate for the author, when this rage had subsided, the book itself was forgotten. There were few who could even bear to read it; not more than forty-five copies were sold in a year. Hume, dispirited by this seemingly universal prejudice against him, had determined to leave England and settle in France; but on the probability of a war taking place, he remained and calmly continued his work. The second volume, which appeared in 1756, was more favourably received, and assisted the sale of the other. But his "*History of the House of Tudor*," published in 1759, raised as great a clamour against him as the first. The whig party, then in administration, censured him for attributing absolute power to Elizabeth, and for his assertion that genuine British freedom could not be traced to more than a century back. At length he completed his work, in 1761, by the "*History of the Plantagenets*," which, as he himself avers, met with very little success.

To console him for the indifference which his countrymen betrayed, Hume received ample satisfaction by the unreserved applause of the Continental literati. While England indulged the most singular prejudices against this celebrated man, France, and the rest of Europe, had placed him in the first rank of historians. It is now generally admitted that there are few writers who combine in a greater degree all the qualities essential in an historian. It was the first time that philosophy could be said to guide the pen of history.

The other writings of Hume will also place him in a distinguished rank among modern authors. He has thrown a new light upon almost every subject he has treated, and will always be esteemed by those who are accustomed to meditation. As a philosopher he may be considered a disciple of Bacon and Locke; but among the disciples of these great men, he is peculiarly remarked for his aversion to all metaphysical theories. He combats with vigour and success those arguments *a priori*, those abstract principles which enable a man to praise whatever he pleases. It must be confessed, indeed, that his dislike of arbitrary suppositions ultimately led him to scepticism, if not to positive disbelief.

It gives us more pleasure to consider Hume as a man. His disposition was mild, benevolent, and generous; his temper even, placid, and gay. He was fond of society, and extremely beloved by those who associated with him. Always soaring above the petty prejudices of mankind; guarded in his own conduct, and indulgent to that of others, he preserved his own life and character from calumny; and it was only by his works that he was so

often the object of malignity and hatred. He died as he lived. Attacked by a slow but incurable disease, he beheld, without dismay, the gradual diminution of his strength; and preserved almost to his last moments his ardour for study, his habitual serenity, and even gaiety of temper. A few days before his death, he said to his physician, "I am going as fast as my enemies, if I have any, can wish, and as calmly as my best friends can desire."

We shall close this memoir of Mr. Hume with the following description of his character, written by himself. "I am, or rather was, (for that is the style I must now use in speaking of myself, which emboldens me the more to speak my sentiments) I was, I say, a man of mild disposition; of command of temper: of an open, social, and cheerful humour, capable of attachment, but little susceptible of enmity; and of great moderation in all my passions. Even my love of literary fame, my ruling passion, never soured my temper, notwithstanding my frequent disappointments. My company was not unacceptable to the young and careless, as well as to the studious and literary; and as I took particular pleasure in the company of modest women, I had no reason to be displeased with the reception I met with from them. In a word, though most men, anywise eminent, have found reason to complain of calumny, I was never touched, or even attacked, by her baneful tooth; and although I wantonly exposed myself to the rage of both civil and religious factions, they seemed to be disarmed, on my behalf of their wonted fury.

"My friends never had occasion to vindicate any one circumstance of my character and conduct; not but that the zealots, we may well suppose, would have been glad to invent and propagate any story to my disadvantage, but they could not find any which they thought would wear the face of probability. I cannot say there is no vanity in making this funeral oration of myself, but I hope it is not a misplaced one; and this is a matter of fact which is easily cleared and ascertained."

BELISARIUS.

(Painted by Gerard.)

Having, in our description of the Belisarius by David, given some account of that illustrious, but unhappy warrior, it is here unnecessary to resume the subject.

The picture before us offers an episode in the life of that unfortunate hero; but this episode is not founded upon any historical tradition; it is purely the invention of the painter, and presents no inconsiderable portion of genius. Belisarius, the victim of the jealousy of the great, and of the ingratitude of the emperor Justinian, whose power he confirmed, is at length despoiled of his riches, deprived of his sight, and upon his return to his former possessions, finds himself reduced to implore the aid and pity of those that pass by. The young companion of his misfortunes has just been wounded by a serpent, which is observed attached to its prey, and, instead of being able to guide the steps of Belisarius, becomes in reality an afflicting burthen to the old man. The youth appears to be on the point of death. Belisarius, with one hand, presses him to his bosom, and with the other holds his staff, the only support now left him in his misery, and endeavours to trace the road



Gerard pinx

T.L. Busby sculp.

Pelias et ses filles.







Vincent pons

San's & Co.

Henry IV & Sully

which he ought to follow. But the sun has already set behind the mountains, the horizon becomes dark, and Belisarius, bewildered, is seen treading upon the borders of a precipice.

Those who beheld the original picture in the exhibition some years since, will recollect the marked and vigorous expression of Belisarius. The hero seems sensible of the horror of his situation, but, superior to all danger, retains his presence of mind. The group projects from a bright and luminous sky. The cloak of Belisarius is red—his tunic green. The opposition of light and shade produces an uncommon effect, which is strengthened by the interest of the subject and the beauty of its execution.

HENRY IV. AND SULLY.

(Painted by M. Vincent.)

The friendship that subsisted between Henry IV. and Sully is a singular trait in history. If the king, at any time, conceived he had distressed his minister, he was never easy, as he was heard to say, until he had asked his pardon; and Sully frequently enjoined his sovereign not to give him such proofs of favour and attachment, in order that the malcontents might suffer them quietly to promote the happiness of the people. Such were these extraordinary men, whom France did not know how to appreciate, until she had lost them. Their friendship has been immortalized by the arts. The features of the prince and his favourite have been on various occasions exhibited in the same frame, and notwithstanding the beauty of the character of Mornay, Voltaire has greatly diminished the interest of the *Henriade*, by substituting him, in the place of Sully, whom we are always surprised, on reading the poem, not to see acting by the side of Henry IV.

The artist, M. Vincent, has chosen an incident which recalls, at once, the battle of Ivry, one of the most celebrated victories of Henry IV. and the part which Sully took in the success of the day. He had two horses killed under him, and received two severe wounds.

Followed by the prisoners he had made, and surrounded by a numerous guard, he caused himself, the next day, to be conveyed, on a litter, to his estate at Rosny. Henry IV. who was then hunting in the environs of Beaurons, perceiving Sully, hastened to meet him, and alighting from his horse, he said to him, with much affection, "*Mon bon ami, que je vous embrasse de mes deux bras; vous êtes brave et franc chevalier.*" And he immediately embraced him, in the presence of all the nobles of his suite.

M. Vincent has delineated this interesting scene with much precision. The figure of Henry IV. displays that amiable frankness which engages all hearts. The gratitude of Sully is strongly depicted in his countenance, and the warriors and courtiers surrounding the two principal personages, are very happily characterized. As to the merit of the execution it is sufficient to say, that it is, in every respect, equal to the beauty of the subject. The figures are of the natural size.



LUTHER.



GENERAL system of corruption had crept in among the clergy; luxury and ignorance shamed the character of the prelates; they were swayed by ambition. The popes, who originally held their authority under the emperors, had arrogated to themselves the right of investing and deposing them. Their supremacy was established in such a manner, that in the 12th century a legate of the pope, because the Emperor Barbarossa attempted to shake off the tyrannical yoke of the holy see, replied with great simplicity, "and if the emperor does not hold his crown from the pope, from whom then does he hold it?" In the next century, Boniface VIII. wrote to Philip the Fair—"Know that you are subject to us in temporal things as well as in spiritual." In the fourteenth century John XXII. declares,—"that the Emperor Louis V. is an heretic, that he divests him of all his property, moveable and immoveable, of all claim to the empire," &c. It was then vain to look for the traces of those virtues and talents which had distinguished the ages of Augustine, Jerome, and Ambrose. At length, princes tired out with the ambition of the popes, they, together with the people became wearied with the scandalous lives and covetousness of the prelates, and for some time, required a reformation in the clergy. Such was the state of things, when a plain monk, scarcely risen from the dust of the schools, undertook, by himself, to bring about so great a revolution.

This monk was Martin Luther, born at Eisleben, in Saxony, in 1483, and son of a common blacksmith. His father, notwithstanding the narrowness of his circumstances, gave him a good education, of which he availed himself. Having been present at a fatal accident which happened to one of his companions, who was killed by a thunderbolt at his side, Luther considered this accident as a warning from heaven; determined, contrary to the wishes of his family, to embrace a monastic life, and entered himself among the hermits of St. Augustin at Erfurth. There giving himself up with uncommon ardour to the study of the ancient languages, as well as to that of scholastic divinity, studies then much in fashion, he soon was able to become a professor in the university of Wirtemberg, where he alternately gave lectures of philosophy and theology with equal success. Luther, feeling his superiority, became by degrees more bold and enterprising. Courageous and disinterested, actuated moreover, by a strong passion for celebrity and a taste for innovation, and knew how to avail himself of the opportunity which was offered to him by the conduct of the missionaries sent into Germany by Leo X. to sell indulgences; and he thundered in his writings against the court of Rome.



LUTHER

Engraved by



Perceiving that the moment for attacking it with success was arrived, Luther, after having loudly declaimed against the abuse of indulgences, attacked the indulgences themselves; and the theses which he published at this epoch, produced such a sensation in all Germany, that not only Frederick, Elector of Saxony, but also the Elector Palatine and several bishops, declared themselves secretly in his favour. Things were even carried to such a length that a missionary, named Tetzl, was near having his brains dashed out by the workmen in the mines. Meanwhile, Luther being summoned to appear before the legate of the holy see, courageously accepted of the invitation, notwithstanding the example of the cruel fate which John Huss had experienced. He defended himself with boldness. Far from setting Rome at defiance, he had written a letter of submission to the pope; but afterwards, tired with insults, his character naturally haughty, violent, and irascible, led him to retort. All Germany, fixing its attention on Luther, admired the intrepidity of a common monk, who alone dared so vigorously to censure the abuses of the pontificate, and who, treating the pope as his equal, burned his bulls, in return for his having burned his writings. Emboldened by his successes, and no longer fearing the pope's infallibility, and afterwards carried away by passion, he soon attacked several articles of his dogma.

The Emperor Charles V. having convoked a diet at Worms, in 1521, in order to hear Luther, this reformer attended it with a passport, but refused to retract his bold propositions. At his return the elector of Saxony, his protector, kept him shut up in a castle, to protect him from the attempts of his enemies. It was a little after this epoch that the faculty of theology in Paris anathematized him, and Henry VIII. King of England, published several pieces against him. Luther, tired of being shut up within the walls of a fortress, soon appeared again in Germany, where his eloquence and writings still augmented the number of his secretaries. That which he published on the abolition of the bishopricks, abbeys, and all kind of benefices, was eagerly adopted by the princes. Thanks to this new gospel: the greater part appropriated to themselves the riches of the churches and monasteries, which afforded them the means of repairing the deficiencies which their ambition or misconduct had caused in their finances. Some of them, more wise, among others the Elector of Saxony, employed his wealth in the endowment of hospitals, or houses of education, and thus converted to the benefit of the indigent and progress of learning those riches which partly had for a length of time served to propagate idleness. Luther, by his new doctrine, having destroyed the celibacy of the priests, and being himself married, a crowd of ecclesiastics and nuns hastened to imitate him. From that time forth the reformation met with no obstacles, particularly in Germany, where it was adopted by all the northern provinces. The haughtiness and impolicy of the popes still augmenting his success, England, Holland, Sweden, Denmark, a part of France and Switzerland, were soon seen to shake off the yoke of Rome.

The emperor having convoked another diet at Augsburg, in 1530, in order to consult on the means of putting an end to this schism, and to reconcile at length the two communions; the decrees which were then passed were not admitted by the reformers, who protested against them. Then it was that the princes of that religion, already powerful, formed a league offensive and defensive at Smalcalde, in order to allay the storm which threatened them; but Charles V., embarrassed in a war with the Turks, granted provisionally

liberty of conscience to the reformers, by a rescript given at Nuremberg, in 1532. Luther, then finding himself powerfully supported, published successively a number of tracts against the holy see, in which he did not always keep within bounds, nor pay a proper regard to decency. Finding among his sectaries many powerful princes, the pride with which he was intoxicated contributed not a little to give to his publications that harsh and vulgar tone which predominates in them, and which, moreover, formed the basis of his character. Luther died in 1546; he had at his death the satisfaction to see his sect firmly established. He has left a considerable number of works, which have been collected at Wirtemberg, in 7 vols. folio. After his death his sectaries divided themselves into several branches; the sect of Calvin is that which has been most extensive.

The reformation of Luther has entirely changed the political situation of Europe, and has tended to restrain the ambition of the House of Austria. By it the temporal authority of the popes has been destroyed: stimulated by the rivalry of protestant ministers, the ministers of the Catholic religion have purified their manners, they have become more learned, and, as a consequence, we have seen the Bossuets and Fenelons do equal honour, by their masterly pieces, to the church and to the nation. In fine, the north of Germany, England, and Holland, have enriched themselves by the talents and industry of the French refugees, who fled from the persecution of the stupid directors of the declining years of Louis XIV.

The mind of Luther was ardent and impetuous, but honest, and earnestly bent to the discovery and propagation of religious truth. His manners were becoming his profession, and his whole life evinced a zeal for the glory of God, and the welfare of man. By his wife, Catherine de Bore, who died in 1552, he had three sons; and several of his descendants were living latterly in Germany.

Luther's person was so imposing, that an assassin, who had gained admittance into his chamber to pistol him, declared that he was so terrified at the dignity and sternness of his manner, and the vivacity and penetration which sparkled in his eyes, that he was compelled to desist from his horrid purpose.

THE BATH OF VIRGINIA.

(Painted by Landon.)

The subject of this composition is taken from the novel of Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.

The artist has chosen that passage of the author where, speaking of the mother of Virginia and of that of Paul, he says "their mutual friendship daily increased at the sight of their children, the fruit of an attachment equally unfortunate. They took delight in plunging them in the same bath, and putting them to rest in the same cradle."

This picture, the figures of which are of the natural size, was exhibited at the Louvre in the year nine, and obtained a prize of the second class.



London 1851

Willm Cooke sculp.







Q. CATHERINE HOWARD.



CATHERINE HOWARD.



his lady was the daughter of the Lord Edmund Howard, third son of Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, by Joyce, daughter of Sir Richard Culpepper, of Holingbourn, in Kent, Knight.—Her mother dying while she was young, she was educated under the care of her grandmother, the Duchess-Dowager of Norfolk. She appeared at court about the time that the king was pursuing his divorce from Anne of Cleves, and the charms of her person having made the usual impression upon him, he no sooner perceived himself at liberty, than he demanded her in marriage, and, upon the 8th of August, 1540, she was publicly shown to the court as queen.

Of the many matrimonial connections formed by Henry, this appears to have been the most unpopular with the nation, and was ultimately the most unfortunate for himself. For the queen being entirely guided by the counsels of the Duke of Norfolk, her uncle, and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, exerted all the influence she possessed to support the credit of the enemies of the Protestant party. Capricious and unsteady as the king was in the articles of his faith, such an influence might have been extremely detrimental to the cause of the reformation, had it been of longer duration, and had she not soon expiated the errors of her former life.

Yet so artfully and so successfully was this concealed from the knowledge of the king, that he imagined himself extremely happy in his new consort. The elegant person, and agreeable manners of Catherine, had completely captivated him, and during a progress which he made to York to meet his nephew the King of Scotland, she acquired such an ascendancy over him, that upon his return to London, in November, when he received the sacrament, he gave public thanks to heaven for the happiness he enjoyed through her means, and the great felicity which his present conjugal state afforded him; and he directed the Bishop of Lincoln to compose a form of prayer for that purpose. But his satisfaction proved very short-lived. It disappeared as a meteor, almost as soon as perceived. The queen had led a dissolute life previous to her marriage, and the evidence was so glaring and so well substantiated, that little doubt has since been entertained of her guilt.

This unfortunate discovery was effected by means of one Lascelles, who brought intelligence to Crammer, of the licentious manners of Catherine. Two persons were particularly pointed out as having been admitted to her bed, and she had taken little care to conceal her shame from the rest of the family. The primate, struck with this advice, which it was equally dangerous to conceal or to discover, was at a loss how to act—but at length, unwilling to

speaking on so delicate a subject, he wrote a narrative of the information he had received; which was conveyed to the king. But so confident was Henry of the virtue and fidelity of his consort, that he gave no credit to the report, and even disregarded it as a fiction. Fortunately for Cranmer, the king's impatience and jealousy prompted him to inquire further into the matter. Derham and Mannock, the two servants suspected of a criminal intimacy with the queen, were examined by the Lord Privy Seal, and their united testimony disclosed her guilt in the clearest manner. Three maids who had been in the secret, deposed to a number of licentious occurrences, which proved how little she had been restrained by any sense of decency or shame. These examinations being embodied in one mass of evidence, it was, with proper precaution, laid before the king. When he first perused these positive proofs of the queen's guilt, and his own dishonour, he remained a long time speechless, and at length burst into a flood of tears. Had he less wantonly sported with the life and character of his former queens, we might feel disposed to pity him in a situation so degrading to a man. His pride and his passion were, in the present instance, equally wounded. The queen, upon her own examination, attempted to deny her guilt; but when convinced that full discovery had been made, she confessed that she had been criminal before marriage—and only insisted that she had never been faithless to the king's bed; but as there was also evidence that she had, since her marriage, continued the same scandalous course of life, in confederacy with Lady Rochford, her asseverations appeared susceptible of little credit,—and Henry was not of a temper to make any nice discrimination between the different shades of guilt. He, therefore, summoned a parliament, his usual instrument of tyranny, and which he always considered the most expeditious mode of inflicting his revenge upon all his enemies. The addresses of the two houses were composed in a somewhat curious strain of condolence:—"They intreated the king not to be vexed with this untoward accident," "to which all men were subject;"—but to consider the frailty of human nature and the mutability of human affairs; and, from these views, to derive a subject of consolation. They desired leave to pass a bill of attainder against the queen and her accomplices; and they requested him to give his consent to the bill, not in person, which would renew his vexation and endanger his health, but by commissioners appointed for the purpose. And as there was a law which made it treason to speak ill of the queen, as well as the king, they craved his royal pardon if, on the present occasion, they should transgress any part of the statute." Their anxiety, however, not to give offence by going beyond the letter or the spirit of that law, made them transgress every principle of law and justice. The old Duchess of Norfolk and the Lord William Howard, Catherine's uncle, and nine other persons, were attainted of misprison of treason, because they had been apprised of her former dissolute life, and had concealed it from the king. It was singular, indeed, to expect that parents and relations should so far forget the ties of natural affection, as to reveal to him the most secret disorders of their family. He was himself sensible of the cruelty of such a proceeding, and after a temporary imprisonment, pardoned all those who were guilty only of the lesser species of treason.

On the 12th of February, 1542, the queen having been only seventeen months the wife of Henry, was beheaded on Tower Hill. On the scaffold she confessed the miscarriages of her former life; but again protested, upon the salvation of her soul, that she was guiltless of the charge of defiling her hus-





band's bed. Her conduct, however had been so flagrant, that few were disposed to credit this assertion, though made at such an awful moment. Her death, therefore, excited no expressions of pity or regret; but all rejoiced at the death of the infamous Rochford, who suffered with her,—and considered this instance of retributive justice upon the wretch, who had principally occasioned the fate of Boleyn, as another, and most signal proof, of the innocence of that beautiful and unfortunate queen.

WILLIAM TELL.

(Painted by Vincent.)

The circumstance of William Tell precipitating into the water Gesler and his partizans is well known: but, occupying, as it does, an important point in the history of the Swiss, it may not be improper to relate some of the circumstances that preceded it, for the better explanation of the subject chosen by the painter.

After a long series of dissensions, the Helvetic cities, to avoid new afflictions, and to secure themselves from the oppression which they had undergone, began, towards the year 1245, to form, among themselves, certain regulations; and made choice of protectors, among the most powerful and respected of the neighbouring chiefs.

The assistance of Rodolpho d'Hapsbourg was particularly implored. The greater part of these cities having placed themselves, in 1257, under the safeguard of that prince, consented to receive, from his hands, captains and governors, and assigned to him certain revenues as the price of his protection. Rodolpho acquiesced in these wishes, and obtained, a little time after, by this powerful succour, the imperial dignity.

The conduct of Albert, son and successor of Rodolpho, was, with respect to the Helvetians, in direct opposition to that of his father. Desirous of converting into servitude the voluntary obedience they paid to him, he sent for their government officers, who fell into all his views, by raising intestine commotions.

On the 18th of November, 1307, Herman Gesler, bailiff of Uri, among other indignities, had the audacity, in the public market of Altorff, to hang his cap upon a pole, and to enjoin the passengers to salute it, under pain of death. William Tell, of Burghen, in the canton of Uri, having disregarded this order, Gesler caused him to be arrested; but fearing the commotions which this atrocious act might excite, and the resentment of the relatives and friends of William Tell, he did not dare to retain him in the prison of Uri. He conducted him across the lake in open defiance of the law, which interdicted the transportation of prisoners, out of their country.

They had scarcely left the banks of the lake, when a southerly wind blew, with uncommon violence, through the defiles of mount Gothard; the lake, which in that part was extremely narrow and deep, pushed its waters against the rocks, where they broke with the utmost fury. Being in imminent peril, Gesler ordered the cords, by which Tell was bound, to be removed. Tell was known to be an excellent boatman; and, by his address, they reached Luxemburg. Here Tell leapt from the boat, upon an even rock, and, upsetting the bark with his foot, Gesler and his companions were immediately precipitated

into the lake. Gesler, however, saved himself from the storm; but on landing at Kusnacht, as he was proceeding through a narrow pass, Tell shot at him with an arrow, which instantly deprived him of life.

THE SEIZURE OF PRESIDENT MOLE.

(Painted by Vincent.)

During the minority of Louis XIV. and the administration of Cardinal Mazarin, an insurrection of the most serious kind broke out in Paris. The people were oppressed with taxes—the salaries of the officers of parliament had been withheld—and two parties excited terror, under the names of the *Frondeurs* and the *Mazarins*.

On the 16th of August, 1648, the cardinal caused Peter Broussel, counsellor of the supreme court, to be arrested. This occasioned a most unexpected commotion. The people, highly incensed, flew immediately to arms; the shops were closed; and chains placed across the streets. The following morning the hall of the palace was filled with an immense multitude, who called out, "Broussel! Broussel!" The parliament, to the number of one hundred and sixty members, left the court, and embodied themselves in the Palais Royal. They were received with the most general acclamations, and the barricades were removed as they passed. The first president had immediate access to the queen; but nothing was resolved upon, with respect to Broussel.

The parliament having left the Palais Royal, without touching upon the release of Broussel, they no longer experienced their former acclamations. When they came to the *Barriere des Sergents*, where the first barricade was placed, there arose among the people murmurs, which they had the address to appease. On arriving at the second, murmurs were increased to menaces, which they also silenced, by conciliatory means. At the third *barriere*, which was at the *Croix du Tiroir*, they met with considerable resistance; and, as they advanced, a confectioner's apprentice, followed by others, putting a halbert to the breast of the first president, exclaimed, "Turn, traitor, and if you will not be yourself destroyed, bring us back Broussel, or Mazarin, and the chancellor, as hostages."

Five presidents, *a mortier*, and above twenty counsellors, effected their escape, by throwing themselves among the crowd. The first president remained firm and unshaken; by this means he gave time for the remainder of his company to rally; preserving, at the same time, the utmost magisterial dignity, both in his actions and his words. He returned slowly to the Palais Royal, amid the execrations and blasphemies of an enraged populace.

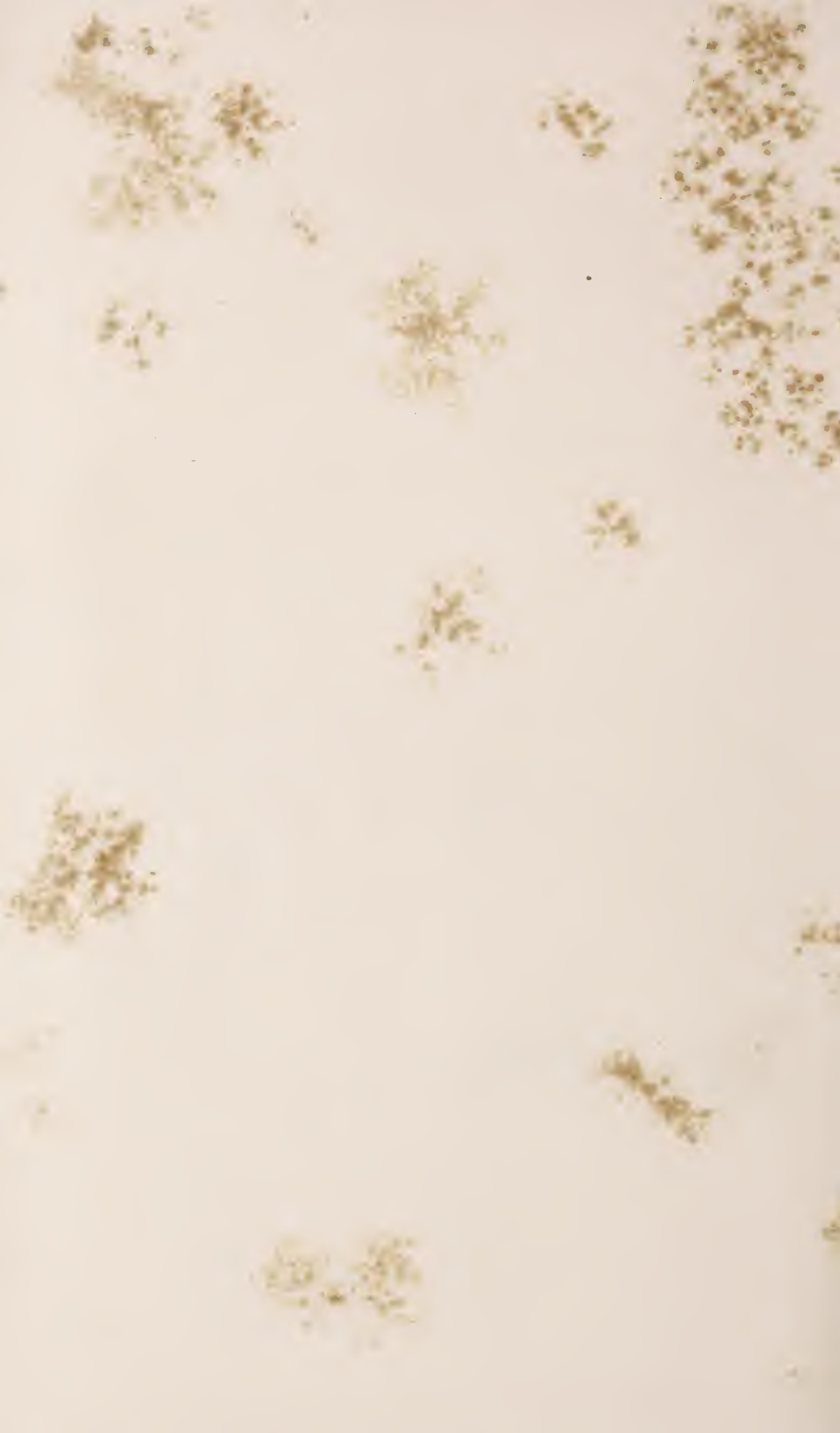
Such is the subject of the picture before us. An easy and animated composition, replete with motion, vivacity, and variety of character, a striking effect, and boldness of execution, distinguish this work, which is justly regarded as the master-piece of its author.

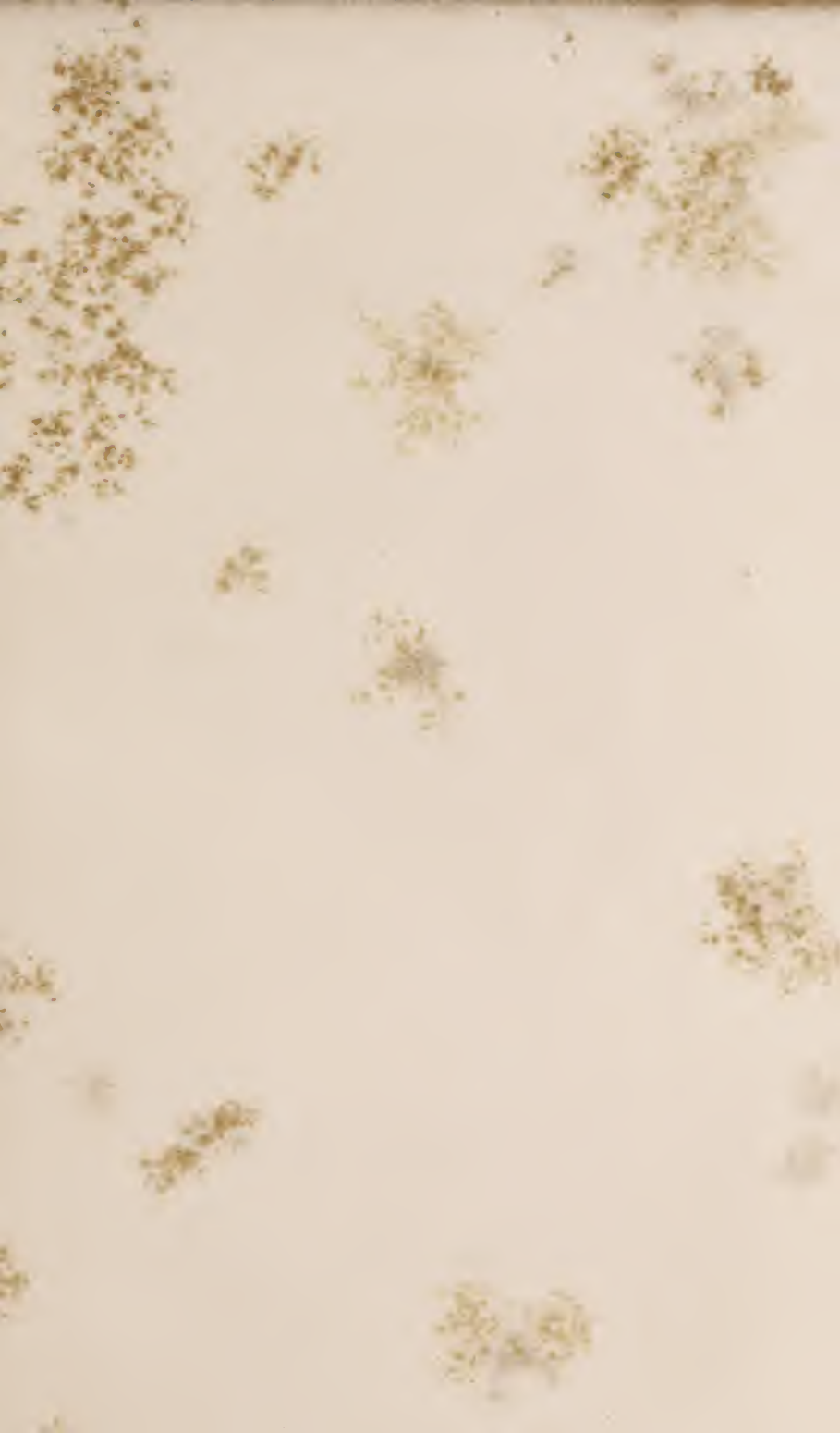


Vincent pins?

T.L. Busby sculp.

The Figure of Note.







Q. ANNE of CLEVES.

Engraved by George Cooke



ANNE OF CLEVES.

As Henry remained two years a widower, it was supposed that his grief for the death of Jane Seymour had prevented his thoughts from being directed to another choice; but the truth is, that very soon after her death, he determined to marry again, and felt no other indecision, but as to the person whom he intended to honour with his hand. Unwilling this time to bestow it on a subject, he rather wished to select some foreign princess, whose birth should be nearer his own, and by means of whose alliance, his affairs might receive a considerable accession of security and dignity; policy, therefore, and not affection, was to be the basis of his fourth nuptials. The Duchess Dowager of Milan, the Duchess-Dowager of Longueville, her sister, and Mary of Bourbon Vendôme, were successively proposed to him, but they were rejected either from political considerations, or from more private motives. He was as scrupulous with regard to the person of his wives, as if his heart had been really susceptible of a delicate passion; and he was unwilling to trust any relations, or even pictures, on these important occasions. He proposed to Francis I. that they should have a conference at Calais, under pretence of business, and that this monarch should bring with him the princesses, and the finest ladies of high rank in that kingdom, that he might make his choice among them; but the gallant spirit of Francis revolted at so indelicate a proposal. He was impressed with too much respect, he said, for the fair sex, to carry ladies of the first rank like geldings to a market, there to be chosen or rejected, by the humour of the purchaser. Thus disappointed on the side of France, Henry turned his eyes to the families of Germany, being desirous of consolidating the protestant interest, by an alliance with the princes of the Smalcaldic league—Cromwell, at length, proposed to him a marriage with the Princess Anne of Cleves, to which the king assented.

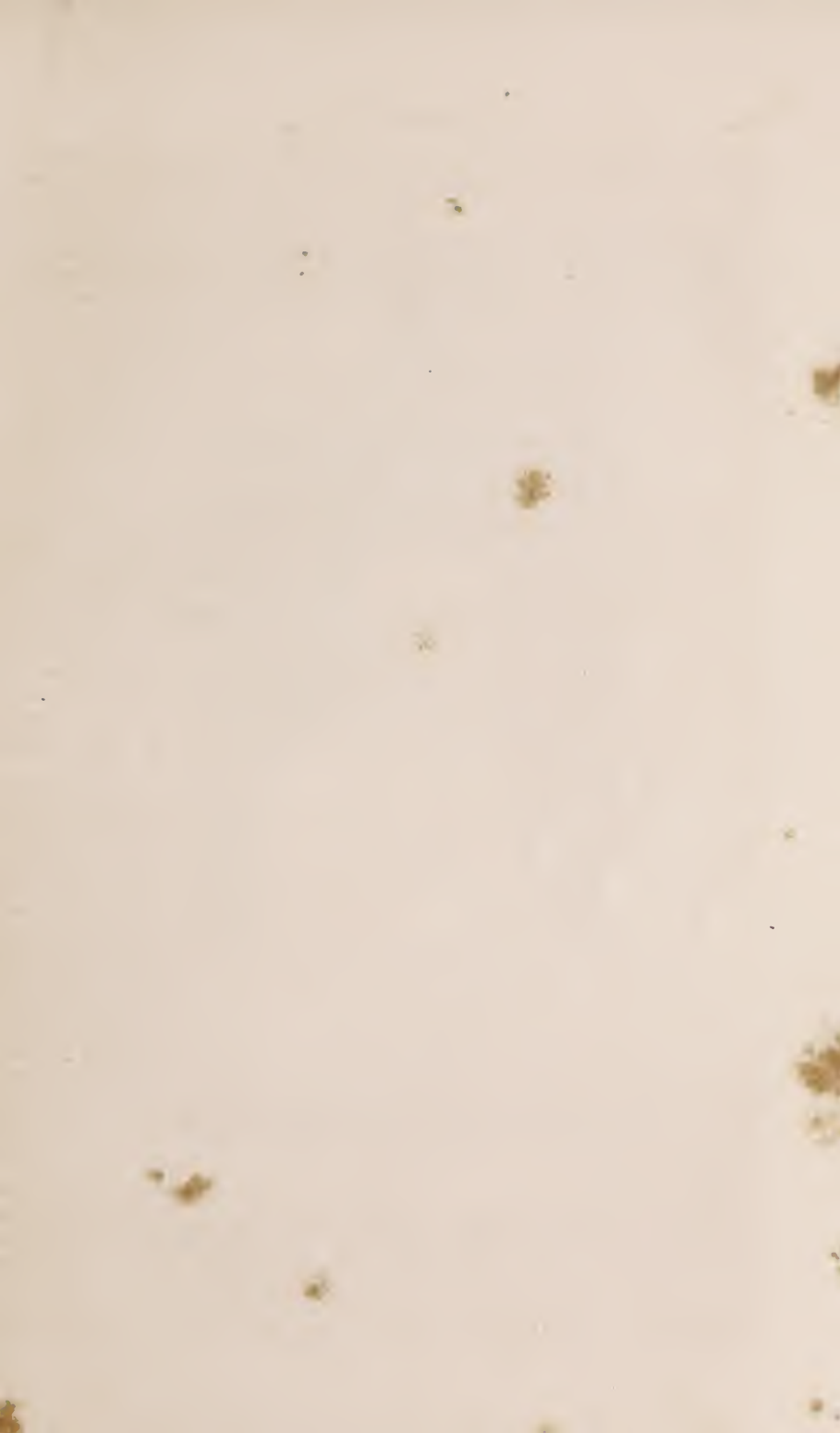
She was the daughter of Jolin, Duke of Cleves. She seems to have excited little curiosity or interest, previous to her arrival in England. The treaty of marriage had begun with her father; but some difficulties intervening, the negotiation was suspended. It was revived, and completed, with Duke William, her brother. The match was opposed by the Elector of Saxony, who had married Sybilla, the elder sister of Anne; but Henry, who had been seduced by a flattering picture of Hans Holbein, was the more peremptory in carrying on his suit. His taste either led him to the admiration of tall and robust women; or he might imagine, that they were better suited

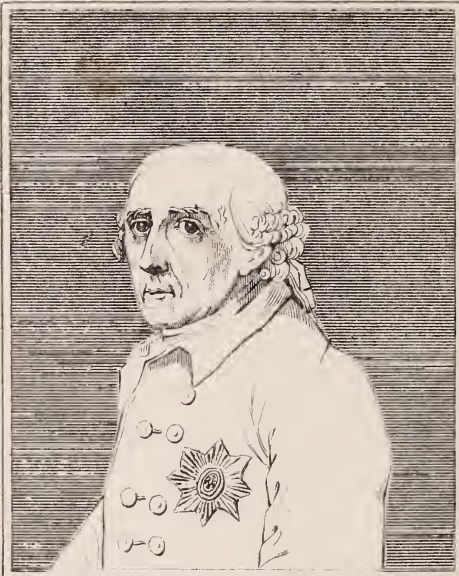
to him, who was now grown somewhat corpulent. By those who had seen the princess of Cleves, he was informed, that she possessed those essential requisites; he therefore gave orders for her immediate journey to England. Impatient to be satisfied with regard to the person of his bride, he went privately to Rochester, where he could examine her unobserved and unknown; but his expectations were cruelly damped—he found her tall, indeed, and her proportions were as striking as his most enlarged fancy could suggest; but she was extremely plain, and entirely destitute of dignity, or grace. He swore that they had brought him a great Flanders mare, and that he could not possibly bear her any affection. To complete his dissatisfaction, she could speak no language but Dutch of which he was utterly ignorant. On his return to Greenwich, he pathetically lamented his hard case.—and was little consoled by his courtiers, who told him, that kings could not, like private persons, choose for themselves, but must receive their wives from the judgment and fancy of others.

He was indeed so disgusted with his choice. that he deliberated in council, whether the match should not be dissolved, and Anne sent back to her own country; but the situation of his affairs was at this period of time, unusually critical. The emperor was then at Paris on a visit to the king of France, and Henry suspected them of some design inimical to his interests. It was necessary to form a counterbalancing league among the Princes of Germany. He knew that if he dismissed the Princess of Cleves, such an affront would be highly resented by her family and friends, who were sufficiently powerful, when united, to revenge any insult wantonly offered them. He was, therefore, notwithstanding his aversion to her, under the necessity of completing the marriage, and told Cromwell, “that as matters had gone so far, he must e'en put his neck into the collar.”

They were accordingly married on the 6th of January, with the usual pomp, Cromwell, who had promoted this union with a perseverance which was fatal to himself, and whose interest was so nearly concerned in the degree of favour which the new queen was to enjoy, was anxious to learn from the king, on the morning following the marriage, whether he now liked his spouse better: but Henry said he hated her more than ever:—that her person was still more disagreeable on a nearer approach—that he had not consummated the marriage—and believed he never should. He then entered into explanations, which strongly marked his disgust and aversion. He even suspected her deficiency in a point upon which he always expressed the nicest delicacy. He, however, continued to be civil to Anne, and seemed to repose his usual confidence in Cromwell; but the rage and discontent which he felt at the ill-assorted marriage thus effected principally by his means, though concealed awhile, burst at length upon that unfortunate minister. Upon the most frivolous pretences he was tried, condemned and executed. He was a man of prudence, industry, and abilities, worthy of a better master, and a better fate.

The queen herself seems to have been blessed with a happy insensibility of temper. The king's dislike, which he publicly avowed, and which indeed was visible to all the world, appears to have given her very little trouble or concern, nor was the German phlegm of her disposition disturbed by the mortifications which she daily experienced. That she was not destitute of capacity and intelligence may be surmised from the readiness with which she acquired the English language, and the facility with which she spoke it, even





FREDERIC II.

before her marriage was announced. At length the king's aversion becoming too powerful for his endurance, he resolved to part with her. The house of Peers and the Commons, well apprised of the king's intention, petitioned that he would allow his marriage to be examined; and orders were immediately given to lay the whole proceedings before the convocation. Anne had formerly been contracted, by her father, to the Duke of Lorraine, but she, as well as the Duke, were at that time under age, and the contract had been afterwards annulled by consent of both parties. Henry, however, pleaded the pre-contract as a ground of divorce, and he added two reasons more, which may seem a little extraordinary,—that when he espoused Anne, he had not “inwardly” given his consent,—and that he had not thought proper to consummate the marriage. The convocation was satisfied with these reasons, and solemnly annulled it. The parliament ratified the decision of the clergy, and the sentence was soon after notified to the queen.

The king had, already, under the pretence that the country air would better agree with her, removed her to Richmond, and there she received, with the utmost calmness, the notification of her divorce. She was perhaps not displeased to be released from an union which gave her so little satisfaction, or the impenetrable serenity of her temper was proof even against the dissolution of her marriage, and the loss of a crown. She readily consented to terms of accommodation with the king, and when he offered to adopt her as his sister, to give her precedence next to the queen and his daughter, with a settlement of £3000 a-year, she accepted of the conditions, and gave her consent to the divorce. The only instance of pride which she betrayed, was in refusing to return to her own country, and display the singular circumstance of a princess returning to Flanders in a private condition, after having left it as queen of England. She continued in England till her death, which happened July 16, 1557, at her house at Chelsea,—and was interred, with great solemnity, on the south side of the choir, in Westminster Abbey.

FREDERIC THE GREAT.



RUSSIA, so long a secondary state in Germany, had been erected into a kingdom; and, under the reign of Frederic William, the second of its sovereigns who bore the title of King, it already held a considerable rank among the powers of Europe. Charles-Frederic, his son, on his accession to the throne, found the finances in order, an administration conducted with all the severity of a military government, and the best disciplined army in Europe. He was thus enabled to gratify his ambition and his love of glory, by erecting in Germany a power that should rival that of the emperor's—only forty-five years after the time when one of them had hesitated to acknowledge Prussia even as a secular duchy.

Charles-Frederic, who, with the consent of his contemporaries, and even of his enemies, has been surnamed the Great, was born on the 24th of January, 1712. The first years of his life were not happy. His taste for literature and the arts, was in direct opposition to the ideas and views of his father. Educated rather as a prisoner of state, than as the heir to the crown, Frederic resolved, at the age of eighteen, to set himself at liberty.

But he was arrested, confined more rigorously than before, and, by a refinement in cruelty, compelled to attend the execution of the unlucky companion of his flight. It is said that his father also intended to put him to death, and submitted, with reluctance, to the interference of the emperor. So little could the latter monarch see into futurity, by thus preserving the greatest enemy ever raised against the house of Austria, since Gustavus-Adolphus.

Ascending the throne in 1740, Frederic soon discovered an immense career opened to his ambition, by the death of the Emperor Charles VI. The possessions of Maria-Theresa, the only daughter of that prince, appeared an easy prey to her aspiring neighbour. Frederic revived an ancient claim of his family to the duchy of Silesia, and took care to support it by a formidable army. The victories of Molwitz, and of Czarslaw, legalized his right; and the treaty of Breslaw gave him possession of the province he had so coveted.

Three years after, on one of those pretexts so often employed by sovereigns, Frederic annulled the treaty, and invaded Bohemia. Beaten at Chotzemitz, and compelled to raise the siege of Prague, he, however, severely revenged himself on the Austrians at Friedburg. It was there, that, to use his own expression, he accepted the bill of exchange drawn upon him by Louis XV. then his ally, at Fontenoy. Another peace, as advantageous to him as the first, was alone capable of arresting his progress.

He was now the envy and the terror of other states, and had attracted the attention of all Europe, when, in 1756, the famous seven years war commenced; the multiplied events and important consequences of which occupy so considerable a space in the history of the last century.

Having formed an alliance with England against France and Austria, he suddenly entered the territories of the King of Poland, Elector of Saxony—compelled the troops of that sovereign to capitulate, incorporated numerous draughts of Saxony soldiers in his own army; and the elector himself, ill seconded by his Polish subjects, had no other resource but to implore the assistance of his more powerful neighbours against an attack so formidable. and so little provoked by him.

The policy of other sovereigns was interested in affording this assistance. The conquest of Silesia, the invasion of Saxony, the treaty with England, and the epigrams of Frederic on the gallantries of the Empress Elizabeth, had inspired his four enemies with the desire of overturning his throne. Formally declared a disturber of the peace of the empire, he had to contend with the emperor, most of the circles of Germany, Russia, France, and Sweden. The French advanced to the borders of the Weser. The Russians possessed themselves of the kingdom of Prussia, and laid Berlin itself under contribution, while the Austrian armies penetrated into lower Silesia. The ruin of Frederic appeared inevitable. But in this crisis, which exposed him to the greatest danger, his genius resisted that weighty mass of enemies, and his fortune deceived every political calculation. When the Elector of Brandenburg made war against France, Louis XIV. did not perceive that he had one enemy more: and a few years after, the chief of the same electorate contended alone with almost all Europe armed against him; so much do the talents and activity of one man change the destiny and the strength of nations. His manners, indeed, and his habits, were, in a high degree, calculated to inspire enthusiasm and success. Dreading neither inconvenience nor fatigue, he lay on the ground in the midst of his soldiers. His food and

his cloathing were not better than theirs. He was seconded by able officers, feared and admired by his own troops, and by those of the enemy. By his patience and firmness in adversity, he deserved the fortunate change which his valour and perseverance afterwards effected. He was beaten at Hockirchen by the Austrians, and, by his fatal obstinacy in not giving quarter to the Russians, he lost the bloody battle of Kunnersdorf. He was successively defeated at Siplitz, at Maxen, at Landshut, at Sweidnitz, &c. Amidst these active exertions and military perils, he was often occupied in the composition of French verse, and would say, with philosophical resignation. "Even should I lose all, I hope there is no sovereign that will refuse to employ me as a general in his army.* But the victory which he gained at Rosbach over the French, who admired him as much as they despised their own generals, changed the face of affairs. From the frontiers of Saxony he hastened to Silesia, and completely triumphed over the Austrians, at Lissa. At length, the treaty of Hubertsburg closed this terrible war, and confirmed Frederic in the possession of the countries which had been ceded to him by the peace of Breslaw.

The rest of his life was devoted to the peaceful administration of his states—for the first partition of Poland, in concert with Austria and Russia, was rather an act of spoilation than of war. This division has been attributed to the policy of Frederic, but was altogether the work of Catherine II. who made the first overture to Prince Henry. The King of Prussia seized with avidity this opportunity of extending his power. Nor can the disputes which arose between him and the emperor Joseph, in 1777, be considered as of any importance. Joseph not being able to conquer Bavaria by arms, was desirous of obtaining it by negociation. He made an offer to the Elector to exchange it for the Low Countries. The Empress of Russia, faithful to an ally who had abandoned to her the Ottoman empire, seconded his endeavours; and wished, by terrifying the Duke des Deux-Ponts, to extort his consent to the exchange. Frederic, sensible how formidable this concentration of forces would make the Austrians, sounded the alarm, and raised the standard of the Germanic League. This operation, which made him, in fact, the chief of the empire, whose liberty was threatened by the emperor, was the last act of his glorious reign. Age and infirmities had cooled his ambition, or at least given it a more laudable direction, in the establishment of public prosperity. He died on the 17th of August, 1786, in his seventy-fifth year, more regretted by his subjects than he, probably, would have been, had they considered him only in the light of a conqueror, and as the first general of his age.

Frederic preserved to the last moment of his life that freedom of opinion and independent mode of thinking on religious points, which he had so long adopted—though he had the art to persuade his protestant subjects, that he defended their cause and favoured their worship.

His connection with Voltaire, and the quarrels which so often interrupted it, are well known, and are interesting traits in the lives of these celebrated men.

* It is a fact not generally known, that at the time when his affairs seemed inevitably lost, and on the issue of the last battle depended the renovation of his hopes, or the consummation of his ruin, Frederic had resolved, if the fortune of the day decided against him, to retire to Venice, and practise as a physician.

Frederic, in time of peace, was a stranger both to pomp and effeminacy; study was the relaxation of his labours: his brow was always bent, and he employed the intervals of battles only to sharpen his arms. It is true, his situation compelled him to it: security could not accompany a reign signalized by ambition, and begun by invasions. He rendered his hours of repose illustrious by his literary productions. The "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg," and his Political Works, give to this warrior prince a rank sufficiently distinguished, not as an elegant writer, but as a philosopher: and if the negligence of the style is frequently perceptible, the depth of his thoughts is always to be admired. He seems to have composed the *Anti-Machiavel*, as if he wished to leave behind him a collection of axioms which might serve to condemn most of his actions. Prodigal of his own life on all important occasions, he little regarded that of other men. In one of those actions in which he was defeated, seeing his soldiers discouraged by six fruitless attacks, he rallied them once more, and uttered this singular apostrophe, "Would you live for ever?" The severity of his discipline was, perhaps, a principal cause of his success. Happy if it had not occasionally degenerated into cruelty!

Though Frederic has been accused, and with some reason, of harshness, eccentricity, and of that species of egotism so fatal in princes, when united with great qualities—yet his genius, his military talents, and the prodigious splendour which he cast on Prussia—the great share he had in all the important transactions of his times, and even the details of his private life, have insured him an imperishable reputation, and render his history remarkably interesting. There have been many sovereigns more beloved than Frederic, but no one has ever so imperiously commanded our admiration.

FRANCIS I.



FRANCIS THE FIRST, the son of Charles, Count d'Angoulême, and Louisa of Savoy, was born at Cognac on the 12th of September, 1494, and came to the crown upon the demise of Louis XII. on the 1st of January, 1515. He was then twenty one, and possessed the most brilliant reputation for gallantry and valour. But in chivalry, he was surpassed by Bayard; and in military talent, by the Duke of Bourbon. This monarch, then, so celebrated as a warrior in the flattering annals of France was inferior to those great officers, and probably subordinate to many others. His enthusiasm for great achievements had nearly caused the ruin of his country.

If Francis I. had not inherited from nature those liberal endowments which procured him the title of Father of Letters and the Arts, his name and his reign would have been detested;—so little solidity is there in warlike renown.

It is, therefore, clear that the chief merit of princes does not consist in the display of personal bravery, and military skill. These qualities were as prominent in the first barbarous rulers of the French monarchy, as in those of more polished ages. Of the several kings of France, Henry IV. is the only one whose heroism has been ratified by posterity. He was involved in war through necessity, and was great by his own resources.



FRANCIS I.

Engraved by George Cooke



Francis I. had scarcely ascended the throne when he carried his arms into Italy, to recover the duchy of Milan, which had been wrested from his predecessor. He crossed the Alps, by the passes of Argentière and Guillestre, then deemed impracticable, and reached the plains of Marignana on the 13th of September, 1515; where he was attacked by the Swiss. In this famous battle Francis fought in the true spirit of chivalry, and engrossed the entire glory of the conquest, though it, in fact, belonged to the Duke of Bourbon, who arranged the plan. So severe was the engagement, and so obstinate the resistance of the Swiss, that old Marshal Trivulce, who had witnessed eighteen pitched battles, declared they were all childrens' play compared to the battle of Marignana, which he named "the battle of the giants." The consequences of this exploit were the recovery of Milan, a perfect reconciliation with Leo X., and the abolition of the pragmatic sanction. The following year he concluded a treaty with Charles V. But this peace was of short duration; for the Emperor Maximilian dying at this juncture, the rival princess contended for the imperial dignity, and the choice of the electors falling on Charles, war was rekindled between them with implacable fury. Milan was retaken; and though Francis obtained some advantage in Picardy, success seemed to favour the Spanish arms. Deserted by his former general the Duke of Bourbon, he hurried into Languedoc, to relieve Marseilles, and, attaining his object, threw himself into Milan, and undertook the siege of Pavia: but in this attempt he was overpowered by the imperialists, and suffered a signal defeat. In this unfortunate battle, Francis displayed uncommon valour, and the utmost presence of mind.

But this reverse of fortune may, in a great measure, be attributed to the changes that had taken place in his armies. They were no longer headed by distinguished warriors, but by the minions of his court. To Bonnivet, the companion of his pleasures, and the favourite of his mother, a man wholly devoid of military talent, he entrusted the chief command. The battle of Pavia was, therefore, precipitately begun by this incompetent general, and terminated in the almost total destruction of his troops, and in the imprisonment of the king. "Thus will it ever happen," says Tavannes, "when generals are chosen solely from favour"—and thus, it might be added, are nations sacrificed. Upon this trying occasion, the courage of Francis was still conspicuous. Surrounded by his conquerors, he wrote to his mother the memorable letter, so often quoted by historians "*Tout est perdu Madame, hormis l'honneur!*" though, perhaps, the remark of Tavannes is even more deserving of remembrance.

A few days after his defeat, the illustrious captive was conducted to Madrid. Upon his arrival, Charles summoned his council to know in what manner he ought to treat him. "As your brother and your friend," exclaimed the Bishop of Osma: "give him his liberty upon no other condition, than that he shall become your ally." This noble answer was not attended to by Charles, who conducted himself towards his royal prisoner with the asperity of a Corsair to a slave. Francis remained a year in Spain: and, to obtain his freedom, was compelled to conclude a most humiliating treaty, by which he renounced all pretensions to Naples and Milan, and to his sovereignty over Flanders, and the province of Artois: but this convention, on his return to Paris, he annulled. This circumstance naturally provoked the resentment of Charles, who having reproached him with forfeiting his word, Francis replied, "That he lied in his throat," and proposed to settle their

differences by single combat. He, moreover, put himself at the head of a powerful confederacy to oppose the Spanish arms: but failing in his object, was induced to enter into an accommodation with his competitor at Cambray, in 1629.

Notwithstanding these repeated checks, the restless and aspiring disposition of Francis was ever at enmity with the emperor. The peace had scarcely been ratified, when he renewed his claims to the duchy of Milan, and plunged his country into a scene of warfare. Thirsting for conquest, Francis marched his troops into Italy, Roussillon and Luxembourg, and defeated the Imperialists at Cérizoles: while Charles, who had entered into an alliance with Henry VIII. penetrated into Picardy and Champagne. The Emperor was even at Soissons, and the king of England at Boulogne. Such was the state of affairs, when these rival warriors arranged another peace at Cressy, in Valois, on the 13th of September, 1544.

From the year 1516 to this period, when he was obliged to acknowledge the ascendancy of Spain, Francis was ever at war, occasioned either by his ambition to possess Milan, his resentment towards Charles as emperor, or by their rivalry in military glory. "God created them," says Montlue, "envious of the grandeur of each other: and thus caused the ruin of a million of families." But be the motives of his actions what they might, these repeated broils involved his country in great calamity. His wars had no commendable object: they were neither undertaken to uphold the honour, nor promote the happiness of his people. Actuated by false glory, he was incited to arms without previous arrangement or precaution, and the consequences were evident:—alternate victories and defeats, conquests no sooner gained than lost; a long imprisonment—a treaty shamefully violated,—and a nation brought to the brink of ruin. Such, observes Condillac, is an analysis of the reign and government of Francis I., under whom the taxes were doubled, and the coffers of the state wholly exhausted.

The ambition, avarice, and caprice of his mother, (Louisa of Savoy) contributed no less to distract the nation. Governed by the advice of an imperious princess, who was influenced solely by motives of personal hopes, he deprived the Duke of Bourbon, the best general of his time, of all his possessions, and persecuted him to such excess, that he joined the standard of Charles, carrying victory with him. On the other hand, the Duchess d'Etampes, and the mistress of the Dauphin, who had severally their cabals, their victims, and their favourites, assisted in the derangement of his finances. But nothing could equal the perfidy and wickedness of his mother, who robbed both the kingdom and her son. By the basest pretext, she extorted from his minister, Semblançai, 400,000 crowns that were destined for the army in Italy; and though the king was apprised of the circumstance, and satisfied of his integrity, the hatred of Louisa towards him was so inveterate, that he was cited before a commission devoted to her interest, and condemned to suffer death. For the disordered state of his finances then, Francis was solely responsible. He was incapable of governing his court. History also reproaches him with having caused the destruction of the Lutherans, at the very moment that he upheld and excited them in Germany.

It must, however, be acknowledged, that, during the short intervals of peace, the nobleness of his mind was frequently displayed. He gave encou-



DRYDEN

agement to literature and the sciences, and extended his munificence to the fine arts. In every age and country, the love of letters has acted as a counterpoise to the greatest defects. It covered the sanguinary proscriptions, the baseness and the perfidy of Octavius, elevated the house of the Medici above the rank of the greatest kings, and apologized for the evils which Louis XIV. caused to Europe, by his religious persecution in the country which he governed.

But the true greatness of Francis was conspicuous towards the end of his reign. He applied himself to the government of his country, as his reputation for gallantry began to decline. Seduced by the attraction of the fine arts, which had been fostered in Italy by the Medici, he devoted himself to their support. The successors of Leo X. revived the ignorance of the times that preceded him. Francis, on the contrary, stood forward as the patron of literature and the arts, and as the friends of their professors. He loaded with favours Primaticcio, Leonardo da Vinci, who expired in his arms, and others, who created in France a body of artists greater in talent than themselves. The palaces of Fontainebleau, of Madrid; and the Louvre, which he began, are monuments of his reign. The establishment of the Royal College, in which the most celebrated men united to teach and promote every thing valuable in the sciences and in letters, is alone sufficient to stamp his glory. He directed the attention of his countrymen to foreign countries, and sent Chartier to America, by whom Canada was discovered. The language of his court became polished. He invited thither the most distinguished females, prelates, and cardinals of his kingdom. In all judicial proceedings the Latin tongue was disused, and the native idiom introduced. In short, France appeared to throw off the shackles of barbarism, and to receive the seed of civilization. Having enriched his coffers, and lessened the burthens of his people, Francis I. terminated his illustrious career the 31st of March, 1547, aged 52.

JOHN DRYDEN.



JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9th, 1631, at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden, of Tichmersh, who was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, Bart. of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire, but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon. He is reported to have inherited from his father an estate of £200 a year, and to have been bred an anabaptist: but for either of these particulars no authority is given. From Westminster school, where was instructed as one of the king's scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long held in veneration, he was, in 1650, elected to one of the Westminster Scholarships at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his Bachelor's degree in 1653. At the University, he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit, either on fictitious subjects or public occasions. It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing "Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector," which compared with the

verses of Spratt and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet. When the king was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion or his profession, and published *Astrea Redux*, or, "A Poem on the Happy Restoration and return of his most sacred Majesty King Charles II."

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not known, because it was not printed till it was some years after altered and revived; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some, those of others may be inferred. Thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his age, he commenced writer for the stage, compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, nor to have much pleased himself with his own dramas. Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals, who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of critics, which was always poignant and often just, but with such a degree of reputation as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the public. To the English reader they are too well known to require, in this place, either enumeration or particular notice.

In 1667, he published "*Anus Mirabilis*," the Year of Wonders, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works. It is addressed to Sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps hazarded without much consideration. It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines, a measure which he had learned from the *Gondibert* of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the incumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works, by a representation of the difficulties he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

He was now so much distinguished that, in 1668, he succeeded Sir William Davenant, as poet-laureate. The salary of the laureate had been raised in favour of Johnson, by Charles I. from an hundred marks to an hundred pounds a year and a tierce of wine—a revenue, in those days, not inadequate to the conveniencies of life. The same year he published his "*Essay on Dramatic Poetry*," an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the Duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his "*Dialogues on Medals*." In 1681, Dryden became yet more conspicuous, by uniting politics with poetry, in the memorable satire called "*Absalom and Achitophel*," written against the faction which, by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the Duke of Monmouth at its head. Of this poem, in which personal satire was applied to the support of public principles, and in which, therefore, every mind was interested, the reception was so eager, as to have been afterwards equalled only by the trial of Sacheverel. The reason of this general perusal Addison has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets; and thinks that curiosity to decypher the names, procured readers to the poem. There is no reason, however, to inquire why those verses were read, which, to all the attractions of wit,

elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions, and filled every mind with triumph or resentment.

Soon after the accession of King James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to popery. The priests having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles II. and what was still more difficult, to defend them against Stillingfleet. With the hope of promoting popery, he was employed to translate "Maimbourg's History of the League," which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English "Life of St. Francis Xavier," but he never owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud, which, however, seems not to have had much effect, for neither of the books were popular. Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological controversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious defender of his new profession. To reason in verse, was, indeed, one of his powers; but subtilty and harmony united are still feeble when opposed to truth. Actuated, therefore, by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he published the "Hind and Panther," a poem, in which the Church of Rome, figured by the "milk-white hind," defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the "panther," a beast beautiful but spotted. A fable which exhibits two beasts talking theology, appears at once full of absurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in the "City Mouse and Country Mouse," a parody written by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

A very few months after, every hope of the catholics was blasted for ever by the Revolution. A papist could now be no longer laureate. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatized by the name of "Og." Dryden could not decently complain when he was deposed, but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him; and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration, in a poem exquisitely satirical, called "Mac Flecknoe," of which the Dunciad, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents. In 1693, appeared a new version of Juvenal and Persius. Of Juvenal, he translated the first, third, sixth, and sixteenth satires. On this occasion, he introduced his two sons to the public, as nurslings of the muses. The fourteenth of Juvenal was the work of John, and the seventh of Charles Dryden. In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of "Virgil," from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn Fresnoy's Art of Painting into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce. Dryden also projected an "Epic Poem," but the parsimony of his patrons caused him to abandon his design. Of the little encouragement he received he sorely complains, in an "Essay on Satire," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, and prefixed to his translation of Juvenal; in which, after mentioning an outline of his plan, he adds—"This I had intended chiefly for the honour of my native country, to

which a poet is particularly obliged. Of two subjects both relating to it, I was doubtful whether I should chuse—that of King Arthur conquering the Saxons, which, being farther distant in time, gives the greater scope to my invention—or that of Edward the Black Prince, in subduing Spain and restoring it to the lawful prince, though a great tyrant, Don Pedro the Cruel, which, for the compass of time, including only the expedition of one year for the greatness of the action and its unanswerable event, for the magnanimity of the English hero opposed to the ingratitude of the person whom he restored, and for the many beautiful episodes which I had interwoven with the principal designs, together with the characters of the chiefest English persons (wherein, after Virgil and Spenser, I would have taken occasion to represent my living friends and patrons, of the noblest families, and also shadowed the events of future ages in the succession of our imperial line)—with these helps, and those of the machines which I have mentioned, I might perhaps have done as well as some of my predecessors, or at least chalked out a way for others to amend my errors in a like design; but being encouraged only with fair words by King Charles II., my little salary ill paid, and no prospects of a future subsistence, I was then discouraged in the beginning of my attempt: and now age has overtaken me, and want, a more insufferable evil, through the change of the times, has wholly disabled me.” His last work was his fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract, by which he obliged himself, in consideration of £300, to finish for the press “ten thousand verses.” In this volume was contained the “Ode on St. Cecilia’s Day,” which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But the time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the first of May, 1701, having been some time a cripple in his limbs, he died in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

The character of Dryden, as a writer, is thus given by Dr. Johnson. “Dryden may be properly considered as the father of English criticism—as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled and never deserted him. As Dryden had studied with great diligence the art of poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions by experience, perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations. He poured out his knowledge with little labour; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. It will be difficult to prove that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. Yet it cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. There is scarcely any science or faculty that does not supply him with occasional images, and lucky similitudes—every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth. From his prose, Dryden derives only accidental and secondary praise—the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers of English poetry. His chief defects were affectation and negligence. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together, without something of which the reader is





COSMO the ELDER

Painted by Rubens.

Engraved by George Cooke.

ashamed. He was no judge of his own pages: he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach; and when he could content others, was himself contented. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study. With all his defects, however, he had more music than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley.

Waller was smooth—but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full-resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

COSMO THE ELDER.



COSMO I. Grand Duke of Tuscany, of the house of Medici, was born in the year 1519. His father, John de Medici, one of the most liberal men of his age, had formerly served against France, and secured victory to the arms of Charles V. in Italy; but having afterwards quitted the service of the imperialists, he attached himself to Francis I., and fought under his banners at the battle of Pavia, in which that monarch was taken prisoner. The son, of a disposition less warlike, was engaged, in opposition to him, in the interests of Charles, whom he assisted with his treasures for the purpose of retaking Metz, of which Henry II. king of France, had just made himself master. This loan consisted of 200,000 golden crowns, which were borrowed, as Voltaire says, by the possessor of Mexico of the Duke of Florence, which enabled Charles to commence the siege of Metz at the head of fifty thousand men. The success of this enterprize, it is well known, did not in any manner correspond with its magnitude; and Charles was obliged to retire, without carrying the city, with the loss of the major part of his army. He was, however, no less sensible of the service received from Cosmo, and, by way of recompence, united the duchy of Tuscany, Piombino, the island of Elbe, and other domains.

The love of letters, which may be called hereditary in the family of the Medici, rendered Cosmo I. no less celebrated than his predecessors. He attracted the notice of the men of learning, attached them to his person by rewards and distinctions, and founded the University of Pisa. The protection granted to the cause of literature was not the only benefit that resulted from the administration of Cosmo: he governed the state with great wisdom; and if he had not the honour to be called, like the first of his name, the Father of the People, nor to be distinguished, as was Lorenzo de Medici, by the title of "the Father of the Muses," he bore his share in the glory of the one and the other. This reign of princes favourable to literature, which was likewise the reign of good monarchs, should prevent our adopting on light grounds the prejudices of certain philosophers, who have affected to fear that the protection granted to the sciences and to learned men is not conducive to

the happiness of the people, and ill accords with the art of governing. Cosmo instituted, in 1562, the military order of St. Stephen. After a reign of considerable splendour, Cosmo I. died, in 1574, at the age of fifty-five, leaving a son, François Maria, the father of Mary de Medicis, wife of Henry IV. who finished a miserable life in one of those asylums open to indigence, far from the dominions of her father, and of the states over which she had presided.

Voltaire speaks of Cosmo I. Duke of Florence, who killed one of his children for having assassinated the other. This fact, he says, is strictly true, although the circumstance has been disputed by Varillas, with a very ill grace. We regret that the limits of our plan will not permit us to discuss this historical point.

CHRISTINA.



CHRISTINA, Queen of Sweden, born the 18th of December, 1626, was the daughter of Gustavus-Adolphus, and of Maria-Eleanora of Brandenburg; and succeeded to the throne of her father when she was only five years of age. She discovered, from her earliest infancy, a decided taste for literature and science, which, as she advanced in life, became her most agreeable occupation. Having been declared of age at eighteen, she ascended the throne, and selected, without any regard to rank, those whom she considered most capable of guiding her in the conduct of affairs.—She studied the character and manners of other nations, and observing, with the greatest sagacity, the genius and errors of foreign ministers, was the better enabled to adopt or reject their ideas in the government of her own country.

The most powerful princes solicited her in marriage; but predetermined to remain at liberty, she informed the senate, who conjured her to dispose of her hand, “that it being just as probable that she might become the mother of a Nero as of an Augustus, she was more disposed to chuse a successor whose virtues would secure the happiness of her people.” Her choice fell on her cousin, the Elector Palatine; but he had no share in the government, and she reigned alone not under the title of Queen, but of “King.” She rendered herself worthy of this high distinction. In a very short time, she triumphed over the Danes and the Imperialists, and gave peace to Germany—settled the complicated affairs of Europe—was visited by strangers of all ranks—celebrated by the learned of every country—and cast a splendour on her own, which excited the envy and admiration of her neighbours.

In the wars which she had to maintain on her accession to the throne, she was zealously served by the foreigners whom she had engaged in her party; and to retain them at her court, judged it necessary to display a magnificence which Sweden had never before witnessed. This conduct excited discontent.—The clergy, whose influence she diminished,—and the nobility, whose authority she restrained,—evinced their jealousy of these new favourites,—but the spirit of Christina was not to be subdued; in proportion to their complaints she became the more generous. Having raised Salvius, a man of low birth, but of great talents in negotiation, to the rank of Senator



CHÉLIE

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of Stockholm; a dignity, at that time, conferred only upon the nobility of the country; the senate murmured—Christiana replied—“When good advice and wise counsel are necessary, who looks for sixteen quarters? In your opinion Salvius only wanted to have been nobly born; and he may be well satisfied if you have no other reproach to make him—the part requisite in all employments of state, is capacity!” She expended immense sums in pictures, curiosities, books, and manuscripts which she delighted in inspecting, either alone or in company with Saumaise and Descartes. These learned men had been invited by her to Stockholm, and were lodged in her palace, with Naudé, Vossius, Bochart, Heinsius, and Courtier; they remained, however, but a short time, and were succeeded by an ignorant physician, or rather quack; who amused the queen by his songs and guitar, and endeavoured to persuade her that such scientific studies were injurious to her health. But Christina soon repented of having listened to him, and resumed her former habits. She built seven colleges—established an academy of Belles Lettres—richly endowed the University of Upsal, and founded that of Abo.

Fatigued with the cares of sovereignty, she had for some time formed the project of resigning it; and notwithstanding the tears of her subjects, and even the disinterested intreaties of her successor, she solemnly announced her abdication in 1654. The senate requested her still to reside in Sweden; but, impatient to visit other countries, she threw off the habit of her sex, and dismissing her woman, she retained only four gentlemen in her service, with whom, under the title of Count d'Hona, she visited Denmark and Germany. It was then that she granted a pension to Gassendi, to whom she sent a medal suspended from a chain of gold, having this inscription:—“Parnassus is preferable to the throne.”

On her arrival at Brussels, Christina embraced the Roman Catholic religion; from thence proceeded to France, and made her entry into Paris, on horseback, in the habit of a man. At the Louvre she received the homage of the princes of the blood, of the nobility, and of all the literary men of the time; and visited, in person, Scarron and the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos.

The second journey to Fontainebleau was rendered memorable by the cruel sentence she pronounced against her grand equerry, Monaldeschi, who, it appears, had betrayed some important secret. In vain did the priest, who had been ordered to receive the confession of the unhappy culprit, represent to her, that by such an extraordinary proceeding she would displease the King of France; she answered, “that in whatever place, she was authorized to inflict the punishment of death on a faithless servant,” and caused him to be dispatched in the Gallery called *des Cerfs*.

It is impossible to detail all the particulars of her residence at Rome;—her disputes with Pope Alexander VII.—her intercourse with literati and artists—her liberal patronage of learned men—or the great knowledge she acquired of Chemistry and Antiquity.

She died in that capital of the Christian world, on the 19th of April, 1689, and desired that these words should be engraved on her tomb:—“*Vixit Christiana Annos LXII.*” Christina lived sixty-two years. She left some works behind her, particularly the Memoirs of her Life, which she had written in French, and dedicated to God.

Christina was rather above the ordinary size—her forehead was high—her nose aquiline—her eyes large and sparkling—her countenance mild—her figure masculine—and her physiognomy expressed all the various emotions of

her mind. She had little esteem either for her own sex, or for men; but preferred the habit of the latter. She slept little—frequently followed the chase—was seldom affected by the change of seasons—drank only water—and displayed neither grace nor address, except in bodily exercises.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.



JOHN WICKLIFFE is conjectured to have been born about the year 1324, in the parish of Wickliffe, a village upon the banks of the river Tees, near Richmond, Yorkshire. The rank and station of his parents, where or how he obtained the common rudiments of learning, and what was the character of his childish years, are particulars of which no accounts are preserved. History first meets with him as a Commoner in Queen's College, Oxford, then first founded by Robert Eaglesfield, Confessor to Philippa, Queen of Edward III. He soon removed from thence to Merton College, where he is recorded to have been a probationer. This society was then distinguished for ranking in its numbers some of the most learned men of the age. Here Wickliffe industriously availed himself of the high advantages he enjoyed, and, by close application, coupled with considerable talents, he made himself master of all the fashionable learning of his time. Before the true sun had risen, the abstruse, but exact works of Aristotle were considered as the inlet to all knowledge: with these, by the help of Latin interpreters and commentators, he was most intimately acquainted. Being thus prepared to encounter the intricacies of scholastic divinity, he applied himself to this litigious sort of theology with such happy success, that he easily became a most subtle, and indeed an unrivalled disputant. From the schoolmen he proceeded to the study of the law, which at that period was a very important branch of an University education, and was cultivated with the greatest assiduity by those who were ambitious of the highest honours of the church and state. To these laborious acquirements, he not only added an extensive knowledge of the Latin Fathers, but also of those celebrated authors who had lived near his own time. Wickliffe, in his active and zealous pursuit of literature, did not confine his studies to those branches of knowledge which at that period were the common object of all scholars, but diligently perused the Scriptures, and was singularly well versed in them. This rare accomplishment procured him the honour of being ranked among the most eminent doctors of his time, by the title of the Evangelical Doctor.

Before the year 1360, Wickliffe's walk in life had been confined to the retired and silent paths which learning loves to haunt. An event now happened which allured him from his privacy, and afforded him an opportunity of exhibiting his extraordinary talents, and of avowing his new opinions. The mendicants, or begging friars, had, from a very early period of their establishment in Oxford, been involved in continual disputes with the chancellor and scholars, in consequence of their unremitted endeavours to trespass upon the statutes and privileges of the University, and to establish an exempt jurisdiction. The popes, among many other immunities, had allowed these monks the liberty of the education of the youth and the people in general: the





WICKLIFF

Engraved by George Cooke



friars, availing themselves of their privilege, embraced every opportunity, in opposition to the interests of the University, of tempting the younger students to desert the college for the convent. They had practised their inveigling arts with so much success, that many parents, fearing to send their children, as in former times, to the University, trained them up to occupations in life which needed not the aid of scholastic learning, nor the ornament of academical honours. Oxford, in happier times, flourished in such a degree, that it could count within its walls thirty thousand students, but, owing to the above-mentioned practices of the monks, that number had been reduced to six thousand. To remedy this ruinous evil, the chancellor called a convocation, and a statute was passed, enacting, that no youths should be received by the friars into their orders, till they had attained the age of eighteen years. In this contest, Wickliffe stepped forth as an advocate in the cause of the University, and manfully attacked the monks for their seductive practice, with a freedom of speech to which they were little accustomed, as well as with a severity of censure which they justly merited. His reproofs ended not here. The support of the mendicants depending, in a great measure, upon what they procured by begging, they justified a practice, which was the fundamental rule of their orders, by appealing to the scriptures, and therein to the examples of Christ and his apostles, who, they asserted, lived upon the solicited support of others. The lawfulness of such begging was at this time a subject much controverted amongst the opponents to a practice so prejudicial to the welfare of society, and which the scriptures had been shamefully perverted to maintain, Wickliffe enlisted and distinguished himself by several well written tracts against an "able beggary."

The University, in testimony of their gratitude for his zealous defence of their privileges, as well as in compliment to his splendid abilities, elevated him, in the year 1361, to the dignity of Master of Baliol College. In the same year he was presented by his college to the living of Fillingham, in the county of Lincolnshire, which he afterwards exchanged for that of Luggershall, in Wiltshire. In the year 1365, Simon de Islip, Archbishop of Canterbury, appointed him Warden of Canterbury-hall, in Oxford. This house of learning had been lately founded by the munificence of Archbishop Islip for the benefit of a warden and eleven scholars, part of whom were to be regulars and part seculars. Henry de Wodehall, a monk of Christ Church, Canterbury, had the honour of being appointed by the archbishop himself, the first warden of this institution. Wodehall being hasty in his temper, and warmly attached to the order to which he belonged, imprudently rushed into the disputes which he found existing at Oxford. His turbulent spirit was ever involving the University in fresh broils, and cherishing division in the society over which he presided. The archbishop, who saw with regret, the design of his foundation frustrated by the impetuosity of Wodehall, ejected him and three of the monks, and placed in their room the Master of Baliol College and three seculars. This honour was conferred on Wickliffe on December 14th, 1365, and how much he was indebted to his virtues and his talents for preferment, his letters of institution to this office of warden shall testify. In these he is styled "a person in whose fidelity, circumspection, and industry, His Grace very much confided, and on whom he had fixed his eyes for that place on account of the honesty of his life, his laudable conversation, and knowledge of letters."—Wickliffe's enjoyment of this honour was but of short duration. Upon the demise of Islip, which happened in April, 1366, Simon

Langham, Bishop of Ely, was raised to the see of Canterbury. The new archbishop being a monk, those of that order, who had been so lately expelled from Canterbury-hall, let not slip so favourable an opportunity of petitioning to be restored to their former situations. Langham, influenced by his partiality to the order to which he belonged, rather than considering how unjust, and impolitic too, it was to set aside the very act of a founder, deprived Wickliffe and his associates of the posts they occupied. The friends of Wickliffe strenuously advised him to appeal to the court of Rome against so violent a proceeding. Urban V. at that time sat in the papal chair. Inclined, as he was, to support the interests of the mendicants, to whom the Roman see owed its greatest obligations for the arrogant authority it maintained, and the fatal mastery it exercised, yet, aware of the solid ground on which Wickliffe's appeal was founded, he did not venture to come to an immediate decision: for the appearance of justice, therefore, a cardinal was commanded to examine the merits of the case. Whilst the appeal was under deliberation, an event took place that increased the prejudices which the apostolical court had already begun to conceive against Wickliffe, and was probably instrumental in bringing his cause to an adverse issue. The circumstance alluded to is this: soon after Edward III. had ascended the throne, he had the courage to refuse to pay that homage which the Roman Pontiff demanded of the King of England, ever since its exaction from the cowardly King John. In the year 1336, Pope Urban admonished this prince, that if the accustomed homage was not paid within a time prescribed, he should cite him to his court, there to answer for the default. The intrepid monarch laid the haughty message before the parliament, to which they speedily returned this spirited answer; "That forasmuch as neither King John, or any other king, could bring this realm, a kingdom, in such thralldom and subjection, but by common act of parliament, the which was not done; therefore that which he did, was against his oath at his coronation, besides many other causes. If, therefore, the pope should attempt anything against the king, by process or other matters in deed, the king, with all his subjects, should with all their force and power resist the same."

The pope was not without advocates to defend his claim: but there was one, a monk, who, above all others, had written in support of the church, with so much ingenuity, that his work had made a strong impression upon the minds of those who had perused it. To this Wickliffe published a reply, penned with such superior ability, that he most successfully refuted the arguments of his adversary, and proved, beyond any further dispute, the illegality of the homage required by the pope, from the King of England. This defence spread the fame of its author's talents before the court in general, and procured him the distinguished notice of the Duke of Lancaster in particular. As Wickliffe's name increased in good report and esteem in his own country, his interest in proportion declined at the court of Rome, so that in the year 1370, the cause that he and his associates had then at issue, was terminated against them.

The chair of the Professor of Divinity, falling vacant in the year 1372, Wickliffe was elected by the chancellor and regents of the University to fill this important station. The scholastic theology, which was taught at this period, was a species of divinity which obscured the excellence, and perverted the utility of that sacred science. By the introduction of this jargon of the schoolmen, philosophical abstraction and subtilty had superseded that unaffected simplicity and

engaging plainness, with which the primitive teachers of Christianity explained the doctrines of salvation. The schoolmen, infatuated by the philosophy of Aristotle, perplexed truth, instead of elucidating it; banished useful knowledge; encouraged a false taste of learning, and, which was still more to be lamented, by pursuing with zeal and pertinacity unprofitable enquiries, and endless cavils, they extinguished by degrees, the spirit of piety towards God, and that of peace amongst each other. Whilst such a sort of theology was taught in the schools, little, which could promote the best interests of mankind, could be expected from the pulpit. The ancient method of preaching was either by *postillating* or *declaring*. The postillator conveyed instruction to his audience by taking a large portion of scripture, which he explained sentence by sentence, and, as he proceeded, made such practical inferences from each sentence, as it suggested. The preacher, who adopted the method termed declaring, announced or declared, the subject upon which he was about to discourse, without prefacing his sermon with a text from scripture.

Wickliffe being elevated to an office which enabled him to diffuse with authority that refulgent light which had already beamed upon his own mind, and to expose whatever errors his penetration and learning might discover, theology, the queen of sciences, had now much to hope from a professor of his eminent and transcendent qualifications. He began the exercise of his professorship with exceeding great judgment. His good sense taught him that long established customs and deep-rooted principles were not to be removed all at once. "At first," to use the words of an ingenious biographer, "he thought it sufficient to lead his adversaries into logical and metaphysical disputations, accustoming them to hear novelties, and to bear contradictions. Nothing passed in the schools but learned arguments on the increase of time, or space, substance, and identity." In these disputations he artfully intermixed, and pushed, as far as he durst, new opinions on divinity; sounding as it were the minds of his hearers. At length, finding he had a great party in the schools, and that he was listened to with attention, he ventured to be more explicit, and by degrees opened himself at large.

The professor's lectures attracted by their celebrity a vast concourse of pupils; and the discretion which he used in the detection and exposure of error, worked, though at first with a slow, yet a certain effect upon the reflecting and disinterested part of his audience, and eventually disposed them to embrace the doctrines which he taught. He was no less admired in the pulpit than in the schools. The characteristic of his style, as a preacher, was simple energy: he amused not the more learned part of his congregation with the subtleties of scholastic disputation, nor did he entertain the meaner sort with panegyrics on saints, and delude them with accounts of false miracles. The subject matter of his sermons, was, generally, the Doctrines and Duties of Religion: upon these divine matters, he discoursed with perspicuity, and pressed them weightily upon his hearers: he would, occasionally, descant upon the corruptions of the church, and the profligacy of the clergy, and the usurpations of the pope: upon such themes, though he preached with exceeding warmth and vehemence, yet he argued with a strength of reasoning, which for the most part flashed conviction on the minds of his auditors. His tenets, enforced by a commanding eloquence, and recommended by the unimpeachable integrity of his life, procured him a number of followers, composed of persons in all ranks of life.

Wickliffe's fortune and reputation at this time went hand in hand together.

The services he had rendered the crown, by defending it against the humiliating demands of the pope, enjoyed their well-merited reward, by his being presented, in 1374, to the valuable living of Lutterworth, in the county of Leicester. In the same year he experienced a further mark of royal favour, by being sent in conjunction with the Bishop of Bangor and others, upon an embassy to the pope, to treat concerning the liberties of the Church of England. The tyranny of the Roman pontiff was every day becoming so intolerable, that the parliament were making frequent remonstrances against his accumulating acts of oppression. Among the many grievances under which this country laboured, none seemed to teem with consequences more fatal to the kingdom than the state of the church preferments. Edward was not a prince addicted to the slavery of the see of Rome; keeping, therefore, as he did, a vigilant and a jealous eye over the papal usurpation, he had already decreed several laws against provisors. The pope, however, by one crafty pretence or another, was continually disposing of the ecclesiastical benefices and dignities, without any regard to the rights of those in whom they were vested, and not only aliens, who knew not the language, and were unacquainted with the habits and customs of those over whom they were appointed spiritual guides and pastors, but even boys, who were themselves under the discipline of pupillage, were presented to their usurped preferments: hence the service of God was neglected, religion began to droop, and the churches with their appurtenances, to dilapidate and to be ruined. The ambassadors sent to treat concerning the liberties of the church, met the pope's Nuncio at Bruges. After a variety of conferences, which, with occasional interruptions, lasted nearly two years, it was concluded, that, for the future, "The pope should desist from making use of reservations of benefices, and that the king should no more confer benefices by his writ *quare impedit*." Whilst the interests of the church were being discussed abroad, Wickliffe was nominated to the prebend of Austa, in the collegiate church of Westbury, in Gloucestershire. He is said to have been again employed in a diplomatic character, being delegated with several barons of this realm to the court of the Duke of Milan. Of the occasion of this embassy, and of the time when he was sent, we are equally ignorant.

During his residence at Bruges, the views of the church of Rome had been gradually developed to the inquisitive and penetrating Wickliffe; and he discovered it to be corrupt in principle, as he had long known it to be depraved in practice. He now threw off the mask which he had worn so long, and thought it unworthy of his character to temporise. The pretended successor of St. Peter himself did not escape his invectives: the papal infallibility, usurpations, pride, avarice, and tyranny, were the frequent topics of his declamation; and the appropriate epithet of Antichrist seems to have been first conferred on him by this great English reformer.

Having sown the seed which he had reason to believe would ripen into a full harvest of shame to the church of Rome, he retired to his living in Leicestershire, in order to avoid the gathering storm. But his privacy and his distance from Oxford, the scene of his honourable labours, gave his enemies fresh spirits. A papal bull was forwarded to Sudbury archbishop of Canterbury, and Courtney Bishop of London, to secure this arch-heretic, and at the same time the king and the University were importuned to favour the prosecution.

Wickliffe being cited to appear before the Bishop of London at St. Paul's

Church on a certain day, found himself obliged to notice the unexpected summons. In this situation he applied to his patron the Duke of Lancaster : who, though he wished to serve him wholly, judged it expedient to sacrifice something to appearance ; and only promised to attend him in person to his trial, accompanied by Percy Earl-Marshal of England. When they reached St. Paul's, the court was already convened, and they had some difficulty in procuring admission. The bishop, vexed to see Wickliffe so honourably attended, let fall some peevish expressions ; which the high-spirited and indignant Lancaster being unable to brook, he retorted them with great warmth, and even began to threaten. " Sooner," said the duke, in a kind of half-whisper, " than bear such usage from a bishop, I will pull him by the hair of the head out the church." The populace, however, hearing this menace, the whole assembly of was instantly in a ferment. The general cry was, that they would stand by their bishop to the last breath ; and the confusion rose to such a height, that the court broke up in disorder, and its proceedings were never resumed.

The tumult, however, did not end here soon. The duke, in the agitation of his passions, immediately proceeded to the house of peers ; where he preferred a bill to deprive the city of London of its privileges, and to alter its jurisdiction. In consequence of this, all was uproar and riot ; and he was obliged to quit the city in precipitation, till the rage of the populace had subsided.

Wickliffe again sought the retirement of Lutterworth ; and to forward the progress of truth, he proceeded in his great work, a translation of the Scriptures, which was the most useful measure he could have devised. The Romish clergy loudly objected to this proceeding ; and the following curious specimen shows the manner in which the ecclesiastics of that day reasoned on this subject.—" Christ," says one of them, " committed the gospel to the clergy and doctors of the church, that they might minister it to the laity and weaker persons, according as the times and people's wants might require ; but this master John Wickliffe translated it out of Latin into English, and by that means laid it more open to the laity, and to women who could read, than it used to be to the most learned of the clergy, and those of them who had the best understanding. And so the gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under swine ; and that which used to be precious to both clergy and laity, is made, as it were, the common jest of both ; and the jewel of the church is turned into the sport of the laity."

The reader cannot fail to remark the exact similarity between these arguments of the Romish priests in the fourteenth century, and those which are urged by the same class of individuals at the present day. They will rather suppose that they are reading the address of a papal advocate in Ireland in our own time, than the words of Knighton, a learned canon of Leicester, who lived at the same time as Wickliffe, and from whose writings this passage is taken. It is another proof, if proof were wanting, when the fact is admitted on both sides, that the church of Rome has always opposed the circulation of the Scriptures among the people.

Wickliffe became a bold and undaunted opposer of the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome, and has been appropriately called, " The rising sun of the Reformation." The times in which he lived were turbulent, and God was pleased to over-rule the political proceedings of some men of rank and influence in the state, so that they protected him from the malice of the Romish prelates. Wickliffe appears to have met with no more molesta-

tion after this, till the death of Edward III.; when Richard II., son of Edward the Black Prince, only eleven years of age, ascended the throne of his grandfather.

On this occasion, the Duke of Lancaster, uncle to the young king, aspired to be sole regent; but parliament put the office into commission, and allowed him only a single voice in the executive council. The clergy, who perceived his diminished influence, began their prosecution against Wickliffe anew. Articles of accusation were drawn up; and the pope, by several bulls, ordered his imprisonment, or at least cited him to make his personal appearance at Rome within the space of three months, unless he should retract his heretical opinions.

The bulls were treated with neglect in general, and by parliament with contempt. The Bishop of London alone entered into the spirit of the pope's mandate; but scarcely had he taken the preliminary steps in this business, when he received a peremptory order from the Duke of Lancaster, not to enforce imprisonment for the sake of opinion only, as that was a measure contrary to the laws of England.

The bishop, being intimidated at this interference, contented himself with citing Wickliffe to a provincial synod at Lambeth; where being questioned as to the articles of faith, he gave an ambiguous explanation of them. He was therefore dismissed, with an injunction not to preach any more those doctrines which had been objected to; but his zeal, it appears, was inflamed by this restraint, and he afterwards enforced his tenets with more ardour than before.

One of his latest efforts, was to bear his testimony against the unchristian proceedings of the popes of that day, for there were two! Pope Urban VI. took up arms against his opponent Pope Clement, and appointed the Romish Bishop of Norwich to be his general, and sent his bulls, or decrees, into England, promising spiritual indulgencies and pardons for sin, both here and hereafter, to all who would assist him personally, or with money, in this ungodly warfare. "The banner of Christ on the Cross," Wickliffe says, "which is the token of peace, mercy, and charity, is used to slay christians for their attachment to two false priests, who are open antichrist, that they may maintain their worldly state, and oppress Christendom worse than Christ and his apostles were oppressed by the Jews. Why," adds he, "will not the proud priest of Rome grant full pardon to all men, to live and die in peace, and charity, and patience, instead of encouraging all men to fight and slay christians?"

Wickliffe was commonly styled, "The Gospel Doctor;" and a firm attachment to the truths of the gospel was evidently the leading principle which actuated his conduct.

The Romish prelates, after much consultation, brought a bill into parliament to suppress Wickliffe's translation of the Bible; but it was rejected by a great majority; and for a short time the circulation of his version was permitted; it must, however, have been very limited, as the art of printing was then unknown, and very few persons had means sufficient to purchase a written copy. From the register of Alnwick, Bishop of Norwich, it appears that a Testament of Wickliffe's version, in the year 1429, cost four marks and forty pence, or two pounds sixteen shillings and eight pence—equal to more than twenty pounds of our present money. A large sum in those days, when five pounds was considered sufficient for the annual maintenance of a respectable tradesman, or a yeoman, or one of the inferior clergy.

Although the circulation of the Scriptures in the English language must have been comparatively small, yet it produced considerable effects.

Here it may be noticed, that there were translations of some parts of the Scriptures, even as early as the days of Alfred, who himself translated the Psalms; but they had become obsolete, and were very scarce. Wickliffe was the first who translated the whole Scriptures into English, in a language and style understood by the people.

Courtney, when Bishop of London, was strenuous in his opposition to Wickliffe: he was afterwards appointed to the see of Canterbury; and as the reformer himself was protected from the effects of his power, he engaged with activity in persecuting his followers, who were called Lollards—one of those names of reproach by which the followers of Christ have been reviled in all ages. It is supposed to have been derived from Walter Lollardus, one of the teachers of these truths on the continent, or from a German word which signifies psalm-singers. Many of them, who were preachers, travelled about the country, in the simplest manner, barefoot; and in common frieze gowns, preaching in the market-places, and teaching the doctrines of truth with great zeal and much success; so that in a few years their numbers were very considerable, and it was calculated that at least one fourth of the nation were really or nominally inclined to their sentiments.

The following description of the Lollards is given by a Romish inquisitor of those times, named Reinher. Strange to say, he thought harsh conduct against them highly deserving of censure.

“The disciples of Wickliffe are men of a serious, modest deportment, avoiding all ostentation in dress, mixing little with the busy world, and complaining of the debauchery of mankind. They maintain themselves wholly by their own labour, and utterly despise wealth; being fully content with bare necessities. They follow no traffic, because it is attended with so much lying, swearing, and cheating. They are chaste and temperate; are never seen in taverns, or amused by the trifling gaieties of life. You find them always employed, either learning or teaching. They are concise and devout in their prayers: never swear; speak little; and in their public preaching they lay the chief stress on charity. They never mind canonical hours, because, they say, that a paternoster or two, repeated with devotion, is better than tedious hours spent without devotion. They explain the scriptures in a different way from the holy doctors and Church of Rome. They speak humbly, and are well behaved in appearance.”

Richard II. being at this time King of England, countenanced Archbishop Courtney in persecuting the Wickliffites, and a proclamation was issued against all persons who should teach or maintain these opinions, or possess any of the books and pamphlets written by Wickliffe and his followers. Many suffered imprisonment, and were required to do penance under the most degrading circumstances; although it does not appear that any were actually put to death during this reign. This may partly be ascribed to the power and influence of the Duke of Lancaster, the great patron of Wickliffe; and of Queen Ann, the consort of Richard II., and sister of the King of Bohemia. That excellent princess seems to have been a pious character, and we cannot but regret that the account given of her by the historians of those times, is so very brief and imperfect; they, however, relate, that she had in her possession the gospels in the English language, with four commentaries upon them. This is evidence of a mind not inattentive to the truth of the gospel, and a proof that she engaged in the study of the scriptures; for in those days, a person of her rank, and

especially a female, would not have sought to possess such expensive and uncommon works, unless she desired to profit from their contents.

The parliamentary proceedings of those times, threw considerable light upon the grasping power of Rome, and also show that our ancestors did not willingly submit to the encroachments of papal authority. But their efforts were in vain. In the year 1316, the clergy had obtained a law exempting them from secular authority, even for heinous offences, such as robbery and murder. We also find, that the commons in parliament presented a petition to the king in 1376, in which they state the result of an inquiry, as shewing that the taxes paid yearly to the pope, from England, amounted to five times the revenue of the king!

Once when falling into a dangerous illness at Oxford, Wickliffe's bed of sickness was surrounded by some mendicant friars, to whom he had ever been an enemy, and who intruded into his chamber, when they began admonishing him for the good of his soul, and to repent of the injuries which he had done them. Wickliffe raised himself in his bed, and with a stern countenance exclaimed, "I shall not die, but live to declare the evil deeds of the friars;" which resolute expression drove away his ghostly ministers in confusion.

Soon after this time, having finished his translation of the scriptures, he again became particularly obnoxious to the clergy on that account. It had long been a political tenet in the Romish creed, that ignorance is the mother of devotion; and therefore the Bible had been locked up from the common people. But Wickliffe was not satisfied with aiming at this new blow at religious tyranny: he next ventured to attack the grand article of transubstantiation, in what he called his "Sixteen Conclusions." These conclusions being reluctantly condemned by the Chancellor of Oxford, at the instigation of Courtney, at this time their Primate, Wickliffe appealed to the king and parliament; but being at length deserted by his fickle patron, the Duke of Lancaster, who was unwilling to embroil himself any further with the clergy, he was obliged to make a kind of recantation at Oxford; and by the king's orders was expelled the University, where he had still continued annually to read lectures on divinity.

Again he found an asylum at Lutterworth: but giving fresh provocation by his writings, he roused the keenest resentment in Urban, who then wore the papal crown; and in all probability would have suffered the utmost which that pontiff could inflict, had not providence delivered him from human hands. He was struck with a palsy soon after: but still attended divine worship; till a repetition of this fatal malady carried him off, in his church at Lutterworth, in December, 1384, where he was buried in its chancel. The malice of his enemies, however, sought him in the grave. The council of Constance, in 1415, passed a decree, condemning forty-five articles of his doctrines: and pronouncing him to have died an obstinate heretic, ordered that his bones should be dug up, and thrown upon a dunghill. The execution of this paltry act of malice was deferred till the year 1428, when the pope sent a positive order that it should be complied with. Fleming, then Bishop of Lincoln, accordingly sent his officers to Lutterworth; the grave was opened, and the bones taken out and burned. The ashes being carefully collected, were thrown into the Swift, a brook which flows near the town: his enemies thinking, no doubt, that his name and doctrines, as well as his remains, would perish for ever. But they have been disappointed; as Fuller observes, "the Swift conveyed his ashes into the Avon, the Avon into the Severn, the Severn into the narrow seas, and they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe were made the emblems of his doctrine, which has been dispersed all the world over." This





W. Cooke sculp.

W. Cooke sculp.

Rebecca at the Well

decree against the remains of Wickliffe was passed by the council, about six weeks before their decree, forbidding the cup in the sacrament from being administered to the laity; and by the same council.

Such was the life, and such the end of Wickliffe; a man who may be regarded as one of the brightest ornaments of his country, and as one of those luminaries which providence raises up and directs as its instrument to enlighten and bless mankind. He left behind him numerous works which he had written of great celebrity,

"To this instructive genius," says Gilpin, "Christendom was unquestionably more obliged than to any name in the list of reformers. He opened the gates of darkness, and let in, not a feeble and glimmering ray, but such an effulgence of light as was never afterwards obscured. He not only loosened prejudices, but advanced such clear incontestable truths, as, having once obtained footing, still kept their ground; and even in an age of reformation, as will appear from his various existing writings, wanted but small amendment." J. M. T.

REBECCA AND ELIAZER.

(Painted by Paul or Paolo Veronese.)

Eliazer, a native of the city of Damascus, and the confidential servant of Abraham, having been sent by that patriarch into Mesopotamia to seek a consort for his son Isaac, met Rebecca, the daughter of Bethuel, at a well, surrounded by her companions; and attracted by her grace and modesty, offered her presents, and solicited her hand in marriage for the son of his master. Such is the subject of the present composition.

The picture of Paul Veronese exhibits all the beauties and defects which characterize this great painter. In the expression of the figures it is sadly deficient, and the costume is entirely fantastical: but in point of colouring, it has great force, and all the parts are executed with much freedom of pencil. The dromedaries, which the artist has judiciously introduced, have doubtless been modelled from nature, and are well drawn. The construction of the well, and of the houses contiguous to it, are of modern taste, which neither accords with the time, nor with the country where the action passed; but Paolo Veronese, often incorrect in his compositions, possessed the talent of covering these faults by beauties of the first order.

Paolo Cagliari, distinguished by the name of Paolo Veronese, was born at Verona, in 1530. He may be considered only as second to Titian, in what is called the School of Colouring. He studied at Venice and at Rome, where he acquired those principles of his art by which he is distinguished. He delighted in mythological and allegorical subjects, which he executed with considerable taste but the celebrity of Veronese rests principally on his "Cene" or convivial compositions. These pictures are of an extraordinary size, and display much copiousness of invention. He painted, in general, with great facility, and executed his works with equal energy and effect. This artist excelled in the purity of his carnations, in the brightness of his tints, and in breadth of colouring. His pictures of "Darius presented to Alexander," and the "St. Giorgio," retain all their original freshness. Though not so pure and delicate as Titian, nor so warm and spirited as Tintoretto, he surpasses both in the brightness of his demi-tints. His love of ornament was excessive, and at times it vitiated his taste. He died in 1588.



DR. JOHNSON.



SITCHELFIELD had the honour of producing this prodigy in the literary world, he being born there on the 18th of September, 1709. Samuel Johnson's father was a bookseller at that place; a profession formerly, and even occasionally now, accompanied by no mean talents. Mr. Johnson seems to have been neither destitute of intelligence nor discernment; but fortune did not smile upon his exertions, and he lost by scheming what he gained by his regular trade. Either from his parents, or a nurse, young Samuel unhappily derived a scrofulous taint, which disfigured his features, and affected the senses of hearing- and seeing; and this it was, perhaps, which gave a melancholy cast to his mind, and even influenced his whole character. For this malady, he was actually touched by Queen Anne; for, being of a jacobitical family, his parents had great faith in that superstitious practice.

Being asked, many years after, if he had any remembrance of the queen, he said he had a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood.

The morbidness of constitution natural to him, and the defect in his eyesight, hindered him from partaking in the sports of other children, and probably induced him to seek for distinction in intellectual superiority.

After acquiring the rudiments of reading under an old school-mistress, and an English master, he was sent to the grammar-school in his native city; and had for his associates Dr. James, the physician, Dr. Taylor, Rector of Ashbourne, and Mr. Hector, surgeon in Birmingham, with whom he contracted a particular intimacy. At school, he is said to have been averse to study, but possessed of such strength of genius, as rendered his tasks easy without much application. Some of his exercises have accordingly been preserved, and justify the opinion of his father; who thought that literature was the direction to which young Samuel's talents were inclined, and resolved to encourage it, notwithstanding the narrowness of his own circumstances. To complete his classical studies, he was afterwards removed to Stourbridge, where he acted in the double capacity of scholar and usher. His progress at the two grammar-schools he thus describes:—"At the first, I learnt much in the school, but little from the master; at the last, I learnt much from the master, but little in the school."

After passing two years at home in desultory study, he was entered as a commoner of Pembroke College; and, according to the testimony of Dr. Adams, his fellow-collegian, was the best qualified young man he had ever known admitted. He had not been long at the University, before he had an opportunity of displaying his poetical genius, in a Latin translation of "Pope's Messiah," which at once established his fame as a classical scholar, and procured him praise from the great author of that poem himself.

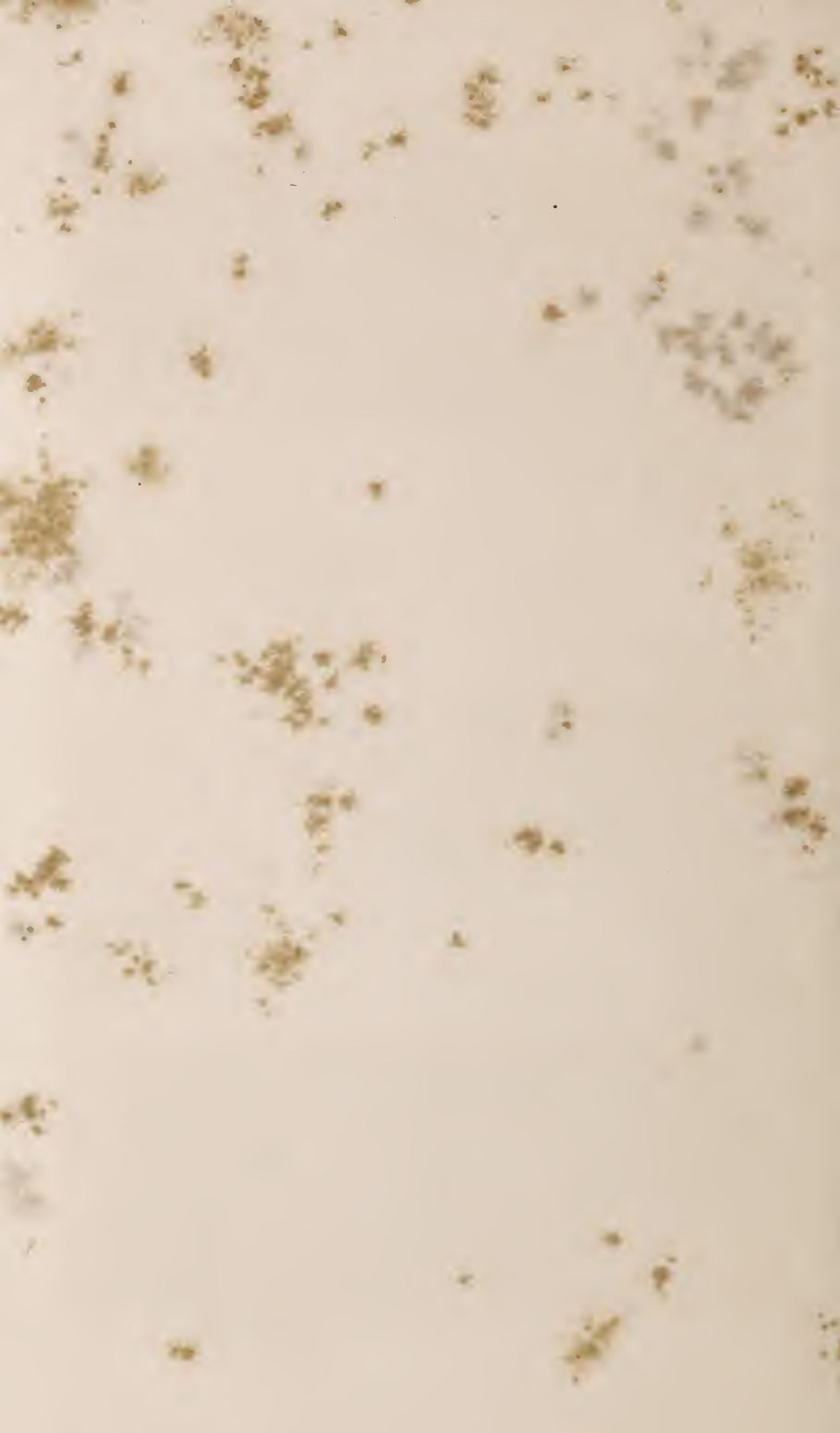
But amidst his growing reputation as a scholar, he felt the penury of his circumstances insupportable. Humiliating as it must have been to a person of



JOHNSON

Engraved by

R. Sands



Johnson's independent and elevated mind, his finances did not even enable him to make a decent appearance in dress, much less to defray the expense of academic institutions, or elegant society. At last the insolvency of his father completed his distress; and he relinquished his prospects at the University, after a short and interrupted residence of three years.

Returning to Litchfield, he was for some time dependent on the hospitality of benevolent friends. At this period, the morbid melancholy of his constitution, heightened by his forlorn circumstances, made him fancy that he was approaching to insanity, and he actually consulted a physician on this subject; who found that his imagination and spirits alone were affected, and that his judgment was sound and vigorous. From this habitual despondency, he never was perfectly relieved, and all his amusements and his studies, were only so many temporary alleviations of its influence.

Being without permanent protection or provision, he gladly accepted the offer of the place of usher at a school, at Market Bosworth, immediately after his father's death; on which latter event, a sum of twenty pounds was the only inheritance which fell to his share. This situation he soon found intolerable, from the tyrannical behaviour of a patron in whose house he lodged. His prospects were now worse than ever; and he was obliged to the friendship of Mr. Hector, his former companion, who was now settled at Birmingham, for a temporary refuge. At this place he commenced his career as an author, in the service of the editor of a newspaper; and here he published a translation of "*Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia*," for which he received five guineas. This first prosaic production of his pen, contains none of that characteristic style which he afterwards pursued, and which is peculiarly his own.

Johnson had been early sensible of the influence of female charms: and after a transient passion for Miss Lucy Porter, paid his addresses to her mother, the widow of a merchant in Birmingham, which were accepted; and in 1735, she made him happy with her hand, and a portion of eight hundred pounds. The object of his choice was nearly double his own age, and not extremely amiable in person or manners: yet he says it was a love-match on both sides; and he entertained a sincere affection for her, which did not terminate with her life.

As he was now in a state of comparative independence, he attempted to establish a boarding-school at Edial, near Litchfield: but this scheme proved unsuccessful for want of encouragement; and in 1737, he determined to try his fortune in London, the grand mart of genius and industry, and where talents of every kind have the amplest scope.

Accordingly, he set out, in company with Garrick, who had been his pupil, and now became his fellow adventurer. That two men, who afterwards rose to such celebrity, should be thus launched into life at the same time, and not only as townsmen, but as friends, is a singular circumstance. The prospects of Johnson were certainly the most uninviting: he had been already broken down by disappointments, and besides was a married man. The gay fancies of hope danced before the other, and his fine flow of spirits, enabled him to view with unconcern, what would have overwhelmed his companion.

How Johnson at first employed his talents, is not well known; he had been, however, in previous correspondence with Mr. Cave, the proprietor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; and for some years after he settled in the metropolis, he derived his principal support from the part he took in that publication. After a few month's trial, in which he might possibly feel his strength, and enlarge

his connections, he returned to Litchfield for a short time; and having now finished his tragedy of "Irene," which had long employed his attention, he finally settled in London with his wife, who had hitherto been left in the country.

The poor pittance that can be allowed to a mere contributor to a periodical work, in general, cannot be supposed adequate to supply the wants of an individual, much less those of a family. Johnson laboured under the utmost pecuniary distress; and meeting Savage, a man of genius, and equally unfortunate, their common misery endeared them to each other. He offered his Tragedy to the stage, but it was rejected; and even his exquisite poem entitled "London," imitated from Juvenal, with difficulty he could get accepted for publication. No sooner, however, was it read than admired; and if it was not a source of great emolument, it certainly made Johnson known as an author by profession, and facilitated the acceptance of other performances, which, in the sequel, he sent into the world.

In the following year, he produced his "Life of Savage," a work that gives the charm of a romance to a narrative of real events; and which, having the stamp of that eagerness and rapidity with which it was thrown off in the mind of the writer, exhibits rather the fervour of an eloquent advocate, than the laboriousness of a minute biographer. The forty-eight octavo pages, as he told Mr. Nichols, were written in one day and night. At its first appearance, it was warmly praised in the *Champion*, probably either by Fielding, or by Ralph, who succeeded him in a share of that paper; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, when it came into his hand, found his attention so powerfully arrested, that he read it through without changing his posture, as he perceived by the torpidness of one of his arms that had rested on a chimney-piece by which he was standing. For the *Life of Savage*, he received fifteen guineas from Cave. About this time, he fell into the company of Collins, with whom, as he tells us in the *Life* of that poet, he delighted to converse.

His next publication, in 1745, was a pamphlet called "Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with remarks on Sir T. Hamer's Edition of Shakspeare," to which were subjoined, proposals for a new edition of his plays. These observations were favourably mentioned by Warburton, in the preface to his edition; and Johnson's gratitude for praise bestowed at a time when praise was of value to him, was fervent and lasting; yet Warburton, with his usual intolerance of any dissent from his opinions, afterwards complained in a private letter to Hurd, that Johnson's remarks on his commentaries were full of insolence and malignant reflections, which, had they not in them "as much folly as malignity," he should have had reason to be offended with.

The mind of Johnson revolted at the idea of a precarious dependence on the profits of authorship; and he endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain the mastership of the grammar-school of Appleby, in Leicestershire. Pope himself, unknown and unsolicited, wished to serve him in this affair; but he could not succeed, and the affair was dropped. Johnson then made an attempt to be admitted at Doctor's Commons, but here too he failed; and being thus frustrated in every endeavour at meliorating his situation, he began to acquiesce in the drudgery of authorship; and seems to have adopted the resolution of attempting to write himself into notice, by an attack upon government. His "*Marmor Norfolcense*," or, "*Norfolk Marble*," was published to vent his spleen against the Brunswick succession, and the adherents and ministers of that illustrious family. It gratified his own political prejudices, and gained him the favour of men of similar principles; but exposed him to the danger of prosecution.

Passing over that cheequered scene of his life, in which he may be described as a stipendiary of Cave, we come to a period when he soared to a higher flight in literature; and, fully confident of his own powers, which had gradually been developed, and slowly rewarded, assumed the rank to which he had long been eminently entitled in the republic of letters.

In 1749, he engaged as a critic and commentator on Shakspeare; and published the plan of his great English Dictionary, addressed to Lord Chesterfield, in a strain of dignified compliment. The original hint of this great work is said to have been suggested by Dodsley; and that respectable literary character and bookseller, with several others of the profession, contracted for its execution, at the price of fifteen hundred guineas.

His friend Garrick, by his transcendant theatrical abilities, had now raised himself to the situation of joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre; and under his patronage, the long dormant tragedy of *Irene* was brought upon the stage.

But the pompous phraseology and brilliant sentiments of Johnson, were not colloquial enough for the drama. He displayed more art than nature, more description than pathos; and consequently his tragedy was but coolly received by the public. The author, however, had sense enough to perceive that his talents did not lie in this direction; he acquiesced in the decision of the public, and ceased to waste his time and labour on a species of composition for which nature had not adapted him.

During the time that he was engaged on his Dictionary, to relieve the tedium of uniform attention to one object, he brought out his "*Rambler*;" a work containing the purest morals and justest sentiments, and on which alone his reputation as a fine writer and a good man may safely be rested. At first, however, it was far from being popular: but Johnson persevered with a laudable fortitude, conscious of its merits; and he had afterwards the pleasure to see it run through many editions, and even to be translated into foreign languages.

Soon after those excellent essays were closed, he lost his wife; an event which threw him into the greatest affliction. His friends in general, from her character and behaviour, were disposed to ridicule what in many would have been deemed a feigned sorrow: but Johnson felt all the poignancy of sincere grief, as is evident from his always commemorating the day of her death as a kind of religious fast.

His Dictionary was now about to appear; and Lord Chesterfield, sensible of neglecting the person who had, in the first instance, claimed the honour of his patronage, paved the way for its favourable reception with the public, by two essays in the periodical paper, called "*The World*," expressly devoted to its praise. His lordship, no doubt, expected that launching those two little cock-boats, as Johnson contemptuously termed them, to assist him when he was now in port, would obliterate the remembrance of past neglect, and procure him the immortal honour of a dedication. But the dignified lexicographer saw through the artifice; and in a keen letter rejected the advances of his lordship, and thereby afforded a noble lesson to ungracious patrons and insulted authors. After some expressions of general acknowledgment, this epistle ran in the following sarcastic strain:

"Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one

word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before."

"Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for his life in the water, and when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, would have been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope, therefore, it is no very cynical asperity, not to confer obligations where no benefit has been received; or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which Providence has enabled me to do for myself."

This stupendous monument of labour, talents, and genius, was published in May, 1755; and his amiable friend, Mr. Warton, procured him the degree of Master of Arts to grace the title-page. Notwithstanding a few blunders, which Johnson had anticipated might exist, it was instantly received with gratitude and congratulation; and, though the labour of an individual, it was deservedly compared with the united efforts of the forty French academicians, who had produced a similar work. To this his friend Garrick alludes in a complimentary epigram, which concludes with this couplet:

"And Johnson well arm'd, like a hero of yore,
Has beat forty French, and will beat forty more."

But though he had now raised his fame on an adamantine basis, and was flattered by the great, and listened to by the learned, he was not able to emerge from poverty and dependance. It is recorded, that he was arrested for a debt of five guineas in the following year, and obliged to his friend Mr. Samuel Richardson for his liberation. By the labours of his pen, he was barely able to provide for the day that was passing over his head. His "Idler" produced him a temporary supply; and "Rasselas," which he composed with unexampled rapidity, to discharge some debts left by his mother, who died in extreme old age, he sold for a hundred pounds, and was presented by the purchasers with twenty-five more on its reaching a second edition. *Rasselas* is a noble monument of the genius of its author. Reflections so profound, and so forcible, of some of the great outlines of the human intellect and passions, are to be found in few writers of any age or country. The mind is seldom presented with any thing so marvellous as the character of the philosopher, who has persuaded himself that he is intrusted with the management of the elements. Johnson's dread of insanity, was, perhaps, relieved by embodying this mighty conception. He had seen the shadowy form in the twilight, and might have dissipated or eased his apprehensions by coming up to it more closely, and examining into the occasion of his fears. In this tale, the censure which he has elsewhere passed on Milton, that he was "a lion who has no skill in dandling the kid," recoils upon himself. His delineation of the female character is wanting.

To trace in order of time the various changes in Johnson's place of residence in the metropolis, if it were worth the trouble, would not be possible. A list of them, which he gave to Boswell, amounting to seventeen, but without the corresponding dates, is preserved by that writer. For the sake of being near his printer, while the Dictionary was on the anvil, he took a convenient house in Gough Square, Fleet Street, and fitted up the room in it as an office, where

six amanuenses were employed in transcribing for him, of whom Boswell recounts in triumph, that five were Scotchmen.

In 1748, he wrote for Dodsley's *Preceptor*, the *Preface*, and the *Vision of Theodore the Hermit*, to which Johnson has been heard to give the preference over all his other writings. In the January of the ensuing year, appeared the "*Vanity of Human Wishes*," being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated, which he sold for fifteen guineas.

In 1753, he gave to Dr. Bathurst, the physician, whom he regarded with much affection, and whose practice was very limited, several essays for the *Adventurer*, which Hawkesworth was then publishing, and wrote for Mrs. Lenox's *Dedication* to the Earl of Orrery, of her *Shakspeare* illustrated; and, in the following year, inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a *Life of Cave*, its former editor.

In 1756, he published an *Abridgment* of his *Dictionary*, and an edition of Sir Thomas Browne's *Christian Morals*, to which he prefixed a *Life* of that writer. He contributed to a periodical *Miscellany*, called the "*Universal Visitor*" by Christopher Smart, and yet more largely to another work of the same kind, entitled, the "*Literary Magazine*;" and wrote a dedication and preface for Payne's *Introduction to the Newspaper* called the "*London Chronicle*," for the last of which he received a single guinea. Yet, either conscientious scruples, or his unwillingness to relinquish a London life, induced him to decline the offer of a valuable benefice in Lincolnshire, which was made him by his friend, Langton, provided he could prevail upon himself to take holy orders, a measure that would have delivered him from literary toil for the remainder of his days. But literary toil was the occupation for which nature had designed him.

At last, in 1762, royal munificence raised him above the drudgery of an author by profession; and fixed him in the enjoyment of learned ease, or only voluntary labour. He received a pension of three hundred pounds a year, as a reward for his past productions, which had been so honourable to his country and useful to mankind. For this patronage he was indebted to a family for whom he had shown no affection, and to the generous sympathy of two men, to whose country he had contracted a singular apathy. The then Lords Rosslyn and Bute were the organs and the origin of his majesty's bounty. Against Lord Bute, in particular, he had joined in the popular cry of indiscriminating invective; and thus "even-handed justice" compelled him to an awkward, though not unpleasant penance, for indulging in a splenetic prejudice, equally unworthy of a scholar and a gentleman.

On becoming a pensioner, a word which he had endeavoured to render odious by the explanation he affixed to it in his "*Dictionary*," he was exposed to the invective or the raillery of his literal opponents; but it must be allowed that a pension was never better bestowed; nor did his future conduct disgrace his former principles. On several subsequent occasions, indeed, he defended the government as a party writer; but it was only when the subject corresponded with his political principles, or when his natural and unbiassed sentiments of equity drew him into the contest.

Being now in the possession of fame and a moderate independence, he gave full scope to the natural philanthropy of his heart, and extended his beneficence to the less favoured and the less fortunate. The circle of his acquaintance was enlarged; and he took peculiar delight in a literary club which he had contributed to establish, and which met weekly at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard Street, Soho.

Johnson had at this time a calamity yet more dreadful than poverty to encounter. The depression of his spirits was now become almost intolerable. "I would have a limb amputated," said he to Dr. Adams, "to recover my spirits." He was constantly tormented by harassing reflections on his inability to keep the many resolutions he had formed of leading a better life; and complained that a kind of strange oblivion had overspread him, so that he did not know what was become of the past year, and that incidents and intelligence passed over him without leaving any impression.

Neither change of place nor the society of friends availed to prevent or to dissipate this melancholy. During this year he made an excursion into Devonshire, with Sir Joshua Reynolds; the next year he went to Harwich, with Boswell; in the following, when his malady was most troublesome, the meeting of the Literary Club, before mentioned, was instituted: and he passed a considerable time in Lincolnshire, with the father of Langton; and in the year after, visited Cambridge, in the company of Beauclerk. Of the Literary Club, first proposed by Reynolds, the other members at its first establishment, were Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. The society was afterwards extended, so as to comprise a large number of those who were most eminent either for their learning or their station in life, and the place of meeting was at different times changed to other parts of the town, nearer to the Parliament House, or to the usual resorts of gaiety. A club was the delight of Johnson. We lose some of our awe for him, when we contemplate him as mimicked by his old scholar Garrick, in the act of squeezing a lemon into the punch-bowl, and asking, as he looks round the company, in his provincial accent, of which he never got entirely rid, "who's for *poonch*?"

The year 1765 brought him several honours and advantages. The university of Dublin complimented him with the degree of Doctor of Laws; and he had the good fortune, about the same time, to contract an acquaintance with the family of Mr. Thrale, in which he afterwards spent the happiest hours of his life.

Holding a conversation one day with Mrs. Thrale, when speaking of Garrick: Johnson exclaimed, "I don't know what is the matter with David. I am afraid he is growing superannuated, for his prologues and epilogues used to be incomparable."—"Nothing is so fatiguing," replied Mrs. Thrale, "as the life of a wit; he and Wilkes are the two oldest men of their ages I know, for they have both worn themselves out by being eternally on the rack to give entertainment to others."—"David, madam," said the doctor, "looks much older than he is, for his face had double the business of any other man's; it is never at rest:—when he speaks one minute, he has quite a different appearance to what he assumes the next. I don't believe he ever kept the same look for half an hour together during the whole course of his life; and such an eternal, restless, fatiguing play of the muscles, must certainly wear out a man's face before its real time."—"O yes," cried Mrs. Thrale, "we must certainly make some allowance for such wear and tear of a man's face."

Of Johnson's interview with George III., we shall transcribe the account as given by Boswell; with which such pains were taken to make it accurate, that it was submitted, before publication, for the inspection of the king, by one of his principal secretaries of state.

"In February, 1767, there happened one of the most remarkable incidents in Johnson's life, which gratified his monarchical enthusiasm, and which he loved

to relate with all its circumstances, when requested by his friends. This was, his being honoured by a private conversation with his majesty in the library at the queen's house. He had frequently visited those splendid rooms, and noble collection of books, which he used to say was more numerous and curious than he supposed any person could have made in the time which the king had employed. Mr. Barnard, the librarian, took care that he should have every accommodation that could contribute to his ease and convenience, while indulging his literary taste in that place: so that he had here a very agreeable resource at leisure hours.

His majesty having been informed of his occasional visits, was pleased to signify a desire that he should be told when Dr. Johnson next came. As soon as he was fairly engaged with a book, on which, while he sat by the fire, he seemed quite intent, Mr. Barnard stole round to the apartment where the king was, and in obedience to his majesty's commands, mentioned that Dr. Johnson was then in the library. His majesty said he was at leisure, and would go to him: upon which Mr. Barnard took one of the candles that stood on the king's table, and lighted his majesty through a suite of rooms, till they came to a private door into the library, of which his majesty had the key. Being entered, Mr. Barnard stepped forward hastily to Dr. Johnson, who was still in a profound study, and whispered to him, "Sir, here is the king," Johnson started up, and stood still. His majesty approached him, and at once was courteously easy.

His majesty began by observing, that he understood he came sometimes to the library; and then mentioning his having heard that the Doctor had been lately at Oxford, asked him if he was not fond of going thither, to which Johnson answered, that he was indeed fond of going to Oxford sometimes, but was likewise glad to come back again. The king then asked him what they were doing at Oxford. Johnson answered, he could not much commend their diligence, but that in some respects they were mended, for they had put their press under better regulations, and were at that time printing Polybius. He was then asked whether there were better libraries at Oxford or Cambridge. He answered, he believed the Bodleian was larger than any one they had at Cambridge: at the same time adding, "I hope, whether we have more books or not than they have at Cambridge, we shall make as good use of them as they do." Being asked whether All-Souls or Christ-Church library was the largest, he answered, "All-Souls' library is the largest we have, except the Bodleian." "Ay," said the king, "that is the public library."

His majesty then inquired if he was then writing anything. He replied, he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew, and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The king, as it should seem with a view to urge him to rely on his own stores as an original writer, and to continue his labours, then said, "I do not think you borrow much from any body." Johnson said, he thought he had already done his part as a writer. "I should have thought so too," said the king, "if you had not written so well."—Johnson observed to me, upon this, that "No man could have a handsomer compliment; and it was fit for a king to pay. It was decisive." When asked by another friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds's, whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, "No, Sir. When the king had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign." Perhaps no man who had spent his life in courts could have shewn a more nice and dignified sense of true politeness than Johnson did in this instance.

His majesty having observed to him that he supposed he must have read a

great deal; Johnson answered that he thought more than he read; that he had read a great deal in the early part of his life, but having fallen into ill health, he had not been able to read much, compared with others: for instance, he said, he had not read much, compared with Dr. Warburton. Upon which the king said, that he heard Dr. Warburton was a man of such general knowledge, that you could scarce talk with him on any subject on which he was not qualified to speak; and that his learning resembled Garrick's acting, in its universality. His majesty then talked of the controversy between Warburton and Lowth, which he seemed to have read, and asked Johnson what he thought of it. Johnson answered, "Warburton has most general, most scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar; I do not know which of them calls names best."—The king was pleased to say he was of the same opinion; adding, "you do not think then, Dr. Johnson, that there was much argument in the case." Johnson said, he did not think there was. "Why truly," said the king, "when once it comes to calling names, argument is pretty well at an end."

His majesty then asked him what he thought of Lord Lyttleton's history, which was then first published. Johnson said, his style was pretty good, but that he had blamed Henry II. rather too much. "Why," said the king, "they seldom do these things by halves." "No, Sir," answered Johnson, "but to kings." But fearing to be misunderstood, he proceeded to explain himself: and immediately subjoined, "that for those who spoke worse of kings than they deserved, he could find no excuse; but that he could more easily conceive how some might speak better of them than they deserved, without any ill intention; for, as kings had much in their power to give, those who were favoured by them would frequently, from gratitude, exaggerate their praises: and as this proceeded from a good motive, it was certainly excusable as far as error could be excusable."

The king then asked him what he thought of Dr. Hill; Johnson answered that he was an ingenious man, but had no veracity; and immediately mentioned, as an instance of it, an assertion of that writer, that he had seen objects magnified to a much greater degree by using three or four microscopes at a time, than by using one. "Now," added Johnson, "every one acquainted with microscopes knows, that the more of them he looks through, the less the object will appear." "Why," replied the king, "this is not only telling an untruth, but telling it clumsily: for, if that be the case, every one who can look through a microscope will be able to detect him."

"I now," said Johnson to his friends, when relating what had passed,— "began to consider that I was depreciating this man in the estimation of his sovereign, and thought it was time for me to say something that might be more favourable." He added, therefore, that Dr. Hill, was, notwithstanding, a very curious observer; and if he would have been contented to tell the world no more than he knew, he might have been a very considerable man, and needed not to have recourse to such mean expedients to raise his reputation.

The king then talked of literary journals, mentioned particularly the "*Journal des Savans*," and asked Johnson if it was well done. Johnson said, it was formerly very well done, and gave some account of the persons who began it, and carried it on for some years: enlarging at the same time, on the nature and use of such works. The king asked him if it was well done now. Johnson answered, he had no reason to think that it was. The king then asked if there were any other literary journal published in this kingdom, except the Monthly and Critical Reviews; and on being answered there was

no other, his majesty asked which of them was the best. Johnson answered that the *Monthly Review* was done with more ease, the *Critical* upon the best principles: adding that the authors of the *Monthly Review* were enemies to the church. This the king said he was sorry to hear.

The conversation next turned on the *Philosophical Transactions*, when Johnson observed that they had now a better method of arranging their materials than formerly. "Ay," said the king, "they are obliged to Dr. Johnson for that;" for his majesty had heard and remembered the circumstance, which Johnson himself had forgot.

His majesty expressed a desire to have the literary biography of this country ably executed. Johnson signified his readiness to comply with his majesty's wishes.

During the whole of this interview, Johnson talked to his majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the king withdrew, Johnson shewed himself highly pleased with his majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour. He said to Mr. Barnard, "Sir, they may talk of the king as they will; but he is the finest gentleman I have ever seen." And he afterwards observed to Mr. Langton "Sir, his manners are those of as fine a gentleman as we may suppose Louis XIV. or Charles II.

Nothing in this conversation betrays symptoms of that state which he complains of in his devotional record—on the 2nd of August, 1767,—when he says that he had been disturbed and unsettled for a long time, and had been without resolution to apply to study or to business. Half of this year he passed at a distance from the metropolis, and chiefly at Litchfield, where he prayed fervently by the death-bed of the old servant of his family, Catherine Chambers, leaving her with a fond farewell, and many tears. There was no greater proof of the goodness of Johnson's nature, than his attachment to his domestics. Soon after this, he placed Francis Barber, a negro boy who waited on him at a school at Hertfordshire; and, during his education there, encouraged him to good behaviour by frequent and very kind letters. It is on such occasions that we are ready to allow the justice of Goldsmith's vindication of his friend, "that he had nothing of the bear but the skin." For many years before his death, he received from the world that unqualified praise which is seldom paid before the grave. His fame was too well established in the public opinion to be shaken by obloquy, or shared by a rival; his company was universally courted; his peculiarities were overlooked or forgotten in the admiration of his superior talents; and his foibles were lost in the blaze of virtues. His views expanding with his situation, it is said that he had the ambition even of procuring a seat in parliament: but in this he failed, and perhaps justly; for it is probable that he would have been too dogmatical in the senate, and too impatient of contradiction to observe the decorum of debate.

In the autumn of 1773, he made a journey into Scotland, in company with his friend Mr. Boswell: and his observations in this excursion, which occurred soon after, evinced great strength of mind, comprehensive knowledge of mankind, and no inconsiderable share of that prejudice which he had indulged against the Scotch, till it had become involuntary. His remarks on "*Ossian*" involved him in an angry dispute with Mr. Macpherson, who even threatened him with corporal chastisement; and to whom, in return, he addressed a letter in the warmest style of contemptuous superiority. "Any violence offered to

me," said he, indignantly, "I shall do my best to repel; and what I cannot do for myself, the law shall for me. I hope I shall never be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat, by the menaces of a ruffian."

The personal prowess of Johnson, indeed, had not been small. On a former occasion, he knocked down Osborne the bookseller, who had been insolent to him; and he now provided himself with an oak plant which might have served for the rafter of a house, to protect himself from the expected fury of the translator of "Ossian."

In the year 1775, he visited France, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Thrale. The people of that country were lost in astonishment at the contemplation of his figure, his manners, and his dress; which probably reminded them of an ancient cynic philosopher risen from his grave. The same year, his own university conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws, the highest honorary compliment which it can bestow.

In 1777, he undertook the "Lives of the English Poets," which he completed in 1781. "Some time in March," says he in his meditations, "I finished the Lives of the Poets; which I wrote in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily; unwilling to write, but working with vigour and haste." Though now upwards of seventy years of age, yet in this last work, which is a most correct specimen of literary biography, he betrays no decline of powers, no deficiency of spirit.

The palsy, asthma, and incipient dropsy, soon after began to show that he was verging to his dissolution. Though truly religious, though the scriptures had been his study and the rule of his conduct, he contemplated his end with fear and apprehension; but when the last struggle approached, he summoned up the resolution of a christian; and on the 13th of December, 1784, died full of hope, and strong in faith, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. His remains were interred in Westminster Abbey; and monuments have since been erected to his memory in the cathedrals of Litchfield and St. Paul's; that in the latter consists of his statue, by Bacon, larger than life, with an epitaph from the pen of Dr. Parr. His collected works were published in eleven volumes octavo, by his friend Sir John Hawkins; and another and more perfect edition, in twelve volumes, by the late Mr. Murphy.

Of this luminary of the eighteenth century, who was confessedly at the head of general literature, in a country where knowledge is very widely diffused, so much already has been written by friends and foes, by panegyrists and detractors, with such an amplitude of remark, and diligence of research, that the most industrious cannot glean a new anecdote, nor even throw an air of novelty on the hackneyed theme. Happy if the young can be lured to the study of the inestimable productions of this profound writer; happier still, if they can be engaged to practise his virtues. For the life of Johnson was a perpetual comment on the precepts which he promulgated. In his writings we read the man exposed to the most incurious eye. Dignified in his mind, he scorned to conceal his genuine sentiments, or to wrap them in a veil of mystery. He spoke and wrote from his own impressions alone, whether right or wrong: he conceded nothing through complaisance, and palliated nothing through fear.

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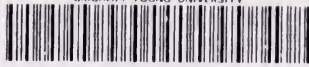
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